151 Easyriders

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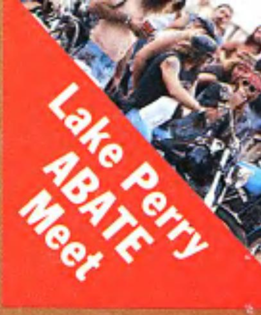
Easyriders



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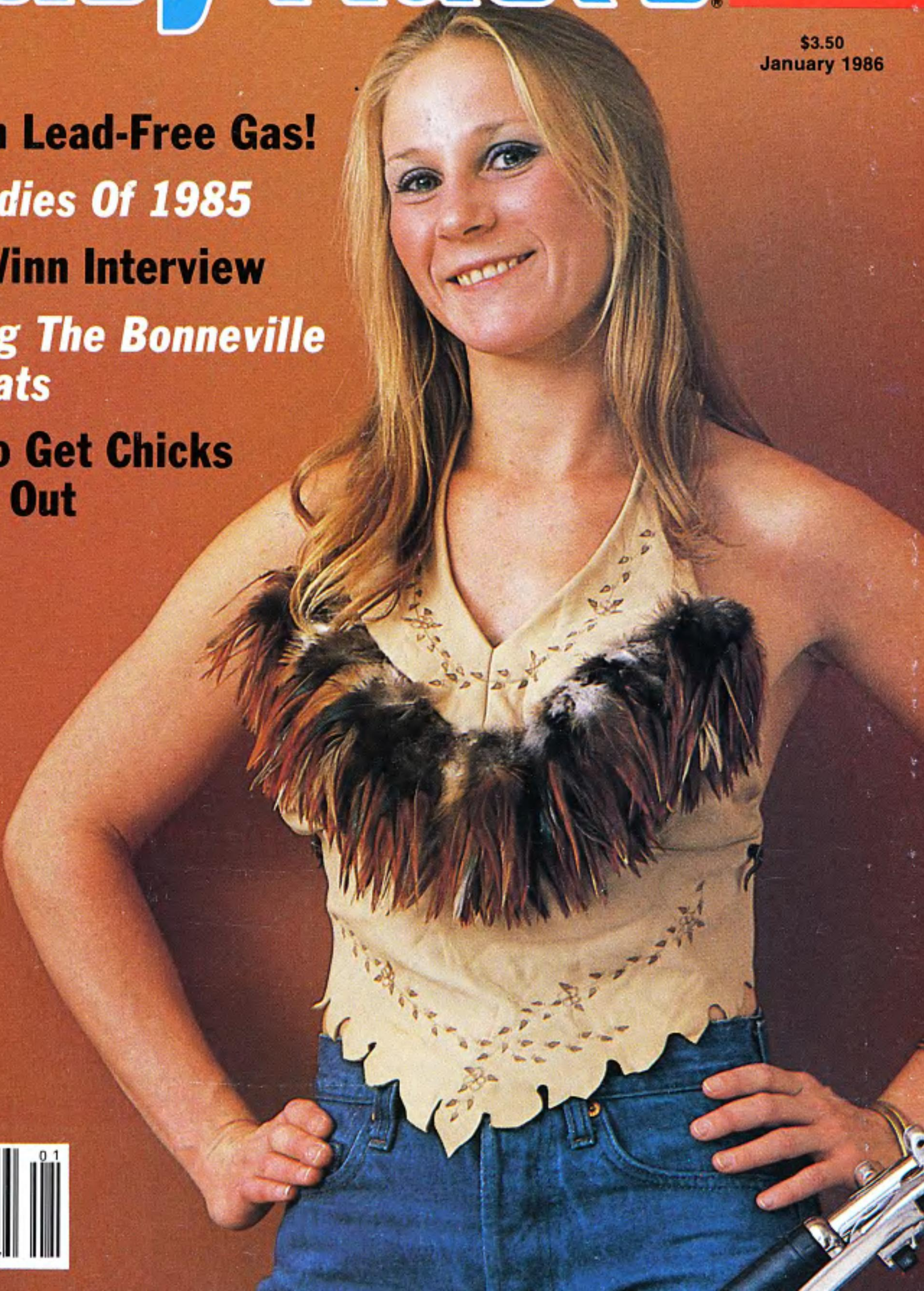


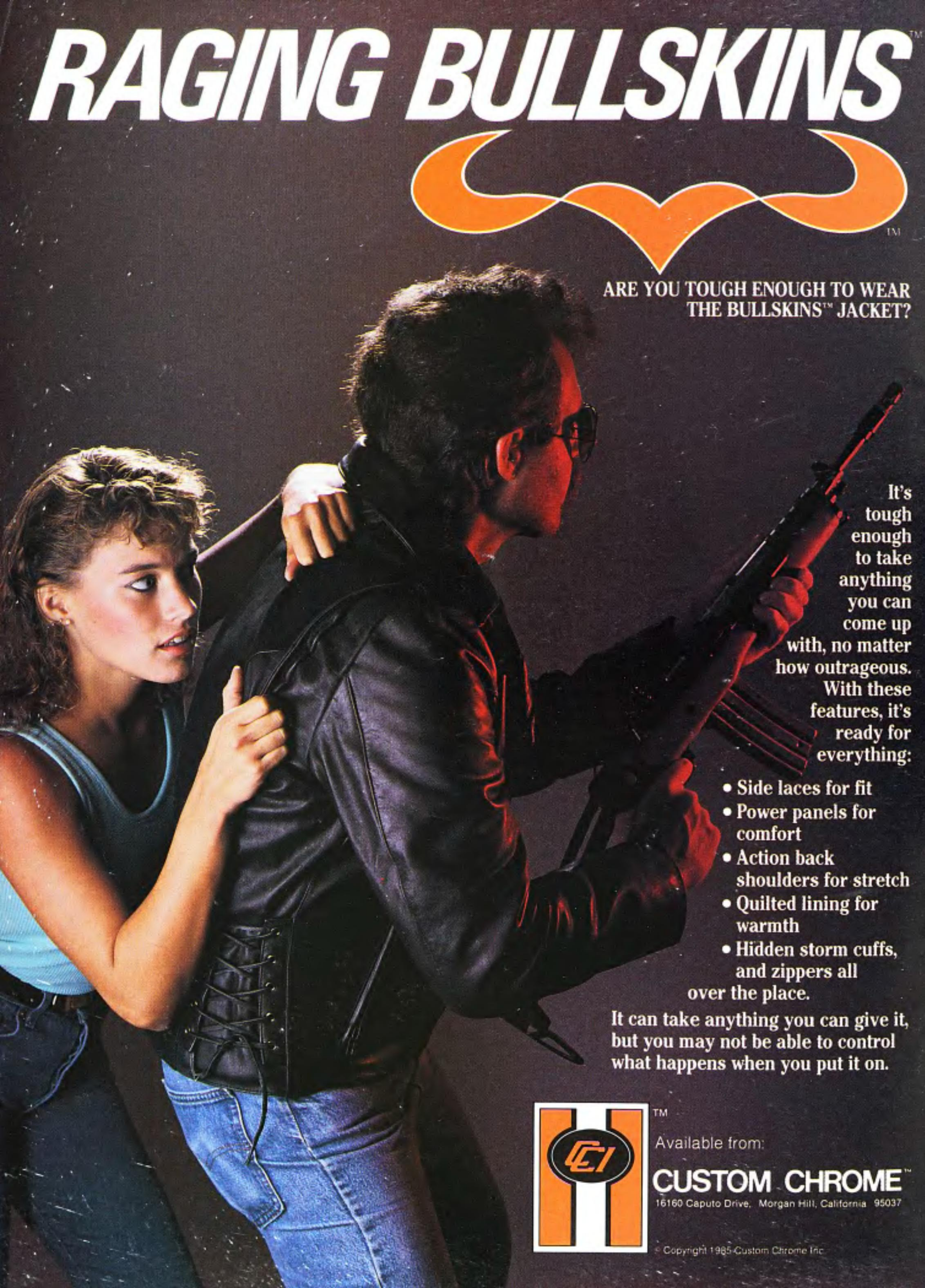
Run On Lead-Free Gas!

Our Ladies Of 1985

Gary Winn Interview

Burning The Bonneville Salt Flats

How To Get Chicks To Put Out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Easyriders

Entertainment for Adult Bikers

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Editorial Director: Lou Kimzey.

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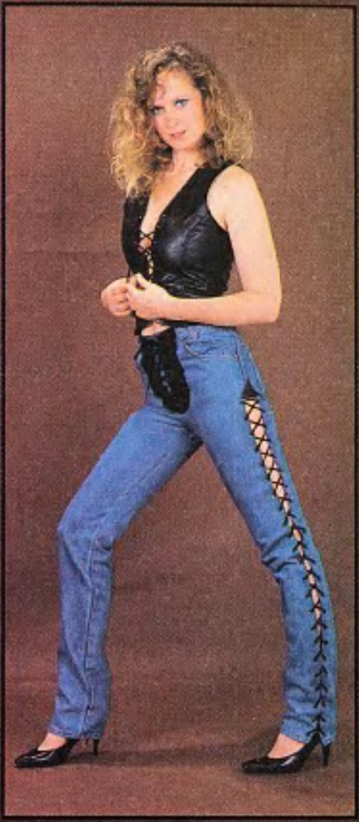
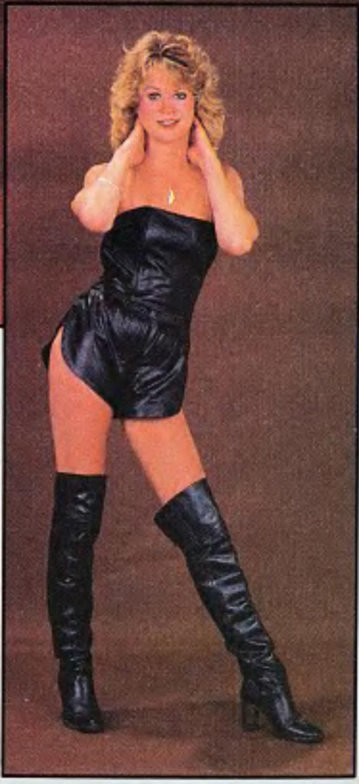
ABC
Audited Paid

The next liver-quiverin' issue of this rag goes on sale December 26th.

Cover photo of Mary Ann by Pete Chiodo

Buy American





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Easy Lady Leathers

Box 1025, Agoura, Hills, CA 91301

There's a phone now that will let certain calls through while blocking all phone calls you don't want by answering them with a taped message. Just think, you block all your creditors and you're sure not to miss your honey's calls.

Here's something to remember if you're in a tight fix. A dude got pulled over by the police for drunk driving. So what? Well, he said he had AIDS and threatened to bite them, so they fled the scene. Imagine—you could stick up a bank by threatening to bite the chick if she didn't hand over the money.

The dipshit-of-the-month award has to go to the asshole who scooped up $1000 worth of camera equipment and fled—but wait! He remembered he'd just had the store take some passport photos of him right before he grabbed the camera gear. So he went back, said, ''Sorry about that,'' and all that shit, but the camera store wasn't having any and flung his ass in jail.

The cops spotted a dude driving down the street with a plant sticking out of his sun roof. They stopped him since they felt the big plant was obstructing his rear window and they about shit a brick when they looked at the plant more closely and discovered it was a pot plant. He said he was taking it to the dump, but the cops didn't go for it.

This guy who had shit for brains went into a bank and told the chick teller to give him all her money. She said okay but you'll have to speak to the manager, so sit down and he'll be right with you. He sat down, picked his nose, and waited. Pretty soon the manager showed up—with an army of cops.

He scored a ride while hitchhiking, but before he got out of the car he slugged the driver in the face and demanded his money. He then took the driver's wallet and split, only to find by looking in the wallet that the driver was broke. But surprise, surprise! He'd left his own wallet containing $70 on the seat! So he called up the driver and asked for his wallet back. The guy said sure and arranged a meeting. The police were there and they got his wallet, the coke he had in it, and the $70, then they busted his ass.

For your facts file: Mosquitoes in the Canadian Arctic attack warm-blooded animals in such numbers that they can suck a man dry in four hours. Shit, Miraculous Mutha can suck a guy dry faster than that all by herself!

The dumb narc dog found some coke, but sniffed it all up and OD'd. That serves him right—for being a fink dumb dog.

He slipped into an apartment and fucked the shit out of two women, then browneyed them and split. A couple of hours later he called the girl with the tighter whatever and asked her to meet him at a bar. She did—along with the heat. (Damn, she musta been extra good.)

A man (?) dressed in drag was picked up by three guys who planned to screw her/him. When they found out she was a he, they were so pissed (plus, they had a bad case of the stonies) that they made him a her (they cut off his joint).

I've wanted to do this a time or two: Four men came home from a bar and found that their TV wouldn't work, so they did what we'd all like to do. They each got a shotgun and pistols and blew the fuckin' set away.

He came home and found a guy inside. So he got a gun from the table and fired it at the guy, but the intruder took it away from him. He pulled another gun from his pocket and fired six more times. Again the intruder took it away from him. By this time his ol' lady came into the room with a gun and squeezed off three more shots. The intruder took the gun away from her. None of the bullets had hit him, so he fled with all three guns and while doing so, dodged three rifle shots from a neighbor. Shit, he musta felt his luck was going to run out.

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider

WORDMONGER

Funeral Poster
☐ This is for Lone Wolf in regard to Chocolate George. The poster was adapted from a newspaper photo published in the *San Francisco Chronicle*. There was a great deal of publicity surrounding the Angels during that time, and posters were the hottest-selling item in 'Frisco. If the poster is in good shape, it's worth money as a "collectible" to anyone interested. Put it up on your wall, anyway. It's a great tribute to one of the Hells Angels.

When Harry "The Horse," president of the 'Frisco HAs was murdered in January 1977, the *San Francisco Chronicle* ran a lengthy article and two photos, one almost an exact duplicate of the poster photo — a procession of scoots stretched out the length of Dolores Street in 'Frisco's Mission District trailing behind a hearse. Both represent tributes to fallen members of the brotherhood.

Having been on the street for both final trips, I can only say that nothin', not even two years in 'Nam, made the adrenaline flow like it did those days!

Animal
Londonderry, N.H.

Stock Pan
☐ I just bought a '58 panhead, stock, and would like to convert it to belt drive, primary and secondary. I've talked to the local Harley shops in my area, and they all say that it will take extensive frame modification on the swingarm and will run about $2000. Do you have any info on this, or can you lead me in the right direction? I cringe at the thought of going back to the Harley dealer for anything.

G. Baczkowski
Cottonwood, Calif.

■ $2000 would be a good price for having someone else do the work. Depending on how much work you can do yourself, you'd still have to spend approximately $1200-$1300 on parts alone. One of the greatest expenses would come from tearing the engine down completely.

Needs Ariel Info
☐ Last month my ol' man took a business trip up North. We were both born and raised up there, but have lived down South for the past five years. Since we have a lot of friends up there, he naturally visited around. A friend who had just bought 60 acres with some old shacks told him that there was an old motorcycle in one of those barns and he thought it was an old Indian. My ol' man got with his friend and went to look at this old scooter. He knew it wasn't an Indian, but it was very old so he bought it. Then he proceeded to call me and tell me he'd bought me a present. When he got back down here and opened the trailer, I asked him what the hell it was. He said he wasn't real sure, all he knew was that it was old. It turned out that it's a 1924 Ariel Square Four.

Now comes the reason for this letter. I want to ask your readers to send us any info they have on these bikes. We need manuals, help in finding parts, etc.

Ariel Fan
Box 427
Fruitland Park, FL 32731

Wants Book
☐ Is there anyone out there who can send me a copy of Freewheelin' Frank's book? I wrote to the publishing company, but they'd moved. Some of us locked-down bros want to read it.

Joseph Tatol B-073010
Glades Corr. Inst. C-40
500 Orange Ave. Circle
Belle Glade, FL 33430

Oil Filter
☐ In response to the guy who can't find an oil filter for his FX: I use a Hastings 134 (170-A). It also has a cotton filament instead of paper.

D.W.
Conrath, Wis.

Dumb Cunts
☐ While watching TV the other night, I saw a United Way commercial that said one woman is beaten every 18 seconds. That must mean there are a lot of dumb cunts out there.

Bill
Nashville, Tenn.

Won't Be Long
☐ In response to a letter in "Wordmonger" (September '85) from SFC Robert G. Scott of San Francisco, Calif.: Your bros who are still here in Hawaii are still behind you. It won't be long and I'll be seeing you in the puzzle palace.

Trap
Honolulu, Hawaii

Reunion
☐ I'm trying to contact graduates of Bremerhaven/Olsterholtz American High School about our reunion. If you are a 1978-1979 graduate or know of one, send a kite.

Doc Slick
(aka Mike Edmonds)
5180 E. 22nd St. #A-16
Tucson, AZ 85711-5051

George Christie Interview
☐ I just want to say it was the best interview I ever read. I'm a biker, I own a '59 Sporty, I have my share of tattoos, and I work with the developmentally disabled, so the interview had special meaning to me. I think it's great that bikers can get involved with people like this. I know what it's like to try to raise money for the Special Olympics. Every year we have to depend on donations so that these kids can go and compete.

Anyway, to George Christie and the rest of the Hells Angels, "Right on!"

Brad Button
Murphy, Calif.

☐ The information that you have brought to the public eye was long overdue. Having dealt with the Special Olympics organization for over 10 years, I can say firsthand that it is only the tip of the iceberg.

Too many times they hire so-called "specialists" with college degrees but no heart or understanding of mental retardation to work with the kids. They tend to tear them down for what they can't do instead of encouraging them in what they can do.

But mainly what I want to say is, right on, bro, and though we're not rich, if you need any assistance, financial or otherwise, write and tell us where to send it.

Ray and Joni Parr
Mesa, Ariz.

☐ I propose a toast to George Christie and all Hells Angels around the world. What they're doing for the retarded and sick children is great. More power to 'em on getting those funds to Pottstown where they belong.

I'm sending a copy of the interview to my parents (straightlaced citizen-types) who have been trying to convince me that my ol' man, tramps, and scooters are no good and the reason behind my CDC number. If George Christie and the Hells Angels' part in the torch run are any indication of "no good," I'll stand behind that any day.

I pray to the great homeboy in the sky for those kids and raise my cup of Pruno to George Christie and the Hells Angels for the fucking great job they're doing.

Miss Maker
Woodland, Calif.

☐ That interview with George Christie was really good medicine for our kind of brothers and sisters out here on the East Coast. I watched it on TV and thought it was right on.

Mick Deaton
California, Ky.

☐ To George Christie: I was glad to read your interview. You've done a lot to help the image of Hells Angels and bikers everywhere. Keep up the fight, man, I'm damn proud of you.

I've been fighting our helmet laws and the VA for years. I will die fighting for what I know is right. Just keep on fighting, George. You'll win.

Greasy
Preston, Ky.

☐ We've got a bone to pick. Is *Easyriders* a pro-biker magazine or not? If so, why do you publish articles and photos that will have a negative impact on a portion of your readers?

Why all the publicity for the Angels? It seems to me that with the past conflicts of the "Big Four," you would try not to show any favoritism. I mean, if it were me, I'd try to keep a borderline profile in that area. That way you wouldn't offend any readers.

Now don't get me wrong. I enjoyed the Christie interview and I admire the man for what he did and what it stood for. But couldn't you have just written a story about him, not the Angels? I could even see you mentioning that he was a red-and-white patch-holder, but at the same time I disagree with the line "Hells Angels Interview" printed on the cover.

Let me say that although I've worn colors in the past (the club wasn't one of the "Big Four" nor was it affiliated with any of them), I never will again. And the theme of this letter is the prime reason. If you wear colors of any kind, you're expected to have a preference for one of the "Big Four" (whether affiliated or not), and the part of the country you live in is supposed to have some bearing on your choice. Bullshit! To me, a bro is a bro, no matter whether he wears a patch or what patch he wears.

This letter is not meant to offend anyone or piss anyone off (although it probably will). I just wanted to make my feelings known. America is still a free country, isn't it? Why don't you put this issue to the readers and get their feelings?

Breeze
Mt. Vernon, Ga.

■ We are friends of *all* bikers. If a club does something good, we'll print it — whether it's the "Big Four" or just a local city club. Good is good, no matter who does it. By the way — the only people I've heard use the term "Big Four" are the heat.

Whatdafuck

☐ Just got my October issue and I must say this year's ol' lady contestants are fine pickin's. After checking out the tits and asses, I almost let my instincts (and my little head) make a snap decision. But wait!

I had to change my vote to the one lady who had enough smarts to boost her chances of getting selected this year, the one out of eleven who pulled the wool over your eyes, dumped raisin pie all over your face, made ya step on your pepperoni stick, and got selected for two different months. My vote goes to Shannon/Honey — or whatever her name is. If you take a close look, you'll see that they are one and the same, right down to her hair roots and style, lower eyelashes, nose, and the mark on the upper part of her left arm. Any chick who can pull this shit over on you guys deserves to be the winner by default. If that ain't the same chick, I'm available for a threesome with the two of them anytime! I've seen some fuck-ups in your rag before, but this one has to take the cake! Don't let this little oversight get you down — it was probably Spider's fault anyway.

Pinky
FPO Miami, Fla.

■ It was his secretary, Mother Superior. She said (after really putting the burn on the pix) that they weren't the same chick and besides the two came from different parts of the country. Hell, Spider's bleary eyes probably fucked up again — it's not the first time.

☐ I'm just sittin' here scratchin' my balls, wondering who's fuckin' with whom. I'm rather used to you all fuckin' with my head in April, but this is August! I swear I'm seeing double on page 30 of October's issue and I ain't drank no Wild Turkey in almost a year! Honey and Shannon have gotta be the same cunt, or the hooch I've been drinkin' is stronger than I ever thought! You can't tell me Spider missed the comparison between these two sweet-lookin' heifers. Are they twins or clones? Whatdafuck!

Digger
Camp Hill, Pa.

☐ If they're twins, then they're twins right down to the eyebrows and makeup on "their" pretty faces and those fine little button nipples. Either this is some kinda joke or someone got over on ya.

P. Fuggetta
San Jose, Calif.

Origin of Fuck

☐ In "Well-Chosen Words" (October '85) it says that the word fuck came from the German word *frigon*. Well, that's wrong. It originally came from England in the 1800s. When a bobby busted a prostitute, she was charged with F.U.C.K. (For Unlawful Carnal Knowledge). They eventually forgot the periods, so thus came the word fuck.

Karen
Brewer, Me.

☐ I dispute William Hester's claim that the illustrious English word fuck was derived from the German word *frigon*. I mean, whatdafuck, the only thing the two words have in common is that they both start with the letter F. After that, nothin'.

Al Hansen
Reidsville, Ga.

☐ The word fuck originated in England, where the term for popping poor little girlies for the oldest known victimless crime was For Unlawful Carnal Knowledge, or in the shortened form, F.U.C.K.

Chief
Kennewick, Wash.

☐ "Fuck" is not of fucking German origin. Early American fucking Puritans came up with it. It seems that back then they'd throw her fuckin' ass in jail for fucking outside of marriage. That was called Unlawful Carnal Knowledge. The magistrate would write down in the fuckin' record book why yer fuckin' ass was in jail. Well, so many fuckers were jailed For Unlawful Carnal Knowledge that instead of writing out the whole fucking phrase all the fucking time, they began to abbreviate it. For Unlawful Carnal Knowledge soon became simply F.U.C.K.

And that's the fuckin' origin of fuck.

Armadillo
College Station, Tex.

"A Chick Qualifies Men"

☐ I've read some pretty obnoxious articles in *Easyriders*, but one of the worst is a piece of trash by Goldie called "A Chick Qualifies Men" in the October issue. As a feminist, I found it as insensitive and sexist as any Dr. Twatburger piece you've ever printed against women.

It occurred to me that some unenlightened men may erroneously believe that the viewpoint presented is the feminist one, thereby creating an even larger gap between men and women. It is not the feminist viewpoint that a man is nothing but a living dildo, meant to be used and abused by women, rated only on his stamina in bed! Feminists consider men to be equals, friends, and brothers.

Actually, the very title of the sleazy little article gives it away: No intelligent, self-respecting real woman ever refers to herself as a "chick."

Tigerlily
Bronx, N.Y.

☐ Fuck that cunt, fuck you for letting it go to press, and fuck your rag in general. Shit, I've been reading your rag since I can remember. I've always enjoyed it and never missed an issue. But I'll be damned if I'm gonna buy some cunt magazine. Fuck! Clean up my act? Ha!

Pissed Fucking Off
Long Beach, N.Y.

☐ In response to Goldie: In the first place, your name sounds like a dyke's. I can picture your face looking like a dog walking backwards.

Wild Bill
Kansas City, Mo.

☐ Who the fuck is this "Goldie" (a rather poor nom de plume for a stinking whore), and who is this dumbshit pig to qualify men?

I'm a man, you filthy pig, the likes of which your sweaty thighs and festering pussy shall never know.

I leave you with this quote from the philosopher Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche: "Surface is woman's soul, a mobile stormy film over shallow water. Man's soul, however, is deep. It's current gusheth in subterranean caverns. Woman surmiseth its force, yet knoweth it not."

Dan'l
Glendale, Calif.

☐ A chick qualifies men? No way, man, no way. I may be from the old school, but I don't care if I ever meet any chick's "standards." Now don't get me wrong. I've got my pride and I take good care of myself, but I'm sure as hell not going to go around sweating and trying to live up to some woman's quidelines. If chicks can't enjoy me the way I am now, fuck 'em.

P.J.
Pacific, Mo.

☐ Speak for yourself. My best interests aren't yours, that's for sure. Sounds like Pee Wee Herman is the right

man for you! Your qualifications for an ol' man are for straight businessmen in suits who don't ride bikes and could care less about ever owning one.

Joanne, Prop. of R. Wiley
Tulsa, Okla.

Help!

☐ Would someone please tell me where I can find a laser surgeon for a tat removal? I'm in need of an address anywhere in Illinois.

Jesse Carter N-47518
Box 100
Vienna, IL 62995

Question

☐ As I was reading "Red Rider" on page 81 of the September '85 issue, my eyes wandered to the corner and saw something they hadn't seen in a while. It's just like those Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers to be lost in someone else's comic strip. It was great seeing those fuck-ups again.

Dawne
Montreal, Quebec

Warning

☐ There is a tattoo kit advertised in your magazine for $39. Many people are buying it on the assumption that it's an electric tattoo kit, as the name in the ad is Electrex. People don't understand that an electric tattoo kit would cost at least $95 — and only at this price if a person assembled it himself. Some people aren't too smart and have to be looked after.

Lucky
Colorado Springs, Colo.

Deaf MC?

☐ I'd like to get some information as I have a bet and hope to win it. I believe that U.S. clubs with hearing members have two or four deaf members. One of our deaf members says there is a deaf motorcycle club somewhere in the U.S. Some of us say this isn't true and that deaf bikers join hearing clubs or are loners. I think most deaf bikers are loners. Is there a deaf motorcycle club in the U.S.?

Big Mouth Chipper
Anywhere, Ore.

■ We don't know, but a reader may.

Good People

☐ On the way to Sturgis my circuit-breaker-advance assembly had a heart attack just outside Lexington, Nebraska, which left my ol' lady and me sitting in a wayside while my brother Doug trekked into North Platte.

After a few hours Doug rode in with a new coil (which I knew was the piece I needed) and a message from English's Harley-Davidson that "If the coil doesn't get it going, call back and we'll come get ya." Well, it didn't take too long for me to figure out that the old coil was right and I was wrong.

Dennis English (owner) sent his son Rick out to get us (120 miles round-trip). Back at English's H-D in North Platte, Dennis had a couple of other bikes to get done, plus he had someone coming in to take delivery on a new scoot. He took a look, but couldn't really get at it till morning. After we asked about a place to camp, Dennis made a couple of phone calls and got a campsite, told us how to get there, and told his son Rick to grab a Sporty off the used-bike rack and put a plate on it.

Anyway, all I want to say is thanks, Dennis and Rick of English H-D in North Platte, Nebraska, and if you're wondering about the rest of our trip, it was great, but I'll always remember the warm welcome in North Platte. Thanks again.

B. Cooney
Milwaukee, Wis.

Downed Sister

☐ We can't have music sent in unless it's from a company and the tape clubs just don't have what I want. Y'all may already know about Pack Central, 6745 Denny Ave., N. Hollywood, CA 91606 (818-760-2828), but I didn't. Finding them has changed my whole world in here. Today I got "Pearl," "Cheap Thrills," "The Best of John Prine," Bonnie Raitt, Phoebe Snow, "After The Gold Rush," and "Harvest." Good prices, too.

Sharon Dawson
Pine Bluff, Ark.

Loyalty

☐ I'm 21 years old and my first experience with your magazine was a year ago when I got a job at a local bookstore. I picked up the magazine out of boredom one day and I've been a reader ever since. You might say I'm a wannabe biker or a biker's ol' lady. I especially admire the freedom the brothers and sisters live by and the extreme sense of loyalty they share for one another.

I'm now the manager of that bookstore and I always make sure your mag is on my shelves. Ride free and keep on writing.

Gabrielle Gendron
Connecticut News
Bridgeport, Conn.

N.Y.C.?

☐ When you wrote about "Puff, The Power Pan" (September '85), you referred to Amsterdam as if it were part of New York City. Well, it's not! As a matter of fact, most of us who live in upstate New York are easily offended by a remark like that. New York City is well over 200 miles away and we're glad of it.

W. "Cunt" Cunningham
Utica, N.Y.

■ We understand.

Help! Help!

☐ I'm having an awful time finding a service manual for my little 1978 H-D 250 Enduro scoot. This little bike of mine has handled everything from a six-hour road trip (which is damn good for an Enduro) to my playin' in the mud with it, so I don't want to give it up. However, it's an AMF, so everything on it is bassackwards. I can't afford to take it to a shop and even though all my bros on bigger Harleys help me out, I'd like to learn to do it myself. If anyone knows where I can get some type of service manual or repair book for it, I'd really appreciate it.

Annie Ulrich
120 Lewis St.
Reynoldsville, PA 15851

A Tit-Piercing Problem

☐ Piercing is never a problem. Take the time and do it yourself. When I did mine four years ago, not too many people had them. Now you can't go to a party without seeing at least one other chick with them. I guess the next step is the clit!

To start, get a needle — something with a large diameter — and make sure it's new or is very sharp. A hypodermic is good 'cause it's very sharp and easy to handle. Whatever you do, make sure it's clean. I can't stress the importance of cleanliness enough. Wash your tits real well (feel nice?). Your ol' man can help here, because they're easier to hold if they're a little hard. In my case, once I started they got harder. I used ice cubes for freezing them. Make sure the intended hole is as close to the base of the nipple as possible. The hole has to be horizontal to wear earrings without that lopsided effect. The skin in that area is much denser so it won't be as easy as you expect. It took me close to an hour to do them both, but what a sensation! I'd advise getting some real good earrings — gold is always pretty safe. Post or wires — makes no difference. Use plenty of alcohol and Bacitracin to heal the area.

It's not as hard as it sounds. You just have to make up your mind to do it. If you chicken out, go see your favorite tattoo artist. He might know of someone who will do it for you. Good luck. You'll enjoy them.

Anyone knowing where to send for nipple jewelry or even a catalog of erotic jewelry, please drop me a card.

Sweeney's Ol' Lady
800 Ellwood Ave.
Orlando, FL 32804

☐ We can send information about piercing in Europe or in the States.

Mr. Yan De Haan
Holland Piercing Club
Box 52
2150 AB NW-Vennep
Holland

☐ Hollywood is close enough to San Dimas. The Gauntlet is the place to go. They pierce anything from nipples to piss flaps to nutsacks, and probably more if you can imagine. They've been perforating flesh for 10 years now at 8720 Santa Monica Blvd., W. Hollywood, CA 90069 (213-657-6677).

Annelise
Los Angeles, Calif.

Who? Who?

☐ In response to "Ale House Girl" from Kent, Washington (June '85): We don't know whether to laugh at you or pity you for being a dumb broad! How ignorant can you be? Do you want to give head to everyone in the tavern to see if his cum tingles, too?

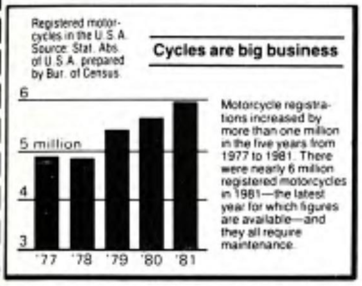
You sure didn't do us women any favors by writing your fucking statement. Now all the guys want to know

Continued on page 85

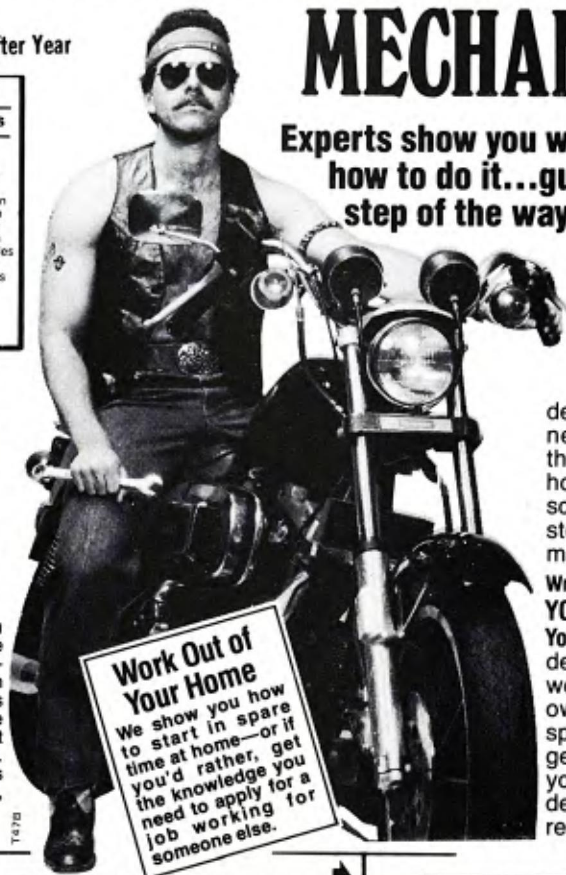
Now YOU Can Be A MOTORCYCLE MECHANIC

LEARN AT HOME IN SPARE TIME WITH NO PREVIOUS EXPERIENCE

New Motorcycle Riders Year After Year



Experts show you what to do, how to do it...guide you every step of the way to become a skilled motorcycle mechanic.



Motorcycle Shops Employ Qualified Mechanics. Has your bike ever been out of action waiting for needed repairs? Some shops don't have enough mechanics to take care of everyone as fast as they like.

Graduation from this course does not insure that you will get a job. To find out how our graduates have done, send for survey showing the employment success of graduates.

You'll Be the Center of Attraction in Your Circle of Friends—Enjoy the admiration of friends and neighbors as they flock around to watch you tear down and tune up all kinds of motorcycles. And just think of the satisfaction in knowing you've got the best performing bike in town. Plus, you can make extra dollars fixing motorcycles for friends, neighbors.

Work Out of Your Home We show you how to start in spare time at home—or if you'd rather, get the knowledge you need to apply for a job working for someone else.

If you like to ride a bike for fun... learn how to fix it for profit! Can you imagine a better way to earn your living whether you choose to work in a cycle shop for somebody else or decide to start your own cycle repair business. Now, thanks to North American, there's a fast, easy way to get training at home in your spare time. No need to quit school or job. Experts show you step-by-step everything from minor tune-ups to major overhauls.

Wrenches, sockets, test instruments and more...

YOU GET EVERYTHING FOR A FAST START!

Your Future is in Your Own Hands—You can decide for yourself whether you want to work for someone else or get into your own cycle repair business. Start in your spare time repairing cycles at home—or get a job with a motorcycle shop! After you've been a working mechanic, you can decide whether you want to start your own repair business.

FIRST FOLD HERE T478

FIRST FOLD HERE

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To Mail—Fold ad in following manner:

1. Remove entire page—tear or cut on dotted line to left
2. Fold page in half on 1st fold lines
3. Fold page again, on 2nd fold lines
4. Tape or glue the 3 open sides and drop in the mail box today.

SENT FREE
Rush FREE color brochure and full information on how I can learn Motorcycle Repair.

Special Cycle Tools and Test Instruments included to start you fast! We teach you how to use wrenches, sockets, impact screwdrivers, timing lights, compression gauges, vacuum gauges, degree wheels, wrench sets and much, much more. These are yours to use during your training . . . and yours to keep in your action packed career as a motorcycle mechanic.

Motorcycle Sales Mean Profits for Repairmen

Cycles are big business...and so is fixing them! There are nearly 6 million motorcycles registered in the U.S. today. Plus an estimated million more dirt bikes. No wonder there is work for the skilled repairman.

Name ______________________ Age ______

Address ______________________

City ____________ State ________ Zip ______

Phone ( ) ______________________

NORTH AMERICAN SCHOOL OF MOTORCYCLE REPAIR
925 Oak St., Dept. EUOB5, Scranton, PA 18508-9989

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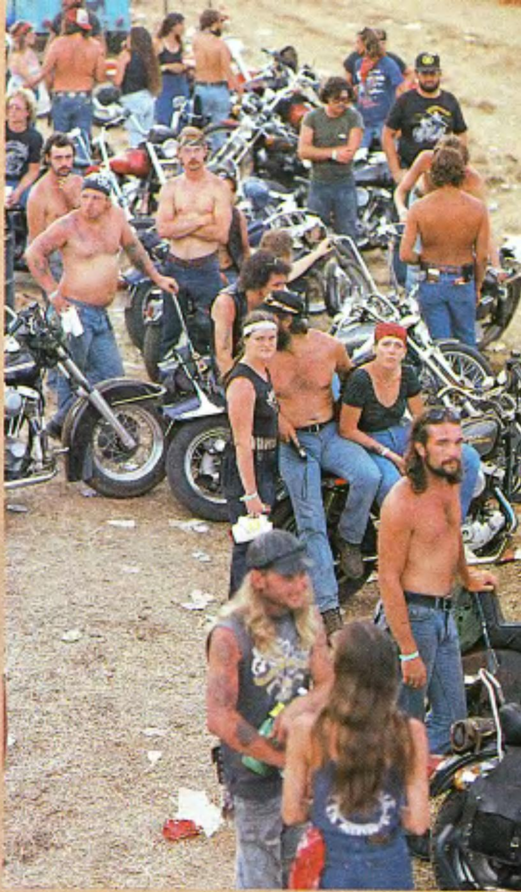
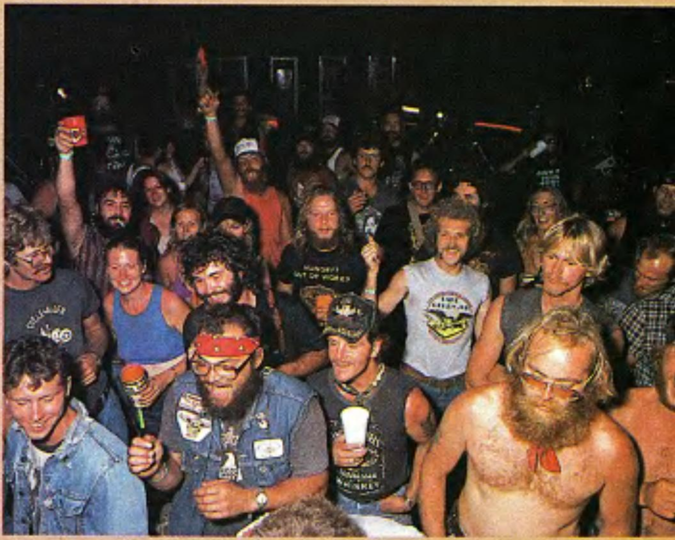
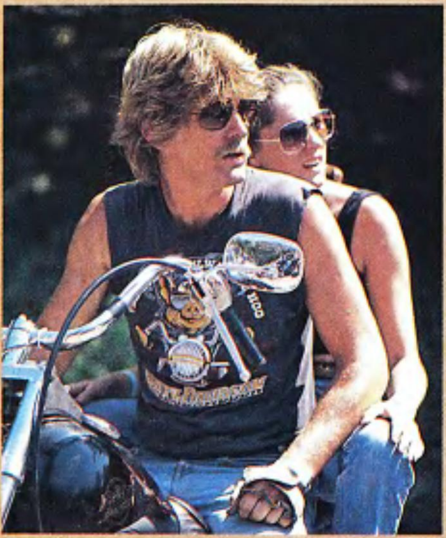
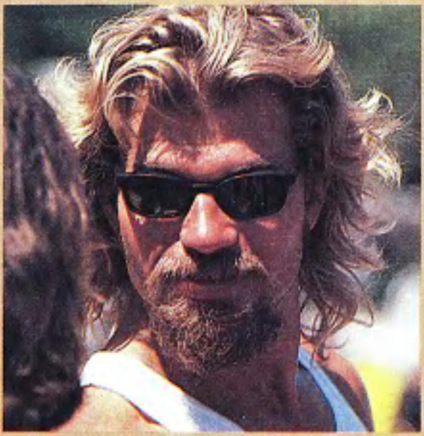


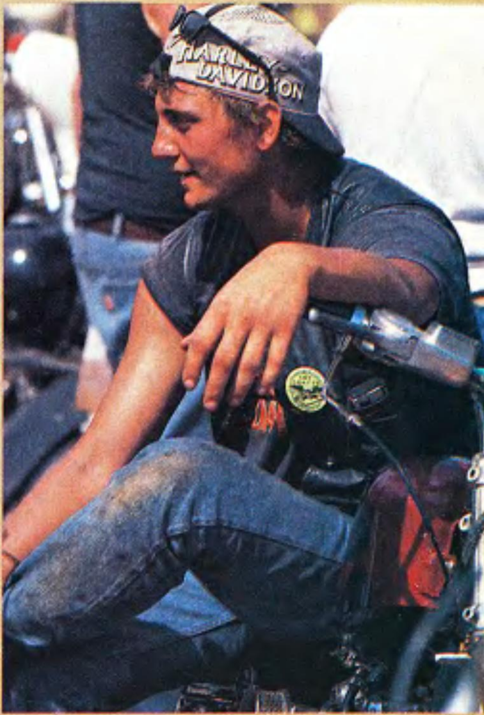


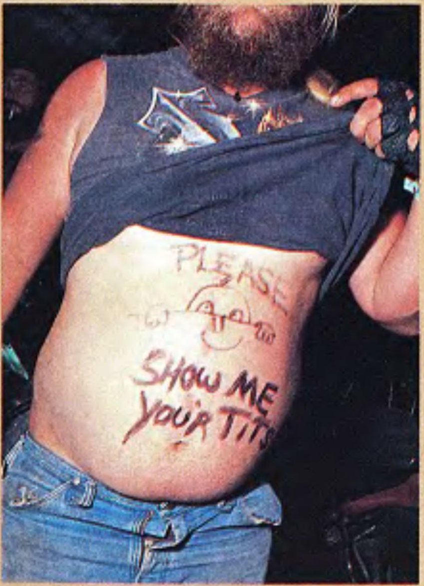
10th ANNNIVERSARY BLAST

The sun shone bright on the Tenth Annual National ABATE Party at Lake Perry, Kansas. In fact, some might say the sun shone just a bit too bright.



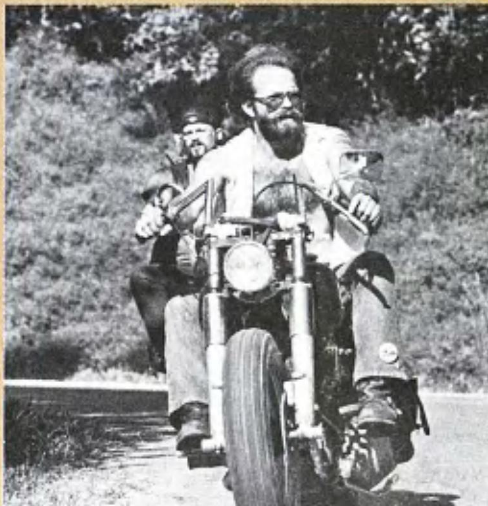






The records toppled like tenpins at last summer's annual Lake Perry party — the most bros and sisters to attend (5300), the most kegs consumed (about 500), and the hottest weather ever (over 100 degrees at times). Still, look at it this way — if you're gonna have a tenth anniversary bash, it might as well be a mark-setter.

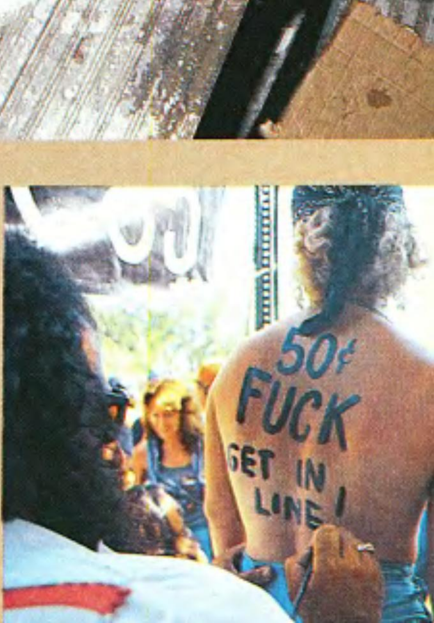
Unlike other years when rains dampened the countryside if not the spirits at Lake Perry, the 1985 event has gone down in history as bein' clear-skied and hot, hot, *hot*. And whereas in the past the big ABATE celebration has been mostly a nonstop mass of juice, smoke, rock an' roll, and tits wearin' various stages of suntan, this year's festivities really revolved around the very core of what holds the brother-

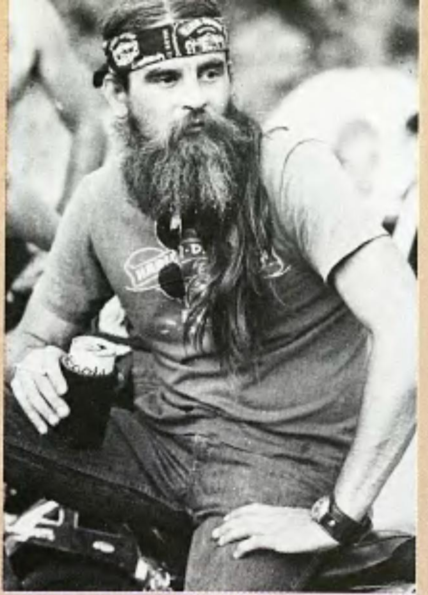


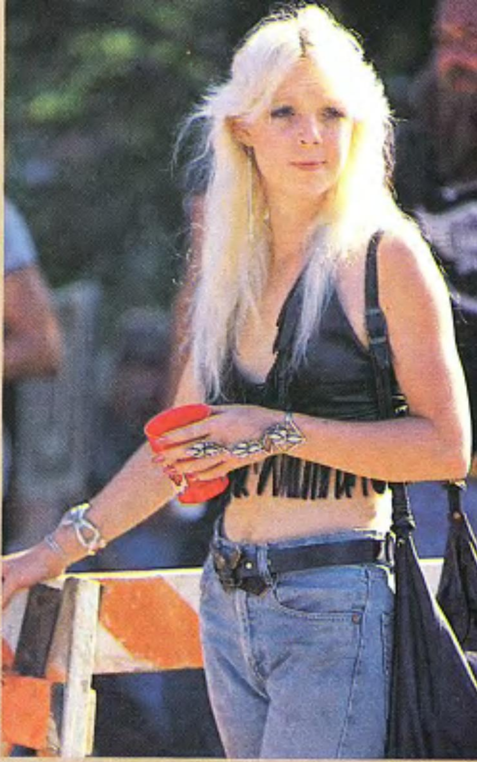
ANNIVERSARY BLAST

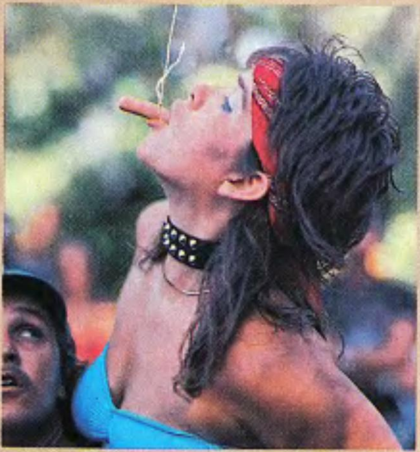
hood's many branches together — ridin' our scooters.

The reason so many folks were caught (by our stealthy photog Mike Lichter) sneaking out of the campground, to go explore the rolling foothills surrounding the lake as fast as their bikes and the local law allowed, was the heat. In case ya didn't know, the camp-

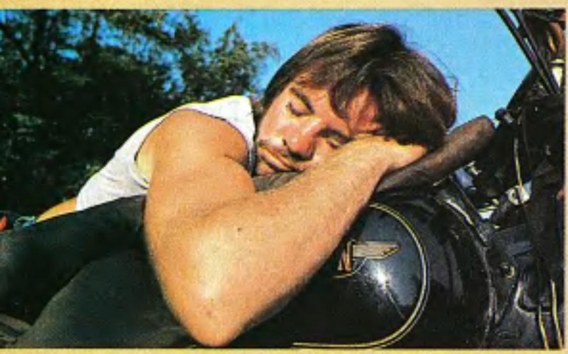








ground where the ABATE party's held each year is, despite bein' just a dried-out, cracked-tongue's throw from cool, big, beautiful Lake Perry, dry. No, not dry like Prohibition — have ya already forgotten 'bout those 500 kegs of beer? It's dry like in No Swimming; there's no direct access to the lake. So all weekend bikers and bitches

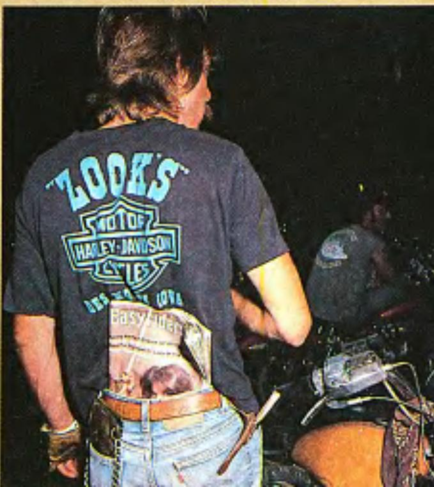


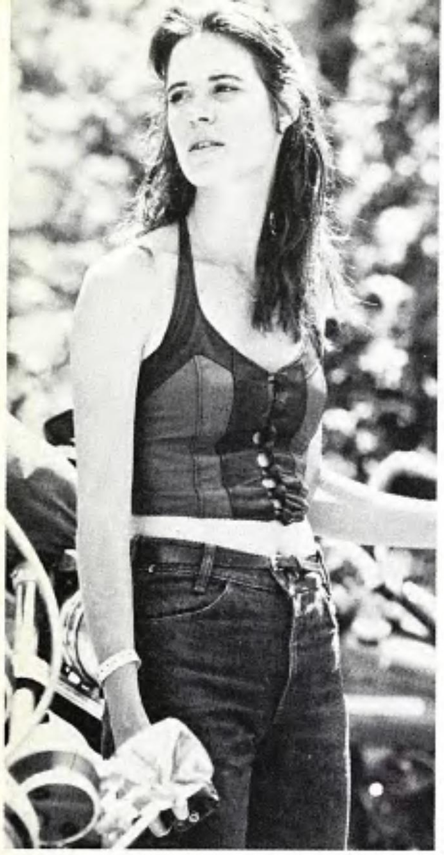
ANNNIVERSARY BLAST

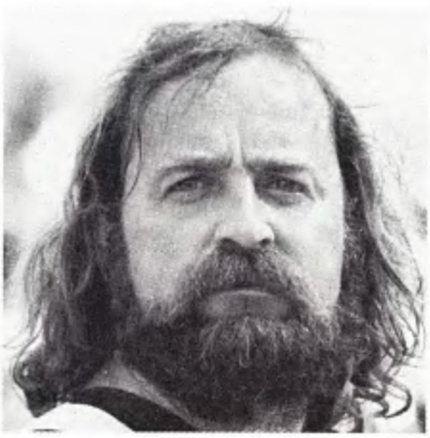
were rolling along, looking for secluded areas from which to launch their sweaty superstructures upon the high seas of northeastern Kansas.

"Holy shit, look at that fuckin' thing pushin' through the water. It's gotta be a great white shark!"

"That ain't no shark — it's Miraculous Mutha's big bare

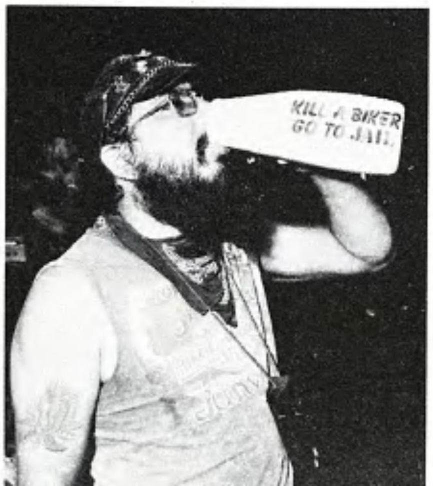






ass comin' up to break wind."

For those not adventurous (or suicidal) enough to share the surf with Mutha and her ilk, the most popular escape from the heat (aside from those famous 500 kegs) was hoppin' on the scooter and just plain ridin' — anywhere. The cooling breezes that dried their sweat-soaked hair once again



ANNNIVERSARY BLAST

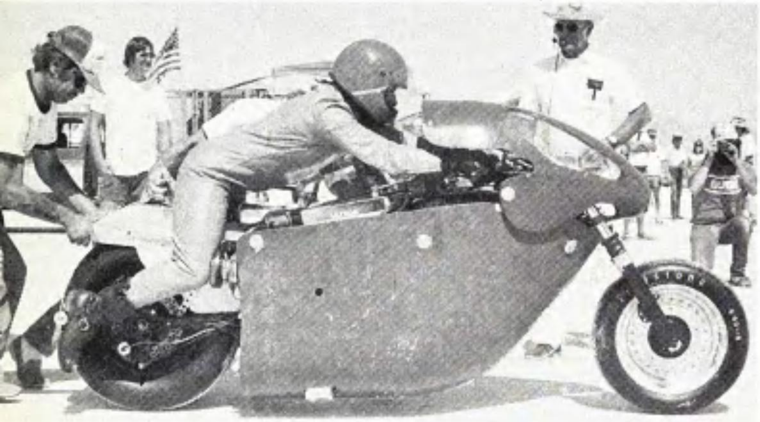
reminded those bros and sisters unfortunate enough to be from helmet-law states what they were missing and caused more than a few to leave for home doubly committed to never giving up the fight for freedom.

Which brings us back to the beginning — when ABATE was first organized by *Easyriders* to fight for bikers' rights to ride where they want, when they want, on motorcycles and in equipment of their own choosing. Freedom of choice, that's what ABATE has always been about, and whether you chose to hit the lake, ride the hills, or just stay at the campground to boogie and sweat till ya puked, the tenth anniversary National ABATE Party provided a great reminder of just how necessary — and rewarding — having that freedom really is.

—Butcher

Photos by Mike Lichter

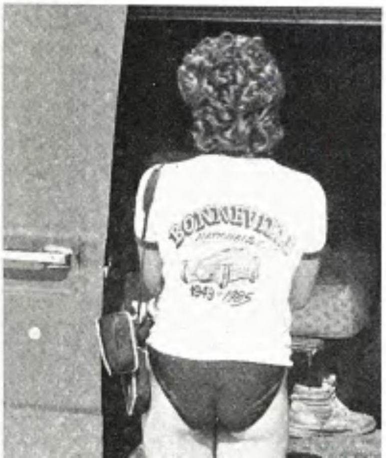
ASSAULT ON THE SALT

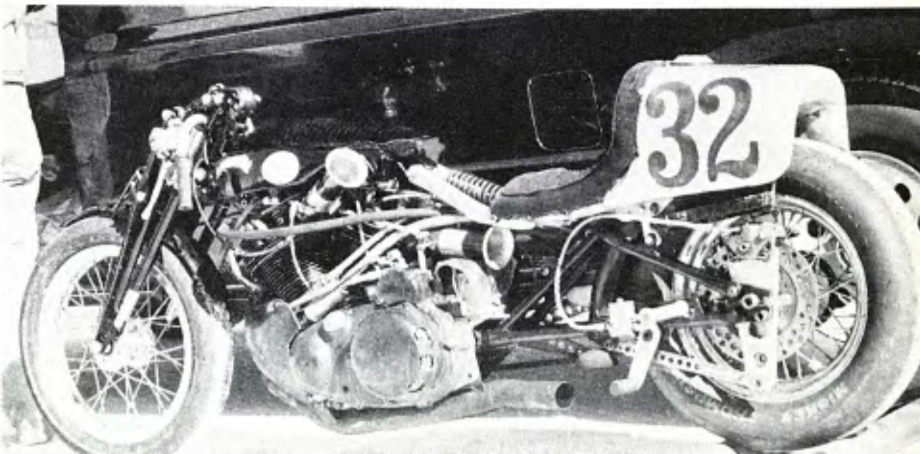


Would it rain? That was the primary question on everyone's mind at Bonneville. The past few years the weather god has been less than cooperative, making the speed trials practically non-existent. This year, though, it was beautiful — hot and dry — and the salt was as smooth as a baby's butt.

From trikes to 18-wheel tractors, all kinds of vehicles were going for it. Most of the hot dogs of the motorcycle industry were present — if not in person, at least represented by their products. George Smith, Jr., of S&S, brought three scooters to the desert where his red Evolution-powered street bike proved to be the fastest at 139mph. Dan Kinsey, rider for all the S&S machines, could've gone faster but for the bike's handlebars — and changing the bars would've put them in a different class. However, on their Tramp III it was a different story. They destroyed the gas record for an open-wheeled bike at 192mph and went 204 on nitro before calling it quits with tire problems.

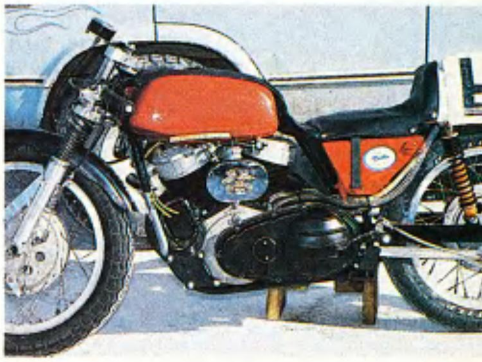
By Thursday the track was in piss-poor condition from the cars and trucks making the surface powdery, which created handling problems. After Don Vesco





crashed at a very high speed the long course was shut down.

S&S's single-engine streamliner, a real sanitary-looking scoot that resembles a fighter aircraft in many respects, encountered a few problems, too. First, an earlier 265mph crash left only a month to put the bike back together before Bonneville. Then Dan Kinsey's first run on the salt was somewhat abbreviated when he almost OD'd on fuel fumes backing up in the cockpit. That problem was solved only to make room for another — the tranny's countershafts started breaking. After the second shaft broke, they took the transmission into Salt Lake *Continued on page 79*



Photos by Rip

SOMETHING

It had to be different, it had to be fast, it had to be a panhead.

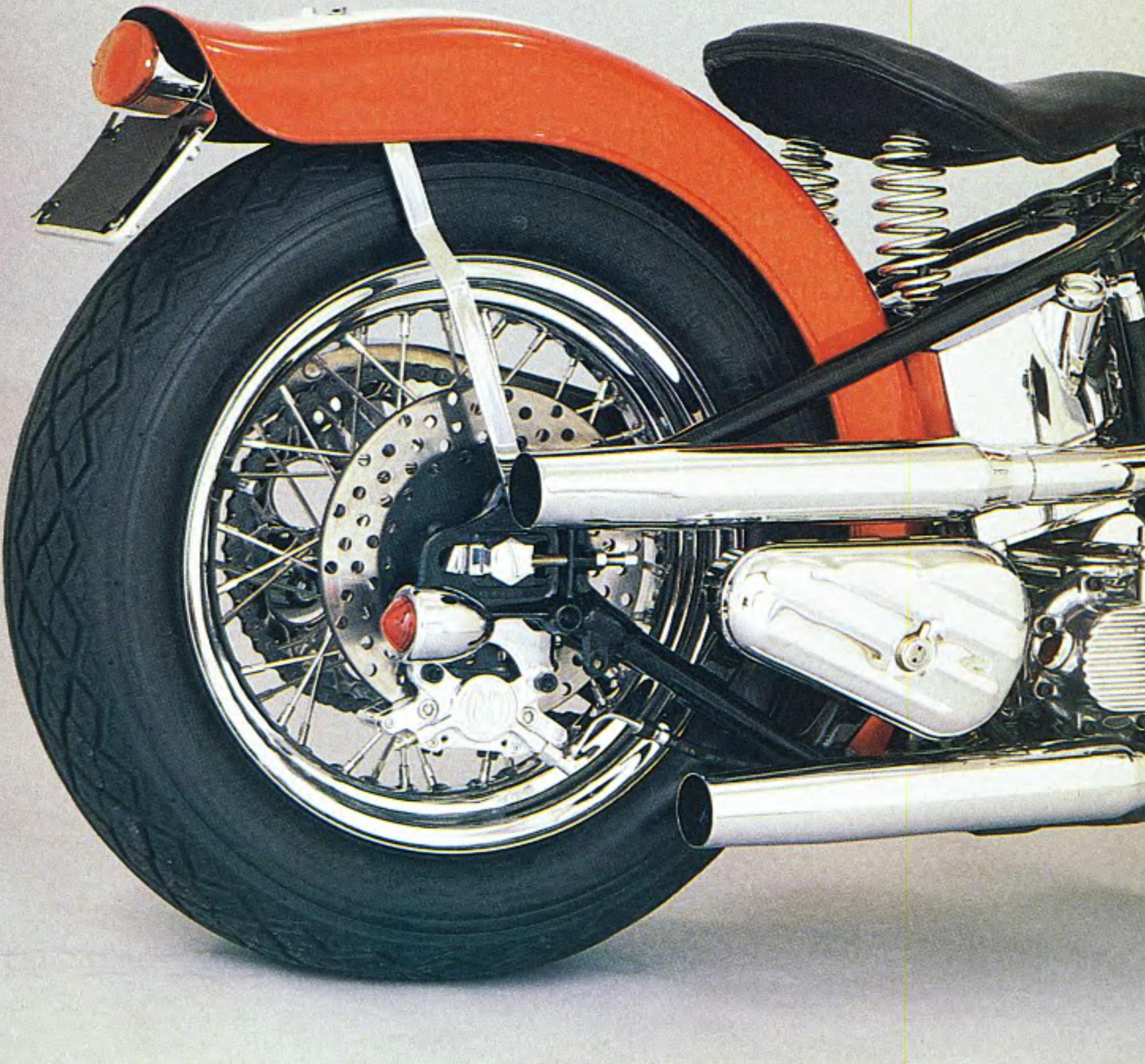
"Me and a buddy got together and wanted something different," Mike says, recalling the fateful day he began his crusade to create the perfect panhead. "I wanted my bike to be different from those of all my friends, who ride shovels, and I wanted it to be fast.

"By the time we got done, we had it at 90 inches and had done everything that can reasonably be done to a panhead engine to improve performance."

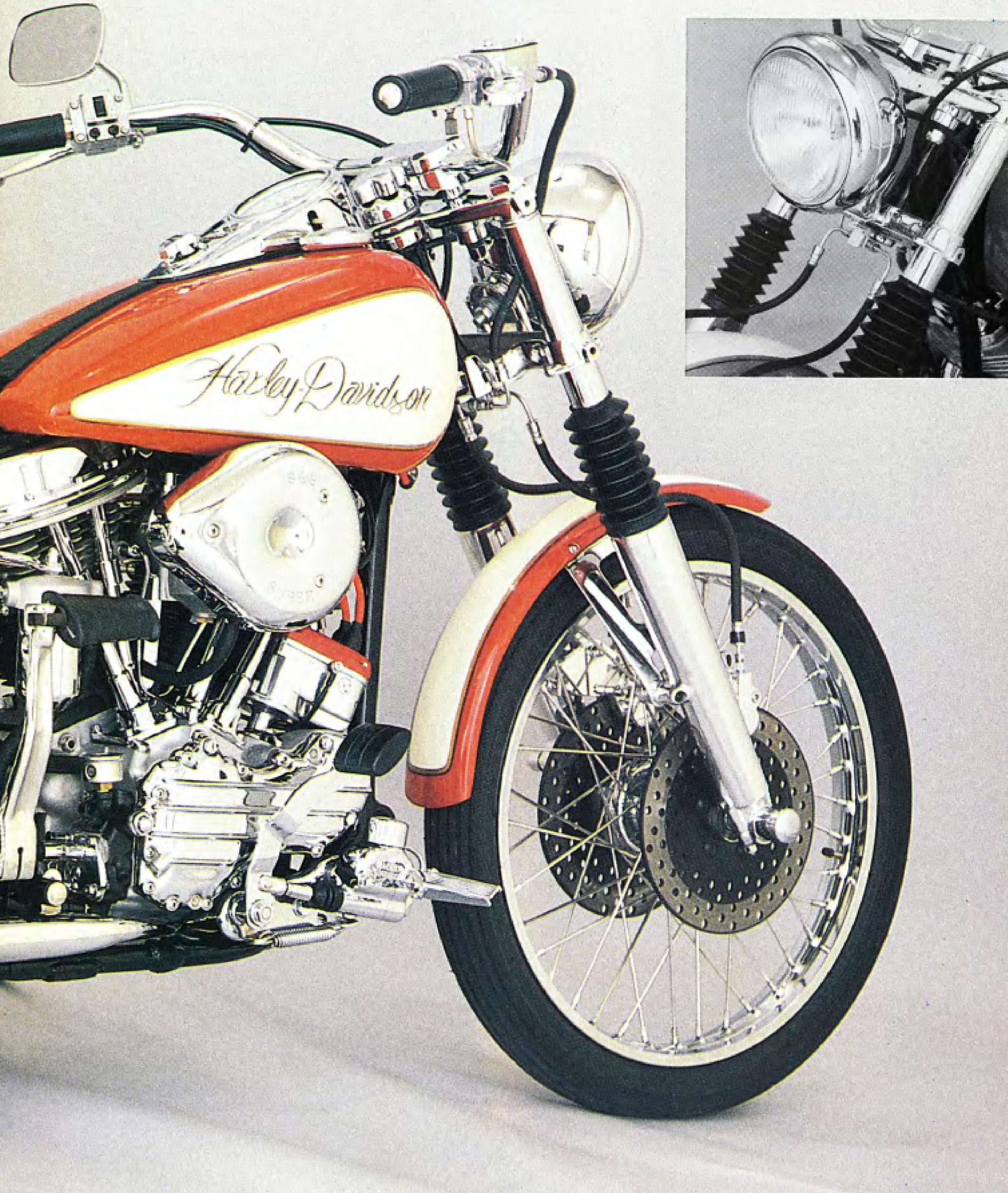
Sometimes, in fact, Mike even went beyond what a lot of people would consider reasonable in his quest for the ultimate. Take his bike's pushrods, for example. He had them custom-made out of 4130 chromoly.

"Two of mine weigh about as much as one stock pushrod," he claims, adding that the chromoly rods don't flex and bend like their aluminum counterparts.

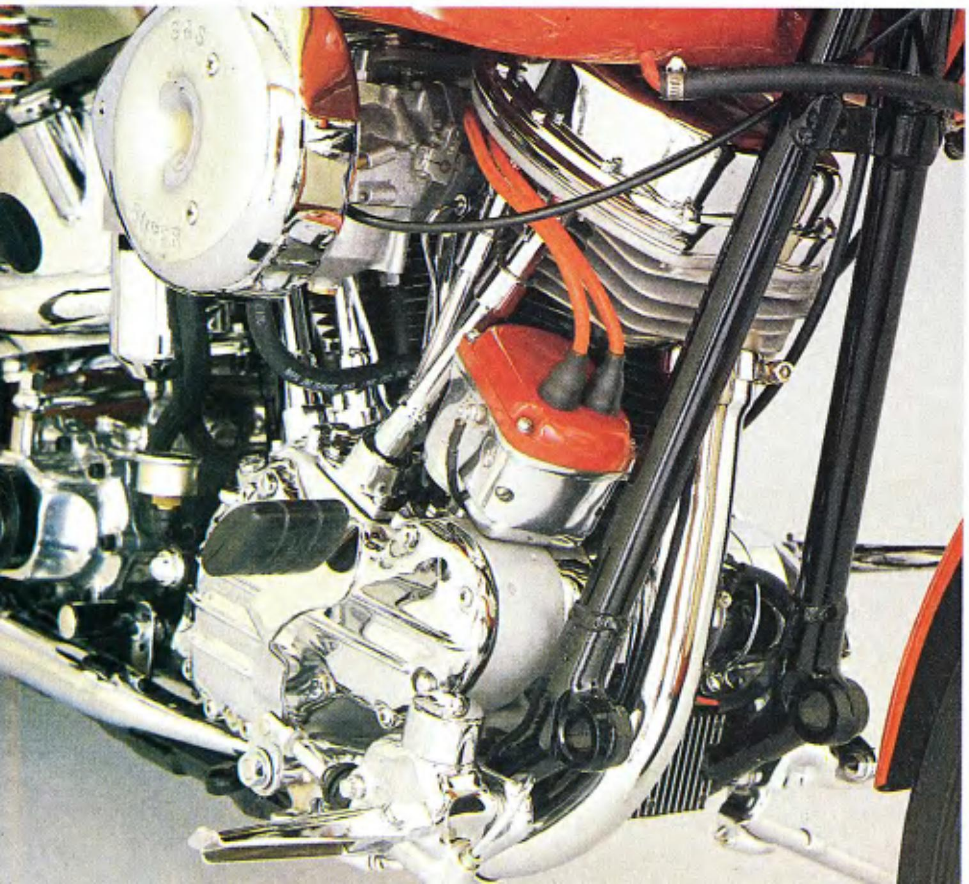
Engine work is hardly the only area where Mike achieved unique results. His frame came

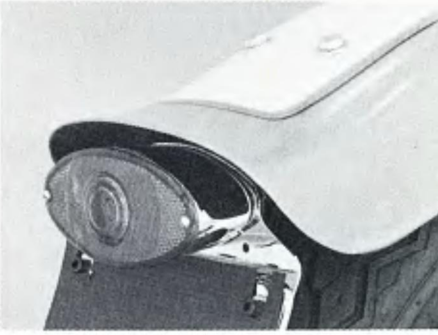


DIFFERENT



Photos by Pete Chiodo



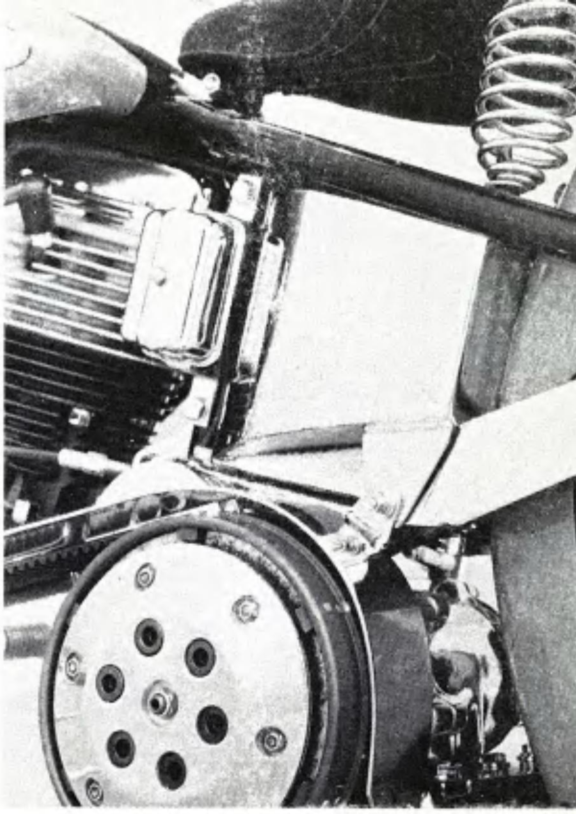


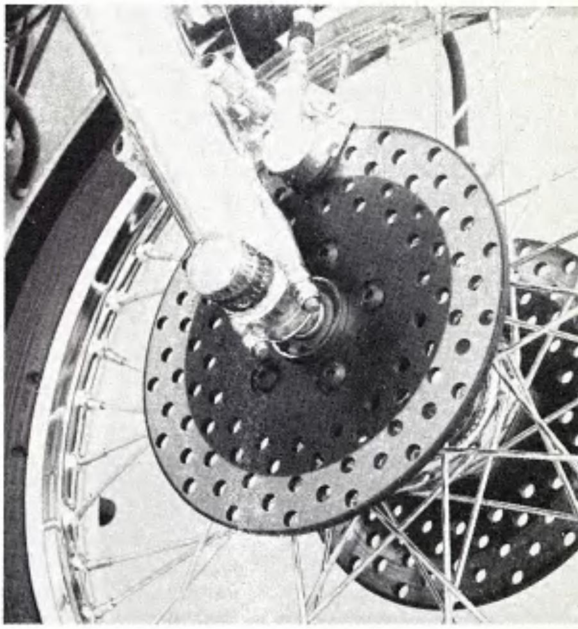
from a Florida wreck. After getting it straightened, Mike had it beefed up to withstand the extra torque and stresses of his potent pan.

There's something else you might notice about the frame — there's virtually nothing welded to it. "I hate that look of everything hung on the frame," Mike says, "so I designed as many of the things that usually hang there to mount in different

Owner: Mike Essman	**City:** San Fernando, Calif.	
General	**Frame**	
Fabrication by: owner/Ted Zajicek	Year: 1957 straight leg	
Year and make: 1964 H-D	Builder: H-D	
Model: FLH	Type: rigid	
Value: enough	Rake: factory	
Assembly by: owner	Stretch: none	
Time: 9 months	Other alterations: none	
Chroming by: Astro and friend	**Accessories**	
Engine	Bars: owner	
Year: 1964	Risers: H-D	
Model: panhead	Fender(s): fatbob/CCI	
Rebuilder: Ted Zajicek	Headlight: H-D	
Ignition: Joe Hunt Magneto	Taillight: Catseye	
Displacement: 90 cu.in.	Speedo: yes	
Lower end: S&S	Front pegs: two	
Balancing: West Valley	Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: S&S	Electrics: Ted Zajicek	
Cases: H-D	Gas tank: 1985 H-D	
Heads: ported and polished	Oil tank: Paughco	
Cam(s): surprise	Oil system: stock	
Lifters: Sifton	Primary cover: custom motor plate	
Carb(s): S&S	Seat: H-D	
Air cleaner: S&S	Sissybar: fender braces	
Pipes: owner	Height: enough	
Muffler(s): Paughco	Material: ¾-in. flat steel	
Transmission	**Forks**	
Modifications: Andrews gears	Type: wide glide	
Year: 1965	Extension: 2 in. over	
Shifting: foot	Builder: H-D/owner	
Engine sprocket: Phase 3 belt	Special features: polished and chromed	
Trans sprocket: 25	**Wheels**	
Wheel sprocket: 51	**Front**	**Rear**
Painting	Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: fuck, no	Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: Brian Gearhart	Rim width: 2.75	Rim width: 4.00
Color: Candy Orange	Tire: Carlisle	Tire: IRC
Type: lacquer/Deltron	Brake: Perf. Mach.	Brake: Perf. Mach.
Special paint: Striping by Bob Brouett.		

Special thanks: Sport Tracks, Ted Zajicek's Goodyear Racing, Steve Davis Cars, Craig Williams, Bruce Morton, Thorp's H-D, Ron at Santee, Washington Polishing.





ways as possible. Take a look at the rear brake caliper. Instead of being welded on the frame, it sits below the tail, mounted to the rear wheel adjusters."

Another cosmetic touch that beats the odds is the gas tank — a new 1985 model. "Everybody told me it wouldn't mount on the frame," Mike says, "but it wasn't too much trouble to make it fit."

On the functional side, Mike plans to take his sizzlin' pan to the drags, so he did mucho extra work to make the bike super-sturdy as well as fast.

"See the motor plate?" he asks. "That's a custom bit that keeps the tranny from falling out and makes sure that the engine, tranny, and frame stay in line and don't vibrate each other to death."

There are, of course, a hundred other things we could tell ya about this bike — like the way the paint was custom-blended *on the tank* to achieve its unique hue — but the most important thing, the bottom line, is that whoever tells you that panheads are past it, that they can no longer be competitive in looks or performance, is just plain full of shit! And that ain't no bull.

—Butcher

Gary Winn — Fighting The Good Fight

Like it or not, the American Motorcyclist Association is the largest and most powerful, as well as the oldest, special interest motorcycle group in America.

Formed in the 1920s to promote a motorcycle industry whose survival was being threatened by the onslaught of cheap mass-produced four-wheelers, the AMA in its early years was primarily dedicated to staging various forms of motorcycle competition events as a means of attracting public attention and focusing it on the sporting potential of two-wheeled transportation.

In view of the fact that for much of its first three decades the AMA was often accused of being a pawn of the Harley-Davidson company, it's ironic that the organization is most famous among bikers for responding to media criticism of post-World War II bike club runs by banning patchholders from AMA-sanctioned events and for disowning bikers as a lawless "one percent" not fit to associate with the other, presumably more respectable, 99 percent of the motorcycle-riding public.

By the late '60s and early '70s, however, times had changed and so had the AMA. No longer chiefly a tool of the bike manufacturers, the association, though still heavily into sanctioning and organizing both track and off-road motorcycle races, was becoming more active in the political arena — lobbying for the interests of two-wheel riders against those who would ban scooters from new freeways, close public lands to dirt bikers, and otherwise inhibit riders' freedom in the wind.

As federal, state, and local attempts to rope and hog-tie motorcycle riders have mushroomed during the past ten years, the AMA's political involvement has grown. Though it is, like all bureaucracies, sometimes slow to move (it took almost ten years for the AMA to come out publicly against the federally mandated 55mph speed limit, for example), its size (137,000 members) and the savvy that comes from having a full-time staff of "legislative analysts" makes it a potent force when finally aroused.

The speed-limit issue is a good example. Though it took the AMA a long time to act, the association's ability to reach nationally potent politicians quickly pushed it to the forefront of those fighting to give states back the right to make their own traffic laws. AMA's clout — and its unparalleled ability to generate comparative safety statistics — has also been responsible for helping push through helmet law repeals and rider education bills in numerous states. Currently, the AMA is leading the motorcycle community's effort to force the federal Environmental Protection Agency to scale down its plans to totally ban the use of lead in gasoline.

Heading up the AMA's four-person political action unit is Gary Winn, a lifelong rider who, along with his wife (a rider, too), currently owns six scooters — including such exotics as a 1966 Cotton Conquest and a 1970 Velocette. Like anyone whose constituents include people as diverse as hardcore bikers, cafe racers, and trials riders, what Winn says, and what his department does, is rarely going to please everyone — not even we manage to do that, as a not-very-close reading of "Wordmonger" will prove.

Despite the fact that some riders might dispute a few of his positions, most would agree that Gary Winn knows more about government regulations — current and proposed — of motorcycle riding than anyone else in the United States. In a recent interview he shared with us his insights on everything from helmet laws to insurance hassles.

EASYRIDERS: How long have you been with the AMA and how did you get started working in the area of bikers' rights?

GARY WINN: I've just started my tenth year. My background is pretty much academic. I was a graduate student in experimental psychology at the University of Houston and I was kind of dissatisfied with the program, so I took off on my motorcycle to think things over.

I was touring around — it's hard to believe, but true — but I was touring, and since I'd been an AMA member for a number of years, I stopped by here and just asked if the AMA was looking for staff, and believe it or not, they were.

ER: At the time you joined the AMA had you had any previous experience in political lobbying or did you learn on the job?

GW: I think there's no such thing as training to be a lobbyist, or training to be involved in government relations. For example, we have a guy in our department who was a business major, we have a guy who was an environmental planner, we have one who's a journalist, and we have me. Ed Youngblood [currently AMA executive director], who used to direct this department, is a Milton Scholar with an English degree. Everybody comes from a different background and everybody contributes from their own area of expertise.

What it does require, though, is an interest in government relations to be sure, but first it requires an interest in motorcycles, a recognition that motorcyclists get the short end of the stick a lot. If you come in with a zeal to do good, it's a leg up, because, frankly, this is a tedious business — tedious, time-consuming and not real rewarding.

ER: Are you trying to say that you lose more than you win?

GW: You bet! But if you come in with that zeal, that burning interest in the issues, knowing that we're getting discriminated against, it really helps you work those weekends and late nights. That's why all the people here, the professional staff, have a real interest in the sport. They couldn't do the job otherwise.

ER: Going back those nine-plus years you've been on the job, what was the first major issue you got involved with?

GW: I came in on the tail end of the thing that put the AMA on the map. We've been around since 1924 and we've had a legislative department

since 1970, but the thing that put us on the map was in May 1975 when we got an amendment to the transportation bill which removed the power of the Department of Transportation to withhold state money from states that didn't have helmet laws.

I came in immediately after that and started putting together a program of providing statistical information to states considering repealing their helmet laws. Immediately, there were many — in the first year six, in the second, 14. It was going like crazy. I had a full-time job lobbying, providing information, and arranging public appearances where necessary in all those states. Bear in mind that for every state that did pass a repeal bill, there was another one that was considering repeal. That was the first big thing.

ER: Whoa, let's back up a second. There are some folks out there who would claim that the thing that really put the AMA "on the map" was labeling bikers as "one-percenters" back in the '40s. Likewise, many bikers' rights activists think that the major push for helmet law repeal came from grass-root organizations like ABATE.

GW: You bet. That's a real good point. We didn't even know the ABATE groups were out there, really, and they probably didn't know very much about us. But when we found ourselves at the Capitol, staring at each other, asking, "Who are these guys and how come they're talking the same language about our bill?" we got close to them and vice versa. And even though they have their own agenda, pretty much, and we have ours, where we see eye-to-eye on the issues, we've worked together ever since.

In Michigan, in Pennsylvania, in Indiana, in Florida — states where ABATE is pretty strong, they pretty much run the state legislative show, but we work together in the sense that when the state comes to ABATE for statistics, ABATE can't always provide a national view, which we can. In the same way, we can't provide legwork on a local level. So we've developed a very good relationship with ABATE chapters that's gone way beyond the helmet issue and into such areas as rider education programs and things like that.

ER: Given the history of the DOT's attempt to blackmail states into passing helmet laws and the fact that Congress eventually cut their balls off for doing it, why do you think they've been allowed to get away with the exact same kind of blackmail in regard to the 55mph speed limit and seat belt laws for cages?

GW: You're right, you'd think that some congressman would be saying to himself, "Hey, didn't we do this once, and didn't we in essence give the states the right to decide these kind of issues themselves?" Well, this is kind of tipping our hand, but we are in contact with some congressmen who are preparing for the fight on 55. If it comes down to the issue of states' rights and whether the DOT can apply sanctions to states that decide to change their speed limits, I can see we're going to be in the thick of it because we've been down that road before.

And Congress won't let DOT remove those funds, I can tell you that.

ER: Do you see, based upon all the information you have access to, any big changes on the horizon regarding the helmet law situation in the next couple of years? Are any states likely to repeal their existing laws, and conversely, are any about to reinstitute one?

> ***"Your readers and our members seem to share. . . a fascination, almost a fanaticism, about motorcycles."***

GW: Not really. Repeal is possible in a few states, notably Florida, but the helmet law controversy has, in a sense, settled down a good deal. In most of the repeal states other issues have taken over. For example, many states found that after they passed a repeal bill they had no motorcycle program at all. "Damn," they said, "we've got to do *something.*" So there we were, as were a number of ABATE chapters, ready with a rider education program.

However, what could change that is if the mandatory seat-belt laws become more widespread. It's certainly easy to say, "Well, we've got a seat belt law, we'd better go after a helmet law, too." But to be honest, even though that scared us to death about a year and a half ago when the first seat-belt laws were passed, we haven't seen much evidence that that's going to happen.

ER: I may be cynical, but I suspect that when the first seat-belt law test case hits the Supreme Court, the cagers fighting it are going to be treated a lot more respectfully than the bikers challenging helmet laws ever were. In other words, I wouldn't be surprised to find that mandatory seat-belt laws are considered unconstitutional while mandatory helmet laws aren't.

GW: You know, there were five [lid law cases appealed to the Supreme Court], but they were never heard. They were just affirmed, which is not really the same thing as being allowed to present your case. The last one of those cases came in 1975. I believe that if we were to take a helmet law case to the Supreme Court today, that the court is so different — three, or maybe four, liberal justices replaced with conservative justices — we could get a favorable decision on the constitutional issue.

ER: The other possiblity is that there might be a backlash in our favor from the mandatory seat-belt laws. It gives a lot of cagers a taste of that regulatory medicine for the first time and they might discover they don't like it. You know, we always tried to warn them that the bureaucrats would get around to them as soon as they were done stomping on us.

GW: You're right.

ER: All this talk about helmet laws reminds me that one of the major backers of mandatory buckets, the *other* AMA — the American Medical Association — has recently come out in favor of a nationwide ban on motorcycle racing. Since the American Motorcyclist Association is one of the foremost promoters of bike competition events, that'll probably be another battle you'll be fighting.

GW: I don't even want to talk about it, but believe me, that's a hot item right now.

ER: The quacks went through a big crusade about a year or so ago to try to ban boxing, but they got no public support so now they're going after motor sports. It's kind of funny, really, considering that in one year more people die on the operating table under the shaky alcoholic hands of American Medical Association members than die on race tracks or in boxing rings in a decade.

GW: Maybe they're looking for some publicity or something, but they're not going to get it there, because just as with boxing, there's very strong public sentiment for motorcycle competition. We all reject and resent doctors sticking their noses into our thing and telling us how dangerous it is.

ER: Most of our readers, I think, are probably aware of the AMA's tremendous amount of activity in the field of rider education. Do you have any *Continued on page 93*

PRIMO

DON'T LET YOUR CRANK RUST

By Bob Collins

Waking up in the morning with a piss hardon that drains all the blood from your head and almost makes ya pass out? Been choking the chicken too much lately? Your pipe take to hiding into yer belly when you go to reach for it, even to just take a piss? Finding that your pisser is changing color, taking on the tone of, say, motor oil? Is it gettin' slightly blistered from the calluses on yer hands?

All these symptoms are very typical of a rare Hawaiian disease called *lackanooki*. The reason that the disease is rare in Hawaii is that Hawaiians rarely suffer from it — they not only know the instant cures, but how to avoid the ailment before it creeps up on them. The last Hawaiian to suffer from *lackanooki* was over 120 years old and had lost his nuts in a fight with a wild pig the year before, as well as sustaining a severely lacerated rod — but even at that he didn't lose all hope. Just because he couldn't cut the mustard didn't mean that he couldn't lick the jar. Hawaiians know the secret to a fulfilling sex life — and this is where it's at. At great risk to life and limb — not to mention great expense — these secrets are now a matter of public record.

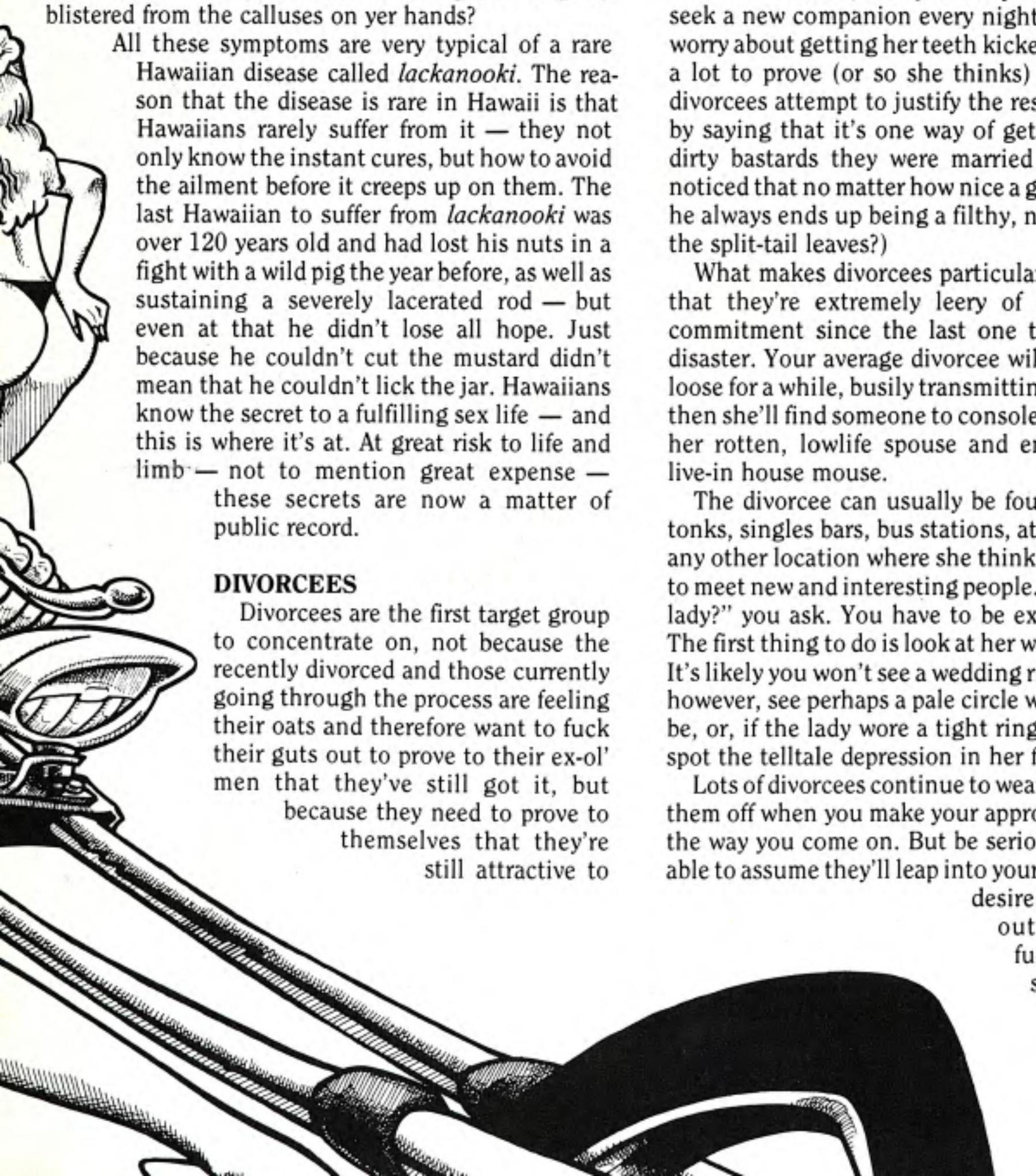


Illustration by Duffy Duggan

DIVORCEES

Divorcees are the first target group to concentrate on, not because the recently divorced and those currently going through the process are feeling their oats and therefore want to fuck their guts out to prove to their ex-ol' men that they've still got it, but because they need to prove to themselves that they're still attractive to men (regardless of what they may have heard from the bum they've shared their bed with for the past X number of years).

The typical divorcee is fighting a lot of insecurities, from sexual inadequacy and/or dissatisfaction to questioning her basic attractiveness. Nonetheless, the whole world has just opened up to her. She can now seek a new companion every night without having to worry about getting her teeth kicked in. . .and she has a lot to prove (or so she thinks) to herself. Lots of divorcees attempt to justify the resulting promiscuity by saying that it's one way of getting even with the dirty bastards they were married to. (Have ya ever noticed that no matter how nice a guy was to a woman, he always ends up being a filthy, no good s.o.b. when the split-tail leaves?)

What makes divorcees particularly "safe" targets is that they're extremely leery of another long-term commitment since the last one turned out to be a disaster. Your average divorcee will be around on the loose for a while, busily transmitting herpes (or AIDS), then she'll find someone to console her over the loss of her rotten, lowlife spouse and end up becoming a live-in house mouse.

The divorcee can usually be found in bars, honky-tonks, singles bars, bus stations, at lunch counters, or any other location where she thinks she might be able to meet new and interesting people. "How do I spot the lady?" you ask. You have to be extremely observant. The first thing to do is look at her wedding-ring finger. It's likely you won't see a wedding ring there. You will, however, see perhaps a pale circle where a ring used to be, or, if the lady wore a tight ring in the past, you'll spot the telltale depression in her flesh.

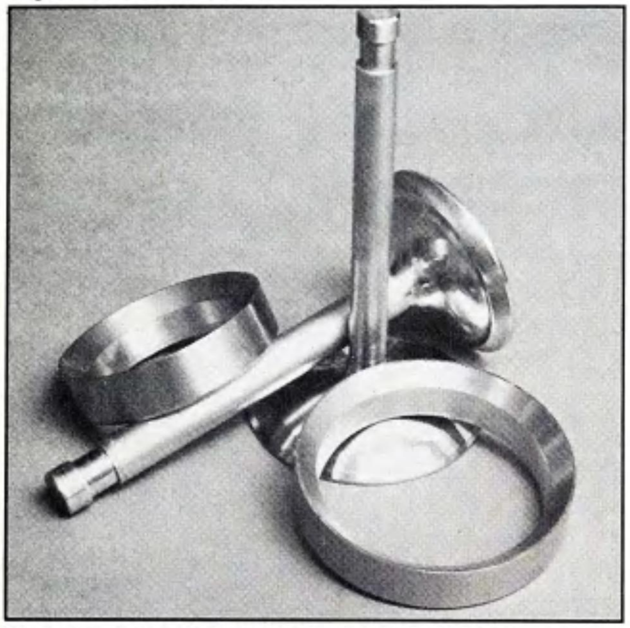
Lots of divorcees continue to wear their rings, taking them off when you make your approach — *if* they like the way you come on. But be serious, it's not reasonable to assume they'll leap into your arms panting with desire if you come right out and say, "Let's fuck." Use finesse — something like,

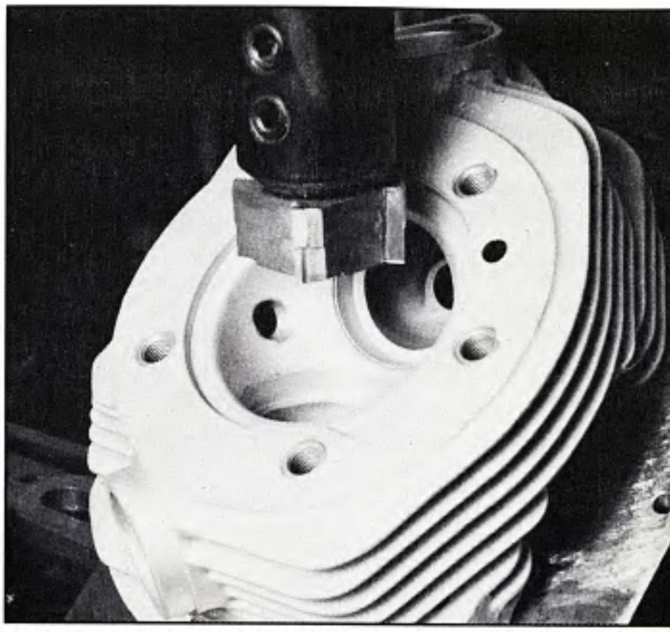
Continued on page 91

VALVES & SEATS FOR LEAD-FREE GAS:

INTO THE NEXT CENTURY WITH YOUR PAN OR SHOVEL

By J.D. Chandler





These Branch parts are the ones ya need to keep yer scoot runnin' in the land of no-lead. The valves are chromed and stellited, and the seats are made from special steel developed for the job. Gettin' new seats into yer shovelhead ain't somethin' ya can do with a drill press an' file. Branch does it with the proper tools and fixtures and his work is primo.

See, we've all been dependin' on something that ain't gonna be here anymore. Although tetraethyl lead has been used as a cheap anti-knock (detonation) agent for more than 50 years, one that works better than anything else, lead is poison an' the EPA bozos are tellin' us that we can't have it anymore. They say that lead is poisonin' our food an' kids. They don't have to prove anything though, they have the power an' the lead is gonna go. But the problem is, droppin' lead from our gasoline is raisin' hell with older engines.

The lack of leaded gasoline has made engine builders lower compression ratios or use new combustion chamber shapes, like that in the Evolution engine. The problem is what to do about old engines that were designed to use leaded gas and will wear their valves and valve seats out real fast if they have to burn unleaded. Ya see, the lubricatin' properties of lead let the engine makers get lazy an' cheap about valve an' valve seat materials.

Every Sportster, knucklehead, pan, and shovel has valves and seats that depend on leaded gas to lubricate the surfaces where they contact one another. If ya have to run lead-free — and most of us do these days — the stock valve an' seats are gonna erode and wear a lot faster. Instead of gettin' 40,000 miles out of a valve job, ya might run only a tenth that far before ya have to tear down. Evolution engines get by better on no-lead, but according to the factory, they can still use some. Their valves will last longer with it.

That's where Jerry Branch comes in. Jerry does regular business with just about every Harley shop in the world. He's famous for his port work and for his valves, guides, an' seats that won't wear out.

Branch got tired of hearing folks panicking over the phone about how they were gonna have to park their scoots 'cause they couldn't get leaded gas anymore, so he found a source for valve seat material that would do the job. As it turned out, the material he decided to use is the same stuff Harley's usin' to make valve seats for their XR750s. It's the best there is. Serendipitously, Jerry already had a valve steel that works just fine with lead-free gas an' his valve guides are renowned for lastin' longer than the rest of the engine.

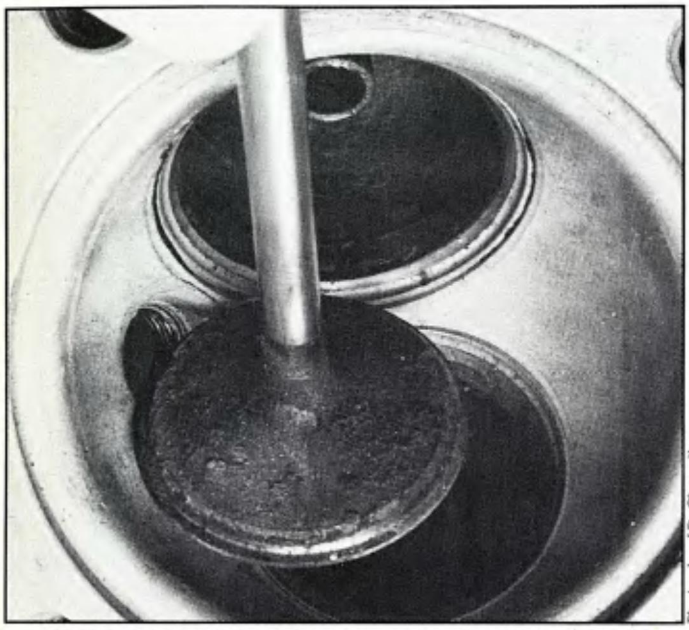
Right now Branch is puttin' in seats an' fittin' valves to shovels and pans that will run on lead-free. He can remove yer old seats an' guides, install lead-free seats an' a set of his Amco 45 bronze guides to carry his lead-free valves, and put ya back on the road — to stay.

Valve seats have to fit in the head with about a five-thousandths interference fit, which ain't easy to do unless ya have the tools and experience. Branch first has to take out the old seats and then set the head up on a fixture and re-machine the seat holes. This has to be done accurately and the hole finish must be very smooth if the seat's gonna stay cool an' last.

After the holes are in the head, it's heated to 450 degrees Fahrenheit and the seats are chilled to about 40 below zero. Another fixture to hold the head, a tool to hold the seat, and a big hammer are then brought together to mate the parts. Jerry's gotta drive the seats home fast or they'll warm up an' grab the head.

(For more info on the leaded-gas battle, see *Soap Box* in *Easyriders* #139 and the interview with Gary Winn on page 24 of this issue.)

Tech Tips



Photos by J.D Chandler

These valve seats and the valve are on their way out. If this shovelhead had been runnin' leaded gasoline, the seats wouldn't be so wide, shiny, and spotted.

One of the features of Branch's valve seats is their size; his are much larger than stock. Jerry's convinced that large seats with plenty of contact area between the seats and heads are better than thin seats. Some believe in the thin seats (in aluminum heads) because they offer a theoretical cooling advantage. While that may be, they also have less support in the head and can move or get loose easier. Branch has been fitting large valve seats to XR750s for years and they have proven trouble-free, neither coming loose nor burning.

With the seats in place, Branch reheats the head an' installs his bronze guides. After reamin' the guides, he shapes the seats to match the port an' combustion chamber. This part is time-consuming as hell; the lead-free seat material is hard and slow to grind. Finally, Jerry cuts valve seats, laps the hard-chromed, stellited valves, an' installs yer springs.

Branch makes it look easy, but it isn't an' unless ya got the right parts an' lots of time to spend in yer machine shop, you're better off sendin' yer heads to him for the work. Besides, it won't cost that much more to have him do one of his port jobs. He can get 50 percent more air through a Sportster intake port than the factory gave ya — extra flow that translates into power. Just ask anybody who's had the work done.

Before ya rip the heads off yer scoot an' send 'em to California for the lead-free conversion, ya need to know a couple of things, like how long it'll take an' how much it'll cost. Since most of ya on the East Coast save yer teardowns for the winter an' racers do the same, Branch has a lot of work in the winter and not that much in mid- to late summer. Porting or valve an' seat work in his shop can take less than two weeks during August or September and might take more than a month in January or February.

The labor charge for a head overhaul is $75 per head. That includes cutting and blending the seats, reaming the guides, doing the valve job, and setting up the springs. Valve seat installation, including the seat, runs $35 apiece. Guides retail for $9.95 and cost $6 each to install. Valves retail for $25 each. A set of Branch's proven valve springs (including upper and lower collars and keepers) will run ya $39.50. Another $225 will get ya one of his magic port jobs that'll make yer scoot run like you'd never have believed possible.

Branch started out workin' on Harleys and never looked back. Eventually he did some work for the factory, includin' much of the development on the "Low Boy" road racers that were so damned fast at Daytona in 1969.

These days Branch spends part of his time turnin' out ported heads for the majority of Harley dirt-track racers. The fastest XR750s on the circuit today have his holes in the heads and the same is true of most of the Battle of The Twins XR1000s.

What he's learned makin' racers go he's also applied to street engines. Earlier I said that he can increase the air flow through an iron Sportster by 50 percent; well, he can get 25 percent more through your shovelhead, too. That much more air, providin' ya put on a big carb and a set of free-flowin' pipes, will make that much more power. There isn't a better performance deal around.

One of the best things about Branch's port work is that it's permanent an' doesn't strain yer engine when ya ride normally. Ya can make a fast scoot that doesn't depend on radical cams and parts that'll wear out fast an' cost ya money to replace. Good breathing makes up for a lot of cam lift and high revs. No matter how long ya run yer scoot, it'll still have the good ports an' be capable of makin' power when yer grandkids find it in the barn after you're gone.

So if ya want lead-free valves and seats with guides and a head overhaul, it'll run ya $453.80. A set of Branch's springs will make it $493.30. And, if ya wanna really wake the old iron up, ya can get the whole thing, includin' Branch's port work, for $718.30.

While 450 bucks is a lot of money, it's a whole bunch cheaper than springin' for a new lead-free scoot. The work Branch does lasts and the parts he uses last longer than anything you could get in the past. All in all, it's a pretty small price to pay for knowin' that yer scoot can now run on lead-free swill without beatin' its heart out.

You can get in touch with the man by contacting Branch Flowmetrics, 5556 Corporate, Cypress, CA 90360. ■

Ol' Lady Contest

Here's another crop of cuties in our Eighth Annual Ol' Lady of the Year Contest, tryin' to win the $1000 grand prize.

Each month we publish as many photos of good technical quality — in focus and properly exposed — as space allows. You readers select the winners. Monthly winner gets $100 and runners-up each get $25, with the contributors gettin' $10. After twelve monthly winners have been picked, you vote again for the best of the twelve to be the *Easyriders* Ol' Lady of the Year.

All entrants must be 18 or over, and the model release form on these pages must be completely filled out, signed in front of a notary, and sent along with the entry photos. Most banks and real estate offices have someone authorized to notarize documents. For a small fee (usually under a buck) they watch you sign it, look at your ID, and stamp the form, certifying that your signature is really yours. Entries without notarized releases cannot be used.

One last favor. In your own handwriting and in very few words (under 25, if possible), describe the type of man you like or dislike.

Photos must be black-and-white or color prints or color slides — no negatives. Sorry, no photos can be returned; all entries become the property of *Easyriders*. Judges' decision is final. Vote now. The deadline for this month's issue is December 30th. We'll print the winner in the April issue. Send your vote — on a postcard or the back of a sealed envelope — to #151 Ol' Lady Contest, *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052.

JAMIE ANN

JADE

REGINA

Ol' Lady Contest

Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052

151

I hereby give *Easyriders* Magazine, its successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority, permission to copyright and/or publish any photograph of myself with or without using my name and to keep changes in or additions to such photographs or portraits, in such manner as shall seem proper to their use. I also understand that editorial matter will accompany these photos. I certify that I am of full age (18) and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

Model's Name __________
Model's Legal Signature __________
I am _____ years of age, born _____
Address __________
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Phone __________

Photographer __________
Address __________
City __________
State _____ Zip _____
Witness to Signature __________

In 25 words or fewer, describe the type of man you like or don't like. Unfortunately, photos sent in without a *notarized* model release will have to be disqualified. All models must be 18 years of age or older.

JANEEN

BECKY

CHERYL

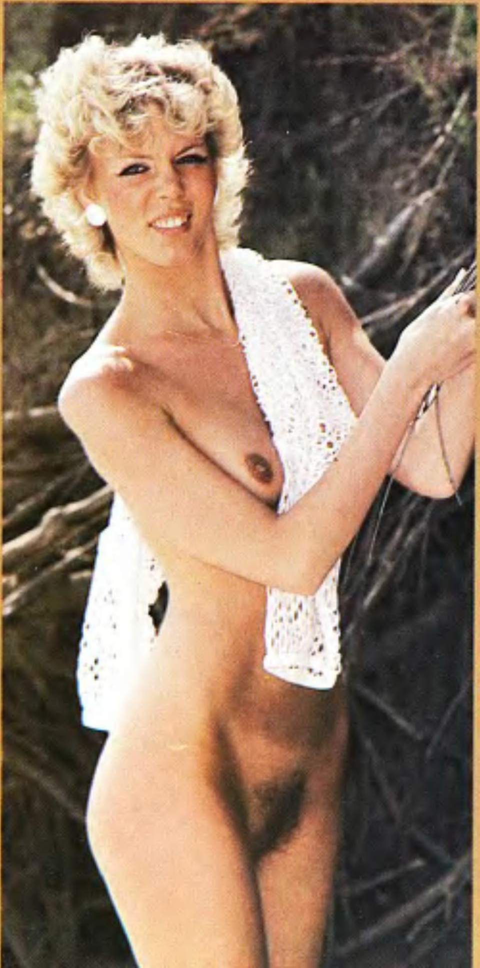
PAT

BETTY

PAULA

LINDA

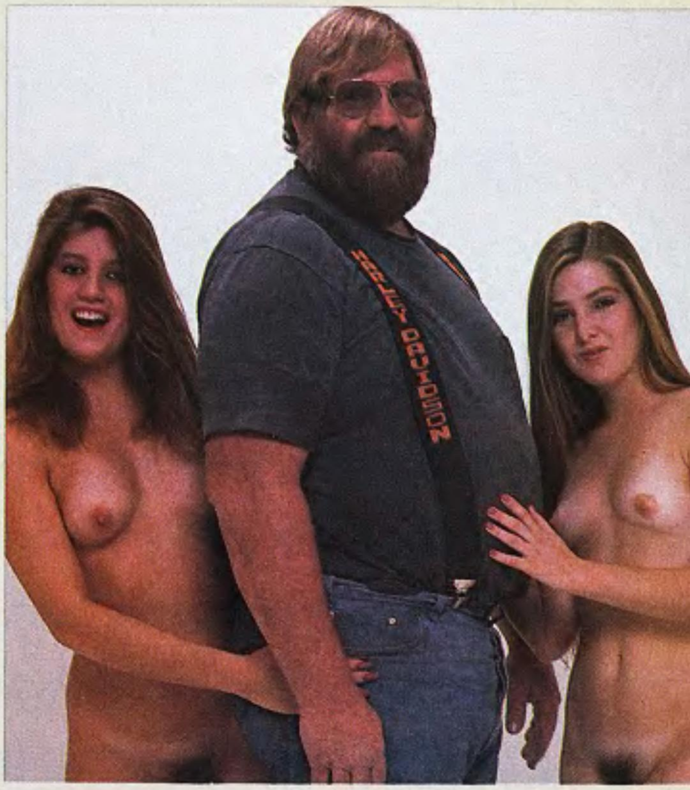
ANNETTE



G·I·R·L·S O·F

JANUARY

FEBRUARY



MAY

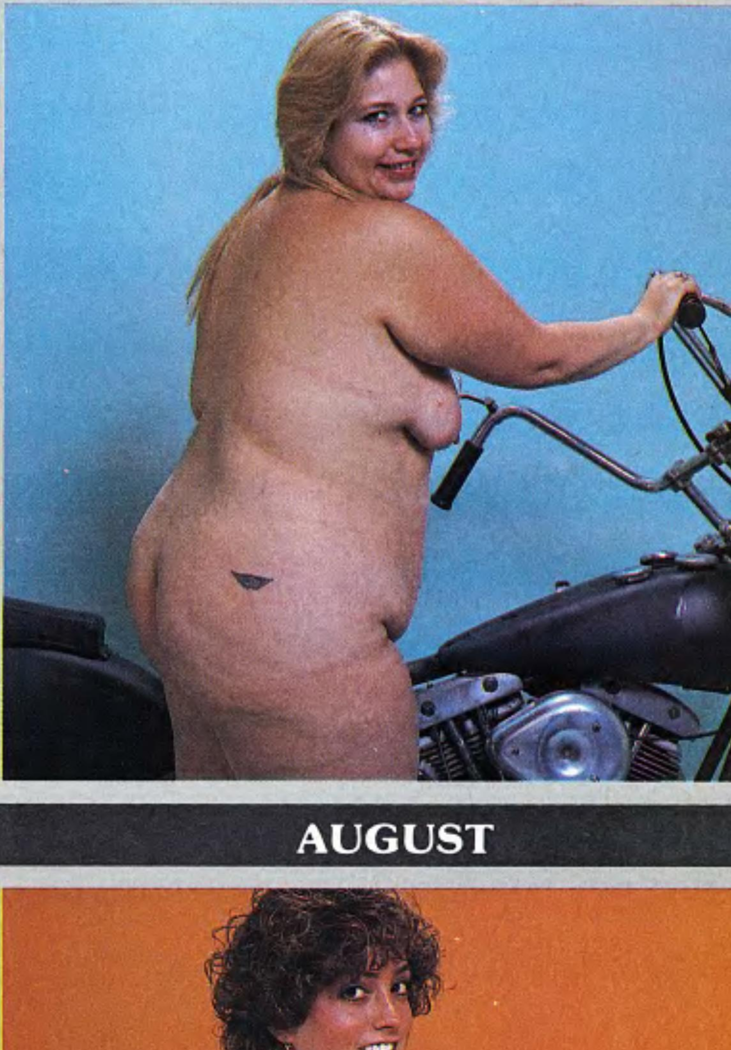
JUNE

'8·5

Here are the ladies we featured during 1985. Look 'em over — and over — and let us know which one you liked the most and why. If your letter is the best (in our opinion), we'll give you a free two-year subscription or extend your present subscription by two years. Send your comments to Ladies of 1985, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. Contest ends January 1, 1986.

MARCH

APRIL



JULY

AUGUST

G·I·R·L·S O·F '8·5

SEPTEMBER

OCTOBER

NOVEMBER

DECEMBER

THE RETURN OF RED RIDER AND HITLER THE DIRTY DOG
NUTHIN LIKE A LITTLE PUSSY
HEY, BUDDY! IS THIS YER DOG?
NAW, SHE'S AT HOME. THAT'S M'POOCH. NYUK-NYUK!
GESTAPO GERTIE...
WELL, HE'S IN HEAT.
NAW, I CHAINED HIM UP IN THE SHADE.
ZUT
BEEP
GRRR
LOOK, HAS HE BEEN BRED?
YEAH, I FED 'IM BACK AT THE HOUSE.
SNIFF
NO! YER DOG NEEDS TO GET FUCKED!
GO AHEAD, I ALLUS WANTED A COP DOG.
EEEEK
NYUK!
HEH-HEH
SPLORCH
D.P.

THIRD TIME'S A CHARM

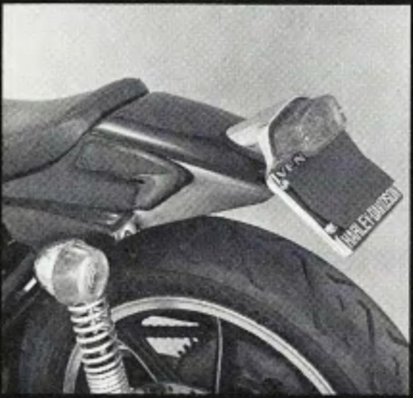
Mel Ortner shows how the factory could've done it.

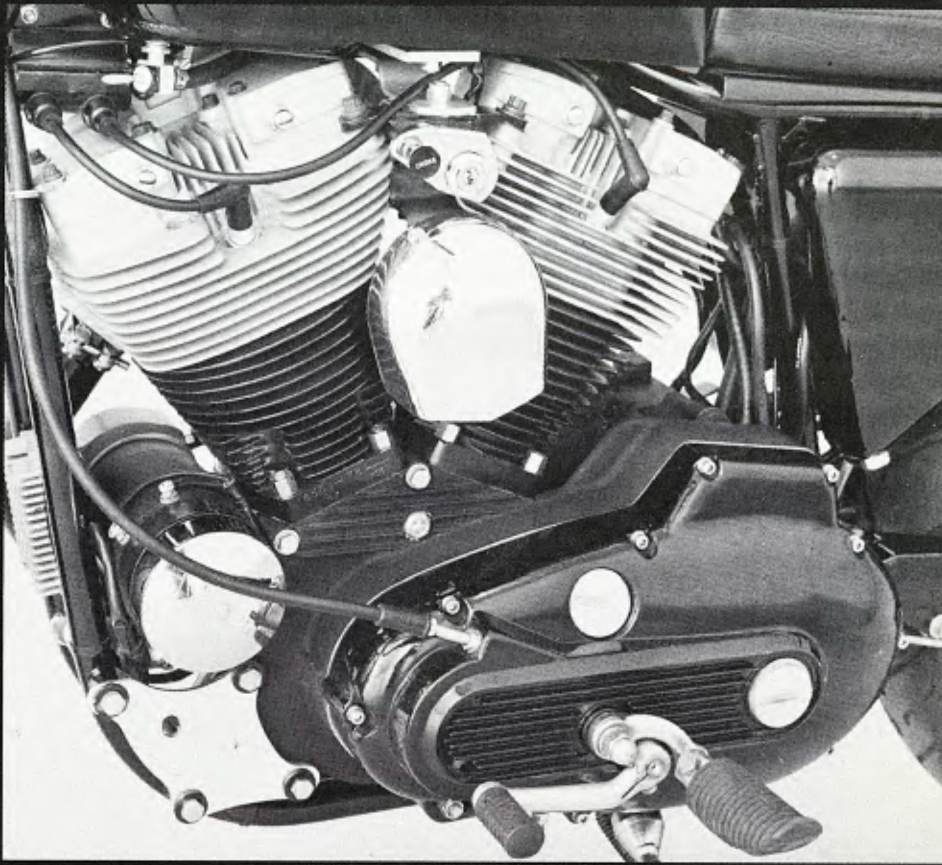
HE KEEPS UP

Tired of taking lip, he made changes. . .

After previous rounds of fabricating bikes in his own way using special after-market parts in the assembly, Mel Ortner has opted to go the other way on his Sportster. Whereas before he went the specialized-parts route, he's contrasted that now by assembling a more realistic and reliable motorcycle, using nearly all Harley parts.

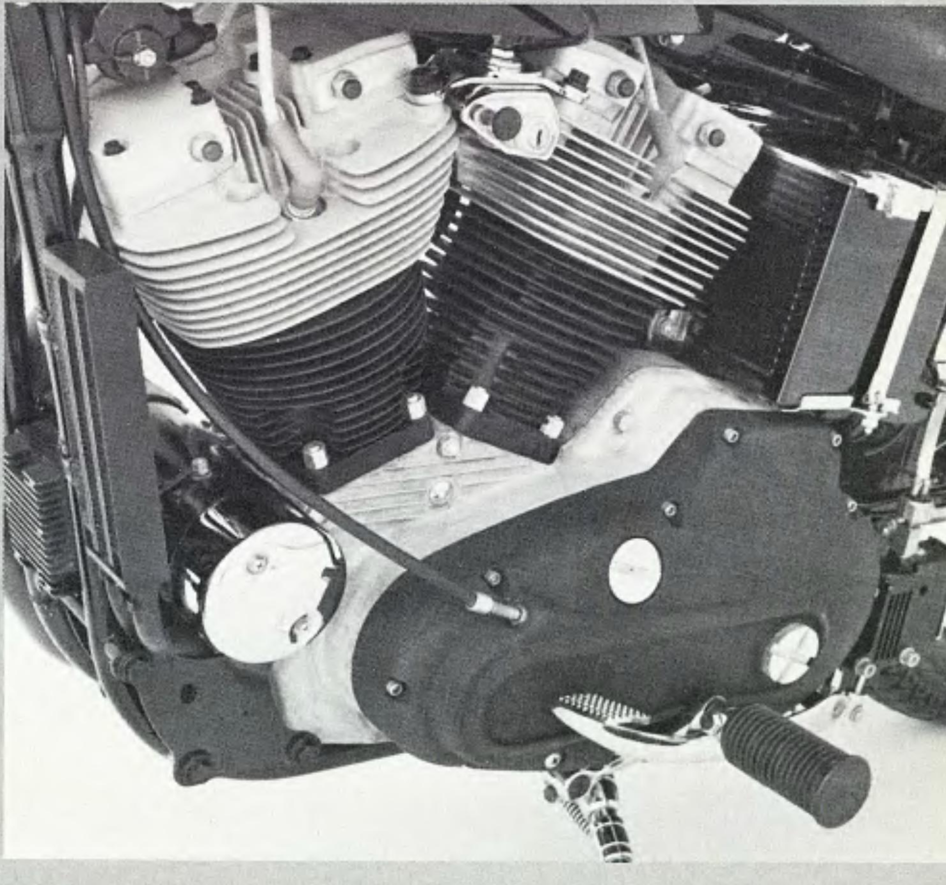
Mel didn't realize how lucky he'd be in making the switch from a canyon racer to a cruiser-style sled. See, he got relocated from the West Coast to the East-

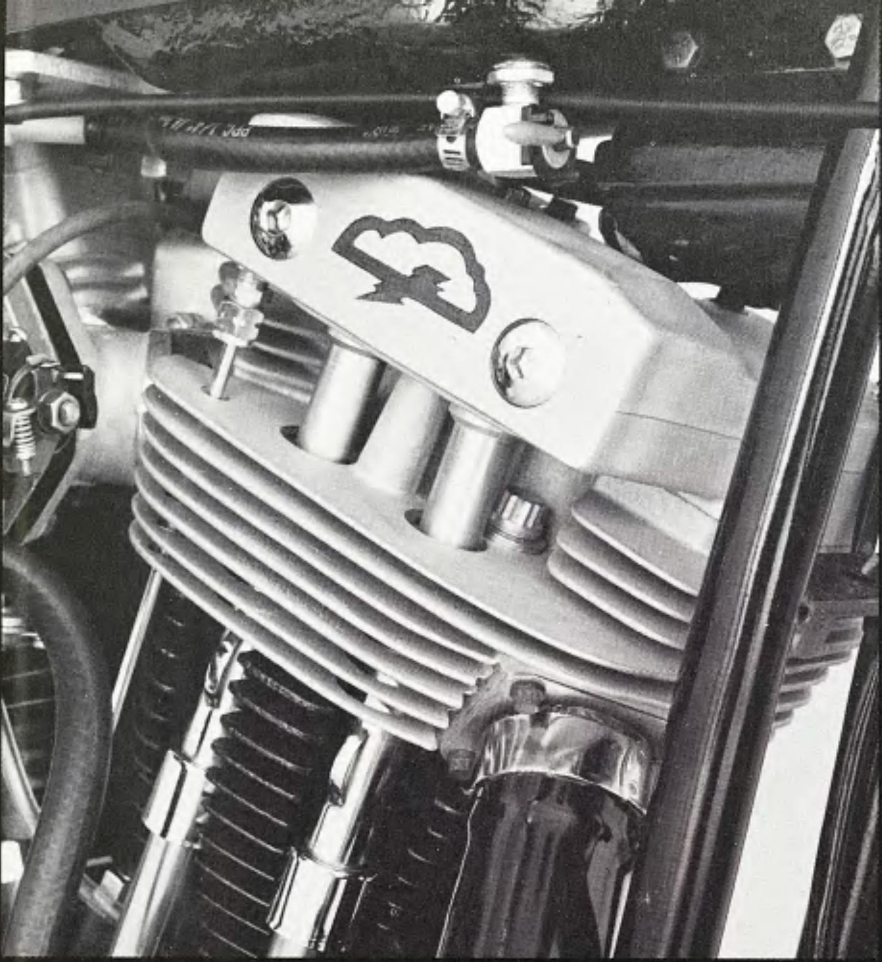




How much verbal abuse can a bro take before he picks up a box-end and a crescent wrench and tears down his scoot for an overhaul? And how long will it take that bro to finalize the fabricating and once and for all shut the yaps of the dudes who rattled him with such comments as, "Why doncha leave it out in the rain so it'll grow?"

In Jim Schwartz' case, the answers (in order) are: lots and two years. In 1975 Schwartz picked up this Sporty for four hundred bones from a friend who was enroute to South America. It gave Jim a bike for the summer at a low price, nothing near the cost the rebuild took him for — a couple of ol' ladies, lots of stash, time, and gray hairs. But now after two grueling years of getting everything built, set up, and financed, he's happy and proud he owns not just a bike, but a Sportster that keeps up with the other brothers' iron on the road.



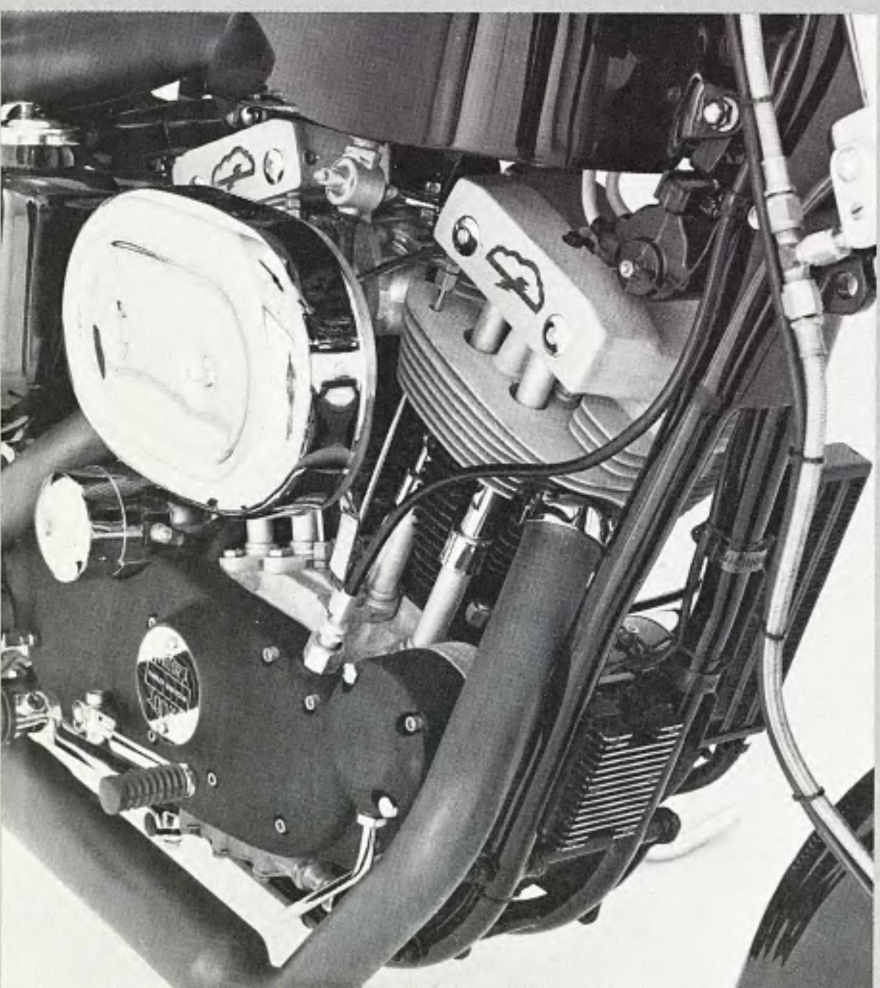


ern Seaboard — New Jersey — and without even knowing it, he unwittingly factored in changes that would eventually provide for better handling on the potholed hellishness of the Jersey turnpikes.

The understated elegance of this machine could come only from the experienced hands of a quality wrench like Ortner. The builder of two former feature bikes, Mel knows what he likes and likes what he knows. He specializes in one-upping the factory's designs to his own specifications. As you can clearly see, he's done a great job, once again working in tandem with Steve Allstaedt, a mechanic at Ventura Harley-Davidson.

Except for the Thunderheads and Performance Machine brakes, all the parts come from one factory department or another, i.e. racing, etc. This has made it a whole lot easier on chasing down replacement parts if, God forbid, something breaks down (and we all know how rare that is, right?). So, on his third effort, Mel now figures he's got it dicked. So do we.

—Loudmouth



This is Jim's ninth or tenth scoot (who's countin'?) and he's got more time in it than in all the rest in terms of dedication. The 41-year-old theatrical-stage-rigging expert wanted to get away from the easy bolt-on, heavy pay-up system of putting together a motorcycle. This one is handmade *by* the owner, *for* the owner.

Originally he wanted a '50s-style scooter with the technology of the '80s. He also wanted something that not everyone else on the block had. Ten months and 12,000 miles after the overhaul he's reached his objective. Now he's not only keepin' up, but he's a long way from the back of the pack where he used to hang out on the runs.

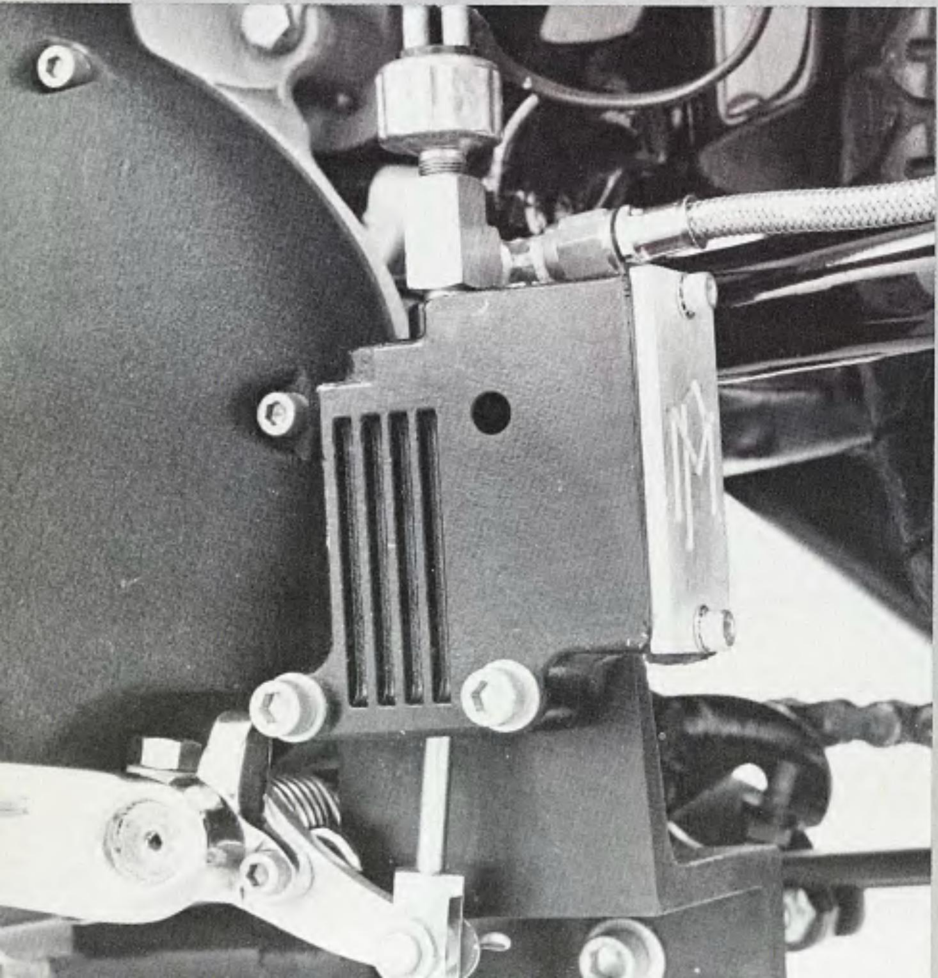
Jim digs gettin' out of town, instead of cruisin' town like he did as a youngster, and now with his restructured Sporty stroked out to 78 inches, he's zippin' out to the front in a hurry. Ride safe, Jim.

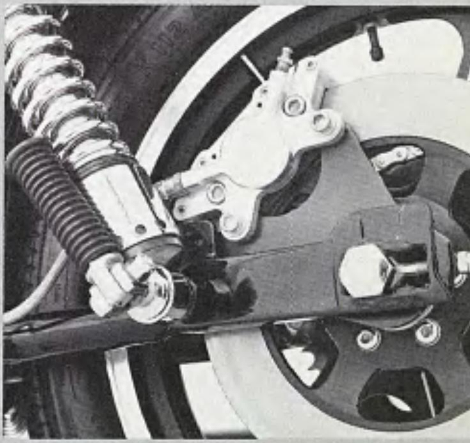
—Suds

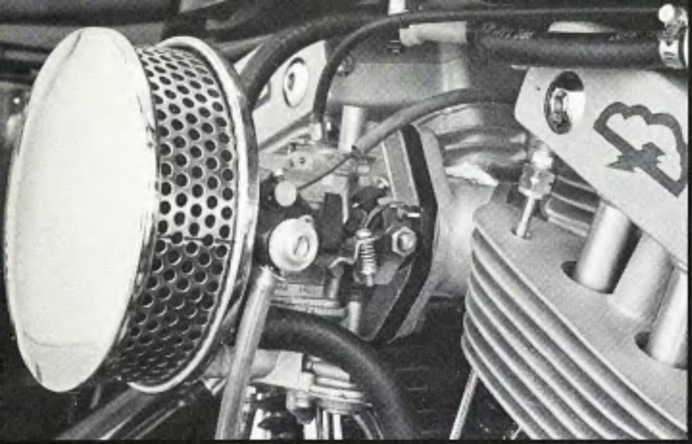
Owner: Mel Ortner **City:** Urban Sprawl, N.J.

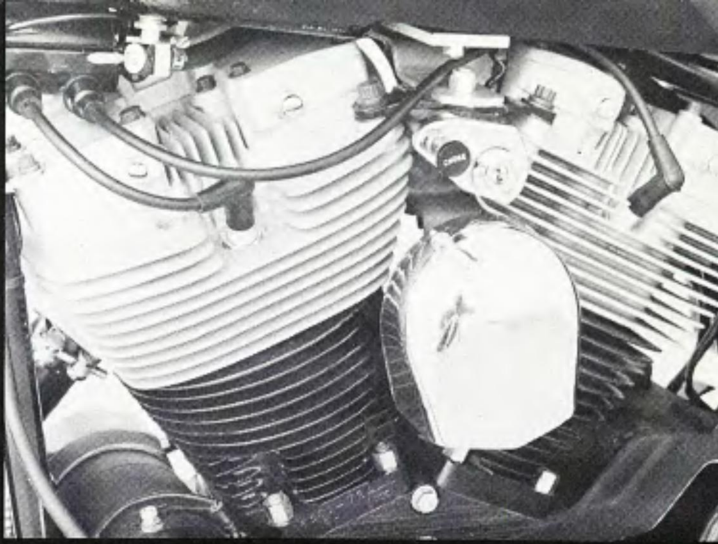
General	Cam(s): P cams	**Frame**	Oil system: dry sump	
Fabrication by: owner	Lifters: solids	Year: 1980	Primary cover: XLS	
Year and make: 1984 special const.	Carb(s): 39mm Keihin	Builder: H-D	Seat: Grand Prix Plastics	
Model: XR-1000	Air cleaner: Drag Spec.	Type: XR-750	Sissybar: none	
Value: $8000	Pipes: MAC/porcelain-coated	Rake: stock	Height: zero	
Assembly by: Steve Allstaedt	Muffler(s): MAC/porcelain-coated	Stretch: none	Material: none	
Time: 60 hours	**Transmission**	Other alterations: electric start	**Forks**	
Chroming by: factory	Modifications: Tamer II on clutch	**Accessories**	Type: hydraulic	
Engine	Year: 1981	Bars: XLX	Extension: none	
Year: 1981	Shifting: foot	Risers: H-D	Builder: H-D/owner	
Model: XLS	Engine sprocket: 34	Fender(s): XLX front	Special features: air caps	
Rebuilder: new	Trans sprocket: 21	Headlight: 1978 Sportster	**Wheels**	
Ignition: Prestolite	Wheel sprocket: 51	Taillight: custom	**Front**	**Rear**
Displacement: 1000 cu.cent.	**Painting**	Speedo: XR-1000	Size: 19 in.	Size: 18 in.
Lower end: stock	Molding: none	Front pegs: H-D	Hub: Morris	Hub: Morris
Balancing: H-D	Painter: Bob Wark (Ojai)	Rear pegs: none	Rim width: WM2	Rim width: WM3
Pistons: JE/10.5 to 1	Color: black	Electrics: 12-volt	Tire: Dunlop	Tire: Avon
Cases: H-D	Type: acrylic lacquer	Gas tank: Grand Prix Plastics	Brake: Perf. Mach.	Brake: Perf. Mach.
Heads: Thunderheads	Special paint: Imron on frame.	Oil tank: 1979 Sportster		

Other special modifications: Girling rear shocks, Knight aluminum swingarm.

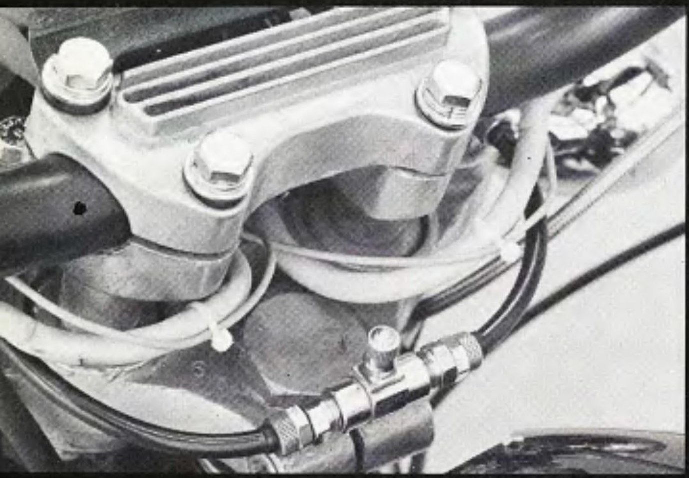


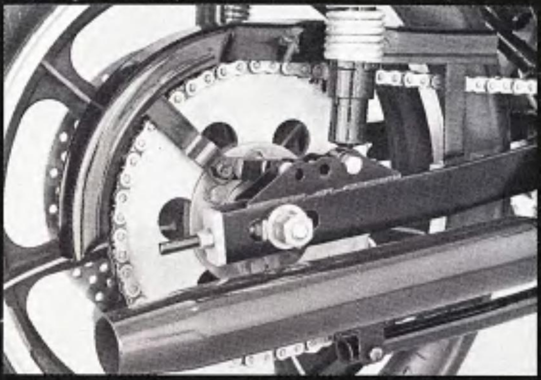






Photos by Pete Chiodo





Owner: Jim Schwartz **City:** Sunland, Calif.				
General	Cam(s): Sifton	**Frame**	Oil system: Lockhart oil cooler	
Fabrication by: owner	Lifters: Sifton	Year: 1973	Primary cover: H-D	
Year and make: 1973 H-D	Carb(s): Bendix	Builder: H-D	Seat: Nacho/modified pan	
Model: XLCH	Air cleaner: early oval	Type: swingarm	Sissybar: owner/hidden mounts	
Value: best offer	Pipes: black	Rake: stock	Height: high enough	
Assembly by: owner	Muffler(s): baffles	Stretch: none	Material: ⅝-in. cold roll	
Time: 2 years	**Transmission**	Other alterations: brackets & tabs	**Forks**	
Chroming by: Carter Plating	Modifications: Trock door	**Accessories**	Type: narrow glide	
Engine	Year: 1973	Bars: buckhorn	Extension: none	
Year: 1973	Shifting: right foot	Risers: short	Builder: H-D/owner	
Model: XLCH	Engine sprocket: Phase 3 belt	Fender(s): Arlen Ness	Special features: shaved legs	
Rebuilder: Tom Froeliger	Trans sprocket: 23	Headlight: H-D	**Wheels**	
Ignition: points and condenser	Wheel sprocket: 49 aluminum	Taillight: beehive	**Front**	**Rear**
Displacement: 78 cu.in.	**Painting**	Speedo: H-D/150mph	Size: 19 in.	Size: 18 in.
Lower end: S&S	Molding: Rick Wright	Front pegs: H-D	Hub: Perf. Mach.	Hub: Perf. Mach.
Balancing: Tom Froeliger	Painter: Rick Wright	Rear pegs: H-D	Rim width: 3.25	Rim width: 4.00
Pistons: Thunderheads	Color: black	Electrics: cigarette lighter	Tire: Continental	Tire: Continental
Cases: machined	Type: urethane	Gas tank: 3-gal. Sportster	Brake: Perf. Mach.	Brake: Perf. Mach.
Heads: Thunderheads	Special paint: powdercoat	Oil tank: H-D		

Special thanks: Inspirations from Smokey; tech tips, Kilo; welding, Mickey; machining, Jerry Huffman.

Harley-Davidson

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Bikers' cleanup suffers 'grave' injustice

"We wanted to show that we were not a bunch of outlaws so when we heard this cemetery was there we decided to clean it up," says Harold Starkey, president of the Penobscot chapter of the United Bikers of Maine.

And clean up the old, abandoned Grove Street Cemetery in Newport they did, spending more than eight hours pulling the weeds and clearing the trash that had so obscured the gravestones and markers that most passersby didn't even know that the approximately 175-year-old graveyard was there. And when the crew of over 20 bikers, ol' ladies and children was finished, they did just what they'd promised to do — piled the debris by the side of the road for a Newport municipal work crew to haul away.

Next morning the trash was gone. So was the graveyard grass. Most of the headstones were still there, but they were no longer standing atop their respective graves. Instead they were scattered all over the site, many of them damaged and a considerable number smashed to bits.

The first official reaction to this mystery was to stonewall — the city work crew had been unable to see the headstones under the debris and had simply bulldozed the entire graveyard by accident, Kathleen Martin, Newport administrative assistant said. Then the bikers produced the pictures they had taken of their clean-up job and — as will happen in small towns — the neighbors started talking.

"There's no way they (the town workers) couldn't see the headstones," local resident Lynn Karpuk told a special meeting of town selectmen. "(The headstones) were being pushed in front of the bulldozers — I saw it from the road."

Faced with overwhelming evidence that the bikers thoroughly cleaned the graveyard and stacked the rubbish where they were supposed to, the town fathers changed their story and decided to investigate why their crewmen had desecrated the site. Meanwhile, they ordered workers to sift refuse at the town dump for headstones and pieces of headstones scraped from the cemetery.

"I assure you action will be taken," town Selectman Richard Peck said at the meeting. "But I don't know when."

Starkey, among others, was less than impressed by the politician's open-ended vow.

"If I went in there with a dozer on Sunday, I'd have been behind bars on Monday," the biker said.

Easynews

"If it's of interest to bikers, we'll print it."

Cop who shot teen off bike wins appeal

Despite calling his conduct "reprehensible, inexcusable, and a disgrace to law enforcement," two members of a three-judge Louisiana appeals court voted to reverse the second-degree murder conviction of a former New Orleans police officer who shot and killed an 18-year-old passenger on a speeding motorcycle in August 1983.

The officer, Stephen Rosiere, had been convicted and sentenced to life imprisonment after his story that he had shot at the motorcycle in the belief that the passenger was firing a gun at him was punctured by evidence that he and his partner had planted a gun — later found along the route of the chase — to make it appear the bike riders were armed.

Rosiere's partner, officer Fred McFarlane, testifying under immunity from prosecution, said that no shots were fired from the motorcycle, that the motorcycle did not backfire, and that Rosiere was not justified in opening fire.

"I think the evidence is overwhelmingly to the point that it was an absolutely unjustified homicide," said Orleans Parish Attorney Harry Connick of the shooting. Connick said that he intended to ask the appeals court for a rehearing on their decision and that he would, if necessary, appeal it to the state supreme court.

The dissenting member of the appeals panel, Judge William V. Redman, agreed with the parish attorney.

"There is no reasonable doubt that the elements of the crime itself — the killing and the specific intent to shoot the victim — were established by the evidence . . .I cannot say that no rational trier of fact could have concluded justification was absent."

Justices Robert J. Klees and Dennis A. Barry disagreed, however, ruling that "We do not believe . . . that the requisite elements of second-degree murder, primarily specific intent, have been proven beyond a reasonable doubt."

The majority justices also described McFarlane's testimony as "unworthy of belief" and said that the prosecution had withheld evidence crucial to the defense.

Toronto officer under indictment

A Toronto, Canada, police constable has been charged with seven criminal offenses after he allegedly fired a pellet pistol at a biker who vowed to follow him "no matter what" after being almost run off the road.

The incident occurred while the officer, Majeed Aleem Sheriff, was off-duty and riding in a civilian car with his brother, Harkim Sheriff.

According to the biker, Thomas Savas, "Two guys in a maroon Ford passed me and produced a pellet gun. I think they hit me a couple of times, but it's hard to tell. It could have been stones."

Savas also says the cage tried to run his Harley off the road several times, but he managed to avoid it by jamming on the brakes.

"They were driving down the shoulder at 140 kilometers an hour (about 90mph), passing other vehicles with the guy in the passenger seat hanging out the window flashing this handgun," Savas told police. "I was going to follow, no matter what."

After chasing the cage until it broke down, Savas flagged down a police car and directed them to the stranded cagers. Constable Sheriff has been charged with impaired driving, driving with more than 80 milligrams of alcohol per 100 milliliters of blood, criminal negligence in the operation of a motor vehicle, dangerous driving, pointing a firearm, careless use of a firearm, and careless storage of a firearm. His brother faces two counts of firearms violations.

California judge tosses 55mph law out of court

Municipal Judge William Burleigh recently ruled the state's federally mandated 55mph speed limit the "unconstitutional result of illegal coercion by the federal government."

In dismissing the case against a "speeder" ticketed for going 65mph, the Monterey County jurist noted that the double-nickel law is in clear violation of the Tenth Amendment of the Constitution which states, "The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited to it by the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people."

"The founding fathers wisely perceived that freedom of individuals would be enhanced if the states reserved sovereignty to determine most police matters," Burleigh ruled. "Although federal encroachment into the exercise of the police power has expanded, there are still basic areas that everyone agrees are not within the jurisdiction of Congress . . . The federal government wages war, coins money, levies taxes, establishes post offices, etc. It doesn't regulate prostitution, zoning or motorists.

"No one would seriously contend that Congress can establish the speed limit on a state or county road. What Congress cannot do directly, it cannot do indirectly. Since it cannot legislate the speed limit on the roads of California, it cannot punish the state for failing to do so. Section 154, Title 23 of the U.S. code does just that: [Saying] If you do not adopt the national speed limit, you will be severely punished by the loss of a substantial portion of your highway funds. Congress does not have that power, and any capitulation by the state is unconstitutional."

In order to have a legal 55mph speed limit law, Burleigh ruled, the state "must independently adopt the legislation without unlawful coercion by Congress."

Burleigh said that the state legislature violated Article 4 of the California Constitution — which vests the state's power to make laws in the state legislature — by passing the 55mph limit under the congressional gun. As the law establishing the 55mph limit now stands, Burleigh notes, the double-nickel will automatically be repealed — without any legislative action — 120 days after Congress repeals the national speed limit. Thus, Burleigh found, the legislature unconstitutionally "delegated to Congress the power to repeal a California statute and thereby raise California's statewide limit to 65mph from 55mph." Because of this unconstitutional delegation of power, the judge ruled, the entire statute establishing the 55mph limit is illegal.

At presstime it was not known whether prosecutors would appeal Burleigh's decision or whether judges in other jurisdictions would adopt it.

More woe for us cage targets

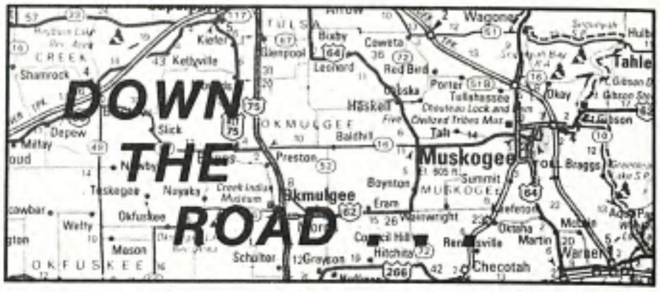
As if we weren't spending enough time behind hearses carrying dead meat butchered by careless cagers, according to a 20-month study prepared by the British Department of Transportation, mandatory seat-belt laws do, indeed, save cagers' lives, but only over the dead bodies of pedestrians, motorcyclists, and bicyclists.

According to the study, which was initiated in February 1983 when Britain enacted a mandatory seat-belt law similar to those recently passed in New York, Michigan, and other states, 421 fewer drivers and 235 fewer front-seat passengers were killed during the 20 months after the law went into effect than were killed during the 20 months prior to it.

During the same period, however, approximately 150 more non-cagers — bikers, walkers, peddle-pushers, etc. — were run down by cars than in the previous 20 months, reversing a 10-year decline in those figures.

Investigative reporters in Britain also discovered that a 1981 report had predicted that the seat belt law would cause cagers to consider themselves safer and lead them to drive even more carelessly than before. According to the investigators, this report was suppressed by the department of transportation as part of its plan to ram the mandatory belt law through Parliament.

Sounds just like home, don't it?



Here's your guide to what's happening "down the road" into the future. To have *your* club or organization's event listed, get the information to us *at least* three months beforehand. We are as accurate as possible, but events are often canceled, moved or rescheduled after publication.If you're goin' a long way just to catch a specific event, it pays to contact the sponsors a week or two ahead of time just to make sure that everything's still cool. Send info on your upcoming parties, runs, and other events to Down The Road, c/o *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052.

November 22 — SECOND ANNUAL TURKEY BASH, sponsored by the Peace River Chapter of ABATE of Florida. For info, call (813) 625-5137, or write 'em at Box 3342, Pt. Charlotte, FL 33949.

November 23 — PROVINCIAL CHRISTMAS PARTY, sponsored by BRO of the Elgin Middlesex Region. Advance tickets only. Write BRO, Box 680, St. Thomas, Ontario, Canada, or phone (416) 656-1263.

November 24 — TOY RUN, San Diego, California. Sponsored by MMA, 2202 16th St., Sacramento, CA 95818. (916) 442-4727.

DECEMBER

December 1 — TOY RUN, Midwest City Regional Park, Midwest City, Oklahoma. Parade starts at 2 p.m. Entry fee: one new ($5 or over) unwrapped toy. Sponsored by the Misfits MC and the U.S. Marine Corps. For info, call Sonny (405) 732-4830.

December 13 — BIKER PUB NIGHT in Port Dover, Ontario, Canada. Bars, music, motels. For more info, contact BRO, 125 Prescott Ave., Toronto, Ontario, Canada M6N 3G9, or call (416) 656-1263.

December 15 — TOY RUN and bike parade sponsored by the Sun Riders MC in Tucson, Arizona. For info, call Santa at (602) 790-8112.

December 15 — EIGHTH ANNUAL HOG HEAVEN cycle party, 7254 SW 40th St., Miami, Florida. For info, call (305) 261-5002.

December 15 — TOY RUN. Third Annual ABATE of Florida Toy Run, coordinated by the Lightning Alley Chapter. For info, call Joann Bortz (305) 273-2484.

December 15 — SIXTH ANNUAL TOYS FOR TOTS RUN in Jacksonville, Florida. For info, call (904) 398-8528 or (904) 778-0941.

JANUARY

January 3-5 — INTERNATIONAL WORLD OF MOTORCYCLES bike show at the International Centre across from the airport in Toronto, Ontario. Dealers, show bikes, music, vendors and trophies.

January 4 — SECOND ANNUAL BIKE SHOW BASH at Bramalea Lion's Hall just across from the International World of Motorcycles show in Toronto. Sponsored by BRO. For info, write BRO, 125 Prescott Ave., Toronto, Ontario, Canada M6N 3G9.

January 25-26 — EIGHTH ANNUAL COLORADO BIKE SHOW and swap meet at the Adams County Fairgrounds. For info, write Colorado MC Show and Swap, Box 15022, Como, CO 80432, or call (303) 836-2403.

January 31-Feb. 2 — BIKE SHOW at Kiel Auditorium in St. Louis, Missouri. Antiques, customs, and stockers welcome. Live entertainment. Special appearance by Dave Mann. For info, call (816) 452-8169.

FEBRUARY

February 21-23 — BIKE SHOW at the Kansas City Trade Mart, Kansas City, Missouri. Write Doug's Choppers, 3009 Hwy. 10, Kansas City, MO 64117 for info, or call (816) 452-8169.

'Appeal to human decency' pays off

Good police work, citizenship leads to arrest of suspect in biker's killing

The police chief laid it on the line: "It is our hope that with media attention we can prevail upon basic decency in a human being. The bottom line is this person died and did not deserve to die. What's repulsive about it is that the person continued to drive by at 75 to 80mph."

The speaker was Acting Police Chief Robert Kelly of Clifton, New Jersey. The person who "did not deserve to die" was biker Charles Smith Jr., 30, who was run down while receiving first aid following an accident on his Hog. The suspect Kelly hoped someone would turn in was the driver of a dark-colored BMW with a missing front spoiler — left behind with Smith's broken body.

The killing occurred on Route 46 in Clifton when the victim, who was returning to his Jersey City home from a bike club event in Lincoln Park, apparently lost control or suffered a breakdown and crashed. Two friends following him immediately pulled over, with one directing traffic and the other aiding Smith.

According to his friends, Smith, who was more stunned than seriously hurt, told the one giving aid that he was "okay," after which the friend went to get help.

The second buddy, Robert Stevens, continued to direct traffic around the site until a dark, late-model BMW came careening right at them. Stevens jumped to safety, Smith was unable to get out of the way.

This was one time when the police did their duty — with a vengeance. A special team of investigators began to piece together bits of the BMW left at the site in an attempt to nail down the year and model, numerous witnesses — who all agreed the driver had made no attempt to slow down before or after he hit the biker — were interviewed, and most important, Acting Chief Kelly decided to go public in an attempt to catch his man.

Within several days of the killing, Kelly's office was distributing "wanted" posters to area newspapers and TV stations. They showed a BMW of the type that had killed Smith and described the damage that the death car had suffered. Kelly also called a press conference at which he urged anyone with knowledge of the suspect to do "the decent thing" and call the police.

"If the callers don't want to reveal their name, that's fine," he added.

Barely 48 hours after Kelly issued his plea an anonymous caller reported observing a car fitting the description and gave police its license number. A registration check led police to a video store in nearby Montclair, where a vehicle matching the death car was found in a rear parking lot.

The car was impounded and the store owner, Stephan Meehan, was arrested on charges of causing death by auto and leaving the scene of an accident.

Police said preliminary lab tests showed traces of human hair and clothing fabric on the BMW's undercarriage.

Though the case against Meehan is still pending, the vigorous pursuit of *justice* by the police investigating this case stands as a shining example of how the law should function for everybody, bank president or biker, ditch digger or millionaire.

So what the hell are ya waiting for, Clifton? Ain't it about time you made that *acting* chief's position permanant?

Dead bro's parents threaten suit over $80 fine for cager

"We were told drinking had impaired the driver. We want manslaughter filed and also plan to file a civil suit. We want to clean up the slaughter on our highways. We talk about war, but there are more fatalities on our highways. We have three other children at home and we want to protect them."

So said Donald Pendleton, grieving for his son, Ricky, 23, who was killed when an 18-year-old girl, Melissa Gail Gerdts, pulled around a stopped car and ran him down while he was making a left turn.

Despite the feelings of the Pendleton family, however, authorities in Montgomery County, Iowa, charged Gerdts only with improper passing and fined her $80.

"It was an unfortunate accident," said county attorney Mark Swanson. "We have to decide what charges to file. We can't file manslaughter charges for every highway death. I do if either drunk driving or outrageous conduct are involved."

Outrageous conduct? According to a police report, Gerdts' cage continued going for 300 feet after hitting Pendleton "without any attempt to stop and with the motorcycle still pinned under the vehicle. There was no evidence of braking before, no skid marks, and no apparent application of brakes after the crash."

Gerdts, who according to Swanson was "just driving around" with four other youths, also had a quantity of alcohol in her system despite being underage.

Sniffed Swanson, "It is not illegal to have beer in your system even if you're underage. I just couldn't prove the necessary elements of manslaughter. It was a sad deal, real sad."

Sad deal, my ass. Montgomery County voters might consider finding themselves a county attorney who knows the difference between a human life and a real estate transaction that falls out of escrow.

And in the beginning . . .

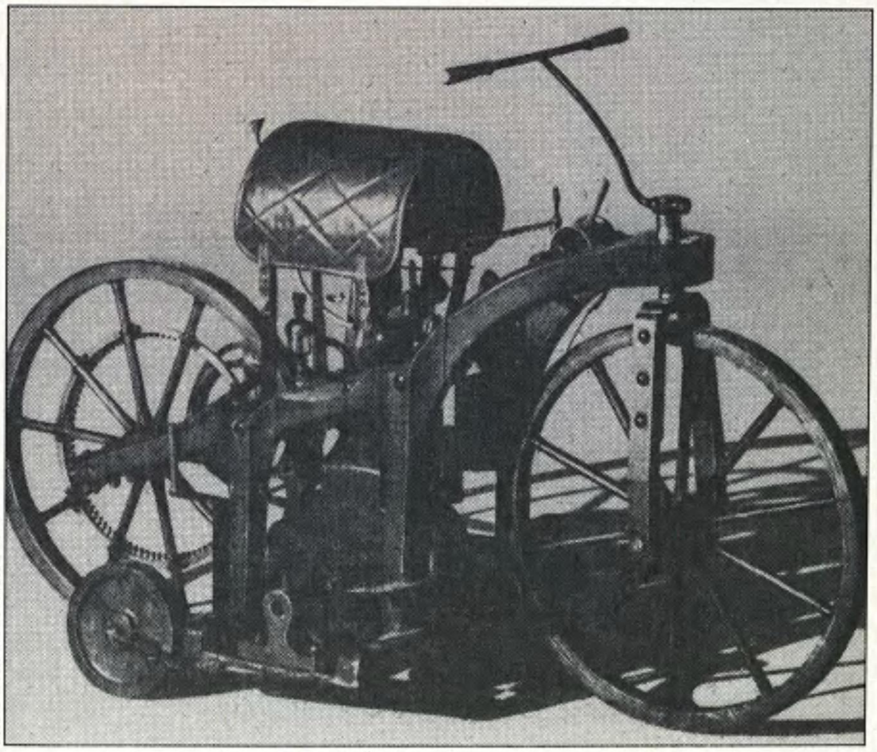
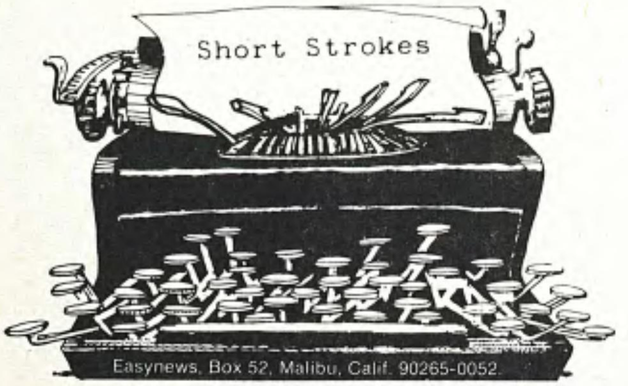


Photo from Wide World

Feel any older these days? As of 1986, motorcycling enters its second century. That's right, in 1885 — on August 29 — Gottlieb Daimler received a patent on this half-horsepower gasoline-fueled motorcycle, the first in recorded history. Gottlieb, apparently, had little faith in the ability of contemporary riders to balance on what he called his "riding car" — hence the solid training wheels. "Who cares?" says Wrench. "It had a solo seat and a rigid frame." No plastic, either. The man *was* really onto somethin'.



The State of Nevada has finally repealed that bullshit law requiring a rider to have both hands on the bars at all times even if a killer bee had just exploded all over his goggles. Now you're allowed to remove one hand for safety or mechanical reasons . . . **No, the law doesn't** specify whether thigh-fondling falls under "safety" or "mechanical" . . . **The government of Ontario, Canada,** has abandoned plans to require bike riders to undergo mandatory "training." Seems they decided that attitude, not education, causes accidents . . . **Speaking of education,** California Governor George Deukmejian reversed a previous veto and signed a rider education bill. The program will promote *both* rider training and cage driver awareness. It will hike street bike fees two bucks.

We warn ya and warn ya, but do you listen? A Riley, Indiana, rider is recovering from severe facial cuts and neck and shoulder injuries suffered when a bug playing on the inside of his face shield caused him to lose control of his scooter . . . **They're listening in Maine** where the United Bikers group put out a tremendous effort to defeat a bill to restore a mandatory helmet law. The pro-bucket brigade included the governor and other heavy hitters . . . **ABATE of California** has put together a motorcycle awareness video called "Save Our Skins." For info on getting copies to distribute to schools and civic organizations, write ABATE of California, 10161 Plainview, Tujunga, CA 91042, or call (818) 352-7666.

A chapter of the Vietnam Vets MC is forming in Buffalo, N.Y. To join you need an honorable discharge and a bike with 650cc or larger displacement. For more info, call Bob Sykes at (716) 884-4503, or Paul Hackrott at (716) 876-0323 . . . **The first week of September** was proclaimed "Motorcycle Safety and Awareness Week" by Governor Joe Frank Harris of Georgia. The "bike week" coincided with ABATE of Georgia's annual state meeting . . . **The State of Washington's spot-check** law allowing police to use roadblocks for license and reggie checks has been ruled unconstitutional.

The U.S. Senate overwhelmingly passed a bill authorizing the Defense Department to buy 6700 motorcycles over the next four years. The bikes would be used to relay messages if battlefield radios were disrupted by enemy jamming. If approved by the House, the bill would authorize the Army to offer the contract for competitive bidding . . . **Wisconsin Senator Les Aspin** has already promised to help Harley-Davidson through the competitive bidding minefield. Aspin, chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, packs mucho clout . . . **And finally:** "It's not a glamorous job, but I really enjoy doing it," says Alvina Kreis. "My husband thinks my job is great and my (four) children think I'm just about the coolest mom around." Of course, good jobs aren't the easiest to master and Alvina admits to being "a bit wobbly" at first, "but I stuck with it and each day got better and better." The job? First and only female test-rider at the Harley test track in Talladega, Alabama. Now listen, Alvina, about that V-4 . . .

U.S. / Canadian Motorcycle Laws	Special License	Helmet	Eye Guards	Lights on 24-hours
Alabama	No	Yes	No	No
Alaska	Yes	Yes[1,12]	Yes	No
Arizona	Yes	Yes[2]	Yes	No
Arkansas	Yes	Yes	Yes[3]	Yes
California	Yes	No[13]	No	Yes[6]
Colorado	Yes	No	Yes[3]	No
Connecticut	Yes	No	Yes	No
Delaware	Yes	Yes[1-4]	Yes[3]	No
Florida	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
Georgia	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
Hawaii	Yes	Yes[2-4]	Yes	No
Idaho	No	Yes[2]	No	No
Illinois	Yes	No	Yes	Yes
Indiana	Yes	No	Yes	Yes
Iowa	Yes	No	No	Yes[6]
Kansas	Yes	No[2]	Yes	Yes
Kentucky	Yes	Yes	Yes[3]	No
Louisiana	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Maine	Yes	No	No	Yes
Maryland	Yes	Yes[2]	Yes	No
Massachusetts	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Michigan	Yes	Yes	Yes[7]	No
Minnesota	Yes	Yes[2]	Yes	Yes
Mississippi	Yes	Yes	No	No
Missouri	Yes	Yes	No	No
Montana	Yes	Yes[2]	No	Yes
Nebraska	Yes	No	No	No
Nevada	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
New Hampshire	Yes	Yes[2]	Yes	No
New Jersey	Yes	Yes[4]	Yes	Yes[6]
New Mexico	Yes	Yes[2-4]	Yes	No
New York	Yes	Yes[4]	Yes	Yes
North Carolina	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
North Dakota	Yes	Yes[2-4]	No	No
Ohio	Yes	Yes[2]	Yes	No
Oklahoma	No	Yes[2]	Yes	No
Oregon	Yes	Yes[2]	No	Yes
Pennsylvania	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Rhode Island	Yes	No[12]	Yes	No
South Carolina	Yes	No[9]	No	Yes
South Dakota	Yes	Yes[2]	Yes	No
Tennessee	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
Texas	Yes	Yes[2-4]	No	No
Utah	Yes	Yes[2]	No	No
Vermont	Yes	Yes[4]	Yes	No
Virginia	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Washington	Yes	No	Yes	Yes
West Virginia	No	Yes[4]	Yes	Yes
Wisconsin	Yes	Yes[2]	Yes	Yes
Wyoming	Yes	Yes[1]	No	Yes
District of Columbia	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Alberta	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
British Columbia	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Manitoba	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
New Brunswick	Yes	Yes	No	No
Newfoundland	Yes	Yes	Yes[3]	No
Northwest Territories	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Nova Scotia	Yes	Yes	No	*
Ontario	Yes	Yes	No	Yes[8]
Prince Edward Island	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Quebec	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Saskatchewan	Yes	Yes	Yes[3]	No
Yukon	Yes	Yes	No	No

1-Under 19. 2-Under 18. 3-Required even if bike has windscreen. 4-Helmet must be reflectorized. 6-Lights on if bike is made after 1977. 7-Required for speeds above 35 mph. 8-Bikes of 1970 or newer. 9-If over 21. 10-Except drivers under 17 and passengers. 11-Certain cities may require lights. 12-Passengers must wear helmets. 13-Passengers under 15½ must wear helmets. *Lights must be on 24 hours if equipped with auto-on wiring by factory. **Chart accurate as we go to press — but laws change constantly. Send info on new laws in your area to Easynews, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052.**

Convention marks ABATE's 10th birthday

27 states represented at a hard-working meeting in St. Louis

It was called a "Meeting of the Minds" and the participants came from all four corners of the country and 23 states in between to bullshit about the good and bad old days and to plan strategy for all the bikers' rights battles to come.

The event was a three-day convention held to celebrate the 10th anniversary of the founding of ABATE, but the actual "celebrating," though fun, was hardly the major item on the agenda.

Mostly, the 100-plus bikers representing ABATE chapters in 27 states (23 plus the four corner states, remember?) gathered in St. Louis to discuss such issues as rider education, helmet laws, and driver awareness with experts such as Executive Director Ed Youngblood of the American Motorcyclist Association and representatives of the Motorcycle Safety Foundation. Also present were H-D rep Roger Hull and our own Dr. Roo, who accepted a plaque on behalf of ABATE founder and *Easyriders* publisher Lou Kimzey.

Photo by Rip

MEETING OF THE MINDS **— No-bullshit riders from all over the country take a photo break from picking each other's brains for new ways to help keep our wheels turning.**

A Tribute To Brothers Lost

Space limitations dictate that the free listings for this column be published on a first-come, first-served basis. *Note:* No names will be accepted which are not accompanied by a return address that can be verified. Send your In Memory Of listing (bikers only) to Memory, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052.

In memory of **Ed "French" Moody,** 8/16/44-3/29/85, six-foot-two, twisted steel and sex appeal. You rode the white line to freedom. I'll miss you and so will your brothers. See you in Harley Heaven, babe. Jodi, Richard, Foot and 1/2.

In memory of **Tony Leon "Graped Ape" Donley**, from Napoleon, Ohio, killed 6/16/84. He was a friend no one will ever forget. You'll be loved and missed always by your biker bros, friends, and family. We do have some good old memories. Your brother and mother.

In memory of **William J. "Wild Bill" Schutten**, 10/10/36-7/2/85, from all his friends in Ventura, California.

In memory of **Gary Crist**, cut down by a cager who didn't know what the fuck he was doing. Ya left too soon, but I hope ya find what you're looking for. Your memory is always with us. Ride on forever, bro. Missing ya, your friends and family.

In loving memory of **Mark "Buzz" Deerr**, 4/2/85. You rode hard that day in Muncie, Indiana, and we'll never know why it happened or what was on your mind, but you'll always be remembered with love and respect. All our love, your sister and brother in Darmstadt, Germany, Manuela and Ron.

In loving memory of **Robert "Moose" Holston**, of Kentucky, 10/8/77. His morals are buried and lived by within my heart. Ding Dong Darlene.

In memory of **Darvie Aman**, 7/7/40-4/9/85, who died on his last ride. We will miss your singing, keyboards and shit-eating grin. VIP's Crowd, Bremerton, Washington.

In memory of **Eddie "Chopper" Cuvenegh**. Let us ride with you through the summers of Laconia and winters in Florida. Let the Iron Horses glitter. Love and miss ya, bro. R.B. and the Seasons.

In memory of **Charles "Pickle" Dillion**, age 30, who died 5/13/84 in Delta, Ohio. We done it together in and we done it together out — in freedom and locked down. Told ya 18 in. over was too far to stretch a front end and a springer on top, but you went the way a bro should, in the wind. Love ya, bro; catch ya on the other side. Flap, Heather, Brinda, Troy, Rabbi and Snatch, RRMC, Fulton Co., Ohio.

In memory of **James C. "Jake" Beaudin**, loved, respected, and missed by all who knew him. He was downed in his prime, but his time wasn't wasted. Gone but not forgotten by his bros in Soo, Michigan. Till we ride again!

In loving memory of **Norm VanderKusr**, taken to rest 4/28/85. He'll live on in our hearts and minds; he has friends, bros, and sisters all across the land. May he rest in peace and live on forever. With all our love, Norm's Children.

In memory of the **Rainmaker**. What can we say? We miss you, bro, so let it rain. Easy, Popeye, Young, Larry, and all the rest of the bros from Colorado Springs and Mississippi.

In memory of **Drake "Whispers" Angelica**, 3/24/85, a true 1%er, Dago, Tramp, Gangster, who loved his scoot, his bag and his bottle. I'll miss ya, buddy; ya taught me a lot. Run amuck, turn up the wick, and keep breaking gears. Always, B.J. Banks.

In memory of **Steve C. Tempel**, 7/2/66-7/19/83, missed by all of his friends and family. Wherever you are up there, rest easy, kid. We'll take care of things down here until our paths meet again. Fat Moe, Terry, the town of Lamoile, and the bros from Mom & Dad's Bar, Marshalltown, Iowa.

In memory of **"Wizard" (Kris)**. You rode hard and died fast. I miss you and soon we'll ride the wind again! "The Rose," Jackson, Ohio.

In loving memory of **Dean "Doc" Keifer**, 9/1/83, the best father, bro, and friend anyone could have had. We will never forget the memories and beliefs you left behind. Forever, your son, family, and bros. NFFN.

In memory of **Bob "Lyin' Bob" Miller**, of Ely, Iowa, who died hideously on 11/11/81. You're a brother to whom I owe a lot — I hope I can repay you somehow. You're in my thoughts always. "Otto."

In memory of **Darrell "Little Dee" Hannah**. You were wild to the very end. May you rest in peace and ride free in Harley Heaven forever. Your brother always, Cornfed.

In memory of **Robert "Big Bear" Richardson**, 5/20/84. You fought longer and harder than anyone ever figured, but the big "C" got you in the end. Daytona will never be the same. We love and miss ya. All your bros and sisters of the Wheels.

In loving memory of my brother, **Graham "Slue" Cardiff**, HUNS MC, Bridgeport, Conn., 11/30/50-6/29/83. You fought so hard in the jungles of Vietnam, only to come back and have your life taken by a geek with a gun. It's been two years since you've been gone; we'll never forgive or forget. Crazy Gary, Stuart, Sonny, and the rest of the boys.

In memory of **Harry Brown**, 7/13/85, a righteous friend, brother, and mechanic who will be deeply missed, always loved, never forgotten. Ride free! Oracle, Arizona.

In memory of **Jeff "Hammer" Henley**, 7/14/79. You were a true biker, friend, blood, and lover who will never be forgotten. I still have my rain checks. Ride free! Sadly missed by Lady Kay.

In memory of **Rick T. Shivers**, my bro forever, who was run off the road by a cager outside of Deadwood, S.D., in 1983. He rode with the best and died alone. Now he rides free in Harley Heaven. We all miss you bad! Your bro, Dave "Headless" Douglas, Lansing, Kansas.

In memory of **Shawn "Evil Eye" Hammond**, 1/10/64-6/29/85, hit from behind on his '71 45 Police Special trike. You'll always remain in our hearts till we meet again in Harley Heaven. Ride on, brother. Love from all your bros and sisters in Ontario, Canada.

In memory of **Walter "Wally" Goetzinger** 2/2/52-6/10/84. It was Harleys that brought us together and a drunken cager who pulled us apart. Your memory will live on in our minds and hearts. We love and miss you. Bros and sisters of Illinois.

Passin' Gas

Everybody likes a good laugh. Sometimes ya'll even find one on these pages. If ya don't, yer bound to run into a solid groaner or two — and they're almost as good. Whatda hell, ya pays yer money and ya takes yer chances. Read 'em and weep or read 'em and roar — it's up to you. Think ya kin do better? Prove it. Whip out yer best stuff (not yer meat!), and slip it to us. We'll pay $25 for every groovy newy or moldy oldie we use. Send yer smilers to Jokes, c/o *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052.

"You haven't got it right yet, Leo. When a customer says 'Hit me,' that means he wants another card."

"You want me to wipe my ass with your face? I don't think so. How do I know where your face has been?"

Three little girls were playing grown-up one day. They put on their mother's lipstick, rouge, powder, and high heels, then they traipsed down to the corner drugstore where they all took seats at the lunch counter. In a dignified voice, one little girl said, "Young man, we're ready to place our order."

Playing along with them, the counter clerk said, "Certainly. What would you ladies like today?"

The first little girl said, "I'd like a Bloody Mary."

The second said, "I believe I'll have a martini."

The third said, "Make mine a douche. I've heard that they're terribly refreshing."

—D.R. Peters
Huntsville, Tex.

"This isn't what I had in mind when you said you got a new Hog."

The middle-aged man, away from home and horny, decided it was time for a little strange stuff. He called the hotel's front desk, asked that a girl be sent to his room, and was told it would take a few minutes. Getting more and more excited with every passing moment, the man took off all his clothes and waited nervously on the bed. Soon there was a soft knock at the door and then a beautiful young woman entered the room. Smiling at the man, she began to seductively strip. When she was totally nude, she began rubbing her hands over her gorgeous body. Finally she said, "Well, lover, do you want me to come over there, or will you come over here?"

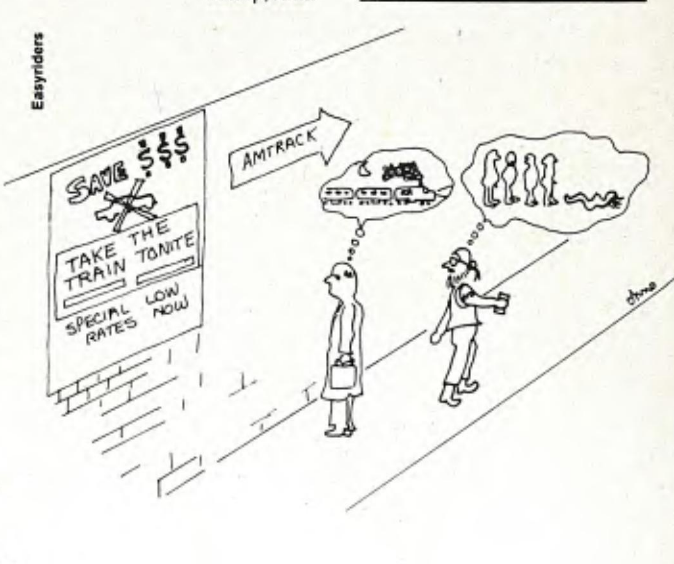
The man groaned and said sadly, "You can come over there. I already came over here."

—Easy Fred
Gallup, N.M.

A committee appointed by a women's magazine to study the question of how best to hold a wife sent a questionnaire to a select list of husbands. One reply they received came from a prison and said simply, "I found the best way was around the neck, but it should not be overdone. Please note change of address."

—Big Jack
Kelowna, Alberta

"I don't like your sense of humor."



"No, I won't take money to go to bed with you. How do I know you're not a police dog?"

The biker's ol' lady went to her doctor for a physical, but as soon as she entered the examination room the doctor nearly gagged on the odor emanating from her. He hastily handed her a bar of medicated soap and told her to go home and use plenty of it. "After that," he said, "come back and I'll examine you."

Two hours later she returned, bringing the same horrible odor with her. "Didn't you take a shower with that soap I gave you?" he demanded.

"Sure. I washed up as far as possible and then I washed down as far as possible," she answered.

"All right," said the doctor. "Now I want you to go home and wash Possible."

—Ed Complex
Bunkie, La.

During an extended hospital stay the sick bro left his trusty pan chained up in the garage and sure enough, one day the garage was broken into. The would-be thief, busily engaged in working on the pan's padlock, was soon startled to feel hot, smelly breath warming his left ear. Turning, he found himself facing a monstrous Doberman, but after a few heart-stopping moments he cautiously resumed his enterprise since the dog hadn't made a move. No sooner had he gone back to work than he felt hot breath on his right ear. He looked around and there was a second Dobie. Still, neither dog went for his throat, so once again he set about breaking the lock. Almost immediately, a raspy voice said, "Here now! Whaddya doin' down there?" This time the thief glanced up to see a parrot perched on the pan's handlebars. Very much relieved, he redoubled his efforts, but the bird kept on demanding to know what he was doing. After five minutes or so, the thief's nerves were completely jangled by the parrot's incessant inquiries. "Don't you know how to say anything else?" he demanded.

"Yep," replied the bird. "Sick 'em, boys!"

—K.W. Hinnant
Altamont, Utah

"Just between us, Carl, what are the plans for my bachelor dinner next Friday?" the prospective groom asked his best buddy.

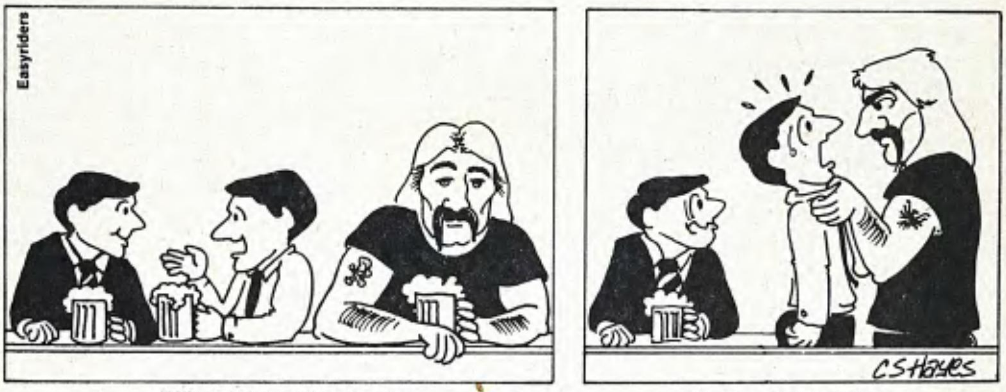
"There'll be plenty of booze," revealed Carl, "and then we'll sit down to a good dinner. After that, we'll roast you, and then, naturally, we'll show a stag film."

"It sounds great, except for one thing," replied Dan. "Isn't a stag film a bit inappropriate in this day and age?"

"Not when it features your bride-to-be."

—Ace
Boulder, Colo.

"I don't understand — it was a riot in the operating room."



"What weighs 300 pounds, is covered with hair, and has a cunt you could hear an echo in?"

"I swear to God! I've never even met your ol' lady!"

One day at school a teacher was asking her students what occupations their fathers had. When she got to Johnny, he told her that his father was a light-bulb eater. A little cross over this smartass response, the teacher demanded an explanation. "Well," said Johnny, "I went by my parent's room last night and heard Dad tell Mom to turn out the light and he'd eat that thing."

—Byron Davidson
Marion, Va.

The teacher was trying to explain the difference between singular and plural. She asked her class, "What do you call it if one woman looks out a window?"

"Singular," replied Junior.

"All right," said the teacher, "What do you call if it three women are looking out of a window?"

"Whorehouse," replied Junior.

—Dreamer
Englewood, Fla.

Something rattling your cage? Some new law got you mad as hell and ready to spout off? Pitch your bitch to Soap Box, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052.

Kicking The Dead When They're Down

You see it in the paper all the time. An 18-wheeler runs over a biker, crushing his legs, and it's ominously reported that the biker "was not wearing a helmet." Or, a blind-drunk cager makes a left turn into the path of an oncoming bike, the bike centerpunches the cage, and the biker winds up on the hood of the cage with the radiator ornament sunk into his heart. He is DOA at the hospital from loss of blood, but still, despite the fact that his head will look just as solid in the casket as it ever did on his bike, the media will harp away on the fact that the poor, unlucky bastard didn't have his head turbaned in plastic when the cager decided to take him out.

It pisses me off on general principles that what an accident victim was or was not wearing is allowed to intrude upon what should be a very serious, very important bit of news — that someone was killed or maimed because of someone else's carelessness and lack of ability to properly operate the two-ton murder machine the state has stupidly allowed him to drive around.

The uniform thread that ties together all the media coverage of these tragedies is that the remarks about helmets are always slipped in as pompous moralizing, a criticism of the rider for not wearing a lid even though the cause of his mutilation or death had nothing to do with head or brain injuries. It's as if the newspaper and TV whores can't stand to let the poor rider depart for the Happy Hunting Grounds without taking one last shot at him for not being an asshole-sniffing conformist like they are.

You've heard of kicking a man when he's down? Well, the media meatheads have gone it one better. When it comes to bikers they like to kick a man when he's dead. And before some apologist says, "But shit, that's the way they treat everyone," ponder this. When was the last time you cranked up the boob-tube news and heard, "Three teenagers died today when a sports car went off the road while the driver was busy looking under the seat for a Motley Crue cassette." Or this, "A driver died instantly when he was thrown through the windshield of his car an instant after it ran into a tree. The driver was reportedly consulting a road map when he failed to spot an upcoming curve and went off the road."

No, no, no, you'll never read or hear shit like that from the media. As far as they're concerned, a bareheaded biker who gets injured or snuffed is always at least partly to blame for his own misfortune. Cagers who are hurt in accidents, however, are always portrayed as unfortunate victims of a situation over which they had no control.

What a joke!

But general principles aside, there is a more serious reason for protesting the media's repeated propaganda on behalf of helmets.

One of the primary concepts of the U.S. system of government is the idea that everyone accused of a crime is entitled to a fair trial. In the last 30 years or so, it's been absolutely established that too much unfavorable pre-trial publicity makes it impossible for a fair trial to be held. Many big mass-murder trials and stuff like that have to be held far away from where the crimes were committed so the defendant has a slight chance of going before a jury whose minds haven't already been poisoned by the shrill bleating of the media.

That' s cool — suspects in a crime deserve a fair trial. But what about victims? Don't they deserve one, too? Is it any surprise that so many drunk drivers go scot-free after killing a biker when the members of the jury have been indoctrinated by the media to believe that a helmetless biker who is killed by a cager was actually conspiring to aid in his own death by not wearing a lid? How about the biker who survives centerpunching a left-turning cage, but winds up crippled for life? Will a jury which was going to award him, say, $500,000, shave the award to $50,000 when they are told he wasn't wearing a helmet? In many cases, they probably would — after all, the media has assured them that riders who choose not to wear helmets are *Continued on page 82*

DOWNTIME

By The Austin Animal

Meanwhile. . .Back In The States/Big Daddy: Not long ago my ol' stand-up bro(and celebrated rock rat Bomber) dragged me to a promo party thrown by Rhino Records. I say "dragged me," but that isn't exactly right. I'd never heard Big Daddy, but these promo bashes are usually packed with egomaniacal assholes and tutti-frutti buttboys, so I generally stay away.

But Bomberoo had an ace up his sleeve. He knew I grew up on movies like "High School Hellcats" and "Sex Kittens Go to College." He also knew that in the deepest recesses of my mind I still saunter down the halls of Sunset High checkin' out the gash and hummin' "Duke of Earl." He knew that while most guys dream of slippin' the pork to some Playboy Bunny on satin sheets, my fantasies are filled with scenes of drive-in nastiness. So he knew he had me when he casually mentioned that Mamie Van Doren would be making an appearance at the promo bash — I'd have walked through fire to meet Mamie, Blonde Bombshell of My Dreams.

Well, I'll spare you the story of meeting her, but it was all I could have hoped for. I just wish I hadn't fainted when she let me put my arm around her for a picture.

The surprise of the party, though, was Big Daddy. I expected to be bored, but I came away utterly converted, a big fan. These guys can rock out with the best and their stage act is funny and full of surprises.

Now, it's a little hard to talk about this group without failing to do them justice. That's because basically Big Daddy is a novelty band and no matter how well they play (and they're genuinely talented musicians), there's no way to avoid the fact that a gimmick is involved. The "gimmick" (an unfortunate word in this context, but it's the only one that seems right) is that Big Daddy plays current Top 40 hits, but plays them as they might have sounded when rock was young. The lyrics remain the same, but the tune may be a twangy-guitar rocker or a doo-wop ballad.

Now if I hadn't heard this band and read what I just wrote, I'd hate Big Daddy immediately. That's what I meant about how it's hard to write about these guys. I don't much care for period fads — everybody goin' apeshit over the Fabulous Fifties or the Significant Sixties and all that kinda pig puke. For one thing, the fad always manages to distort the reality, so that the same limpdicks who remember the sixties as Groovy Times of Pot and Protest also recall the fifties as one big "Happy Days" episode. Fuck — the fifties made the switchblade a national icon and — sorry, I just noticed I'm blithering . . .guess I'm still thinking about Mamie's tits.

Anyhow, Big Daddy's fifties-style conversion of today's hits are sure to get a laugh from everyone but the I-only-listen-to-FM-album-cut-stations stooges who wouldn't know a pop hit if it jumped up their ass. (These are the same guys who know every stupid note of "Stairway to Heaven.") B.D.'s version of the Phil Collins smash turdtune, "Sussudio," is sung to "Runaround Sue" and the results are hilarious. Likewise with "I Want to Know What Love Is" served up like "La Bamba" and "Dancin' in the Dark" done as something you could slow-dance to. Other outstanding reworks are "Jump" (David Lee Roth would chuckle over this one), "Always on My Mind," and "Girls Just Wanna Have Fun."

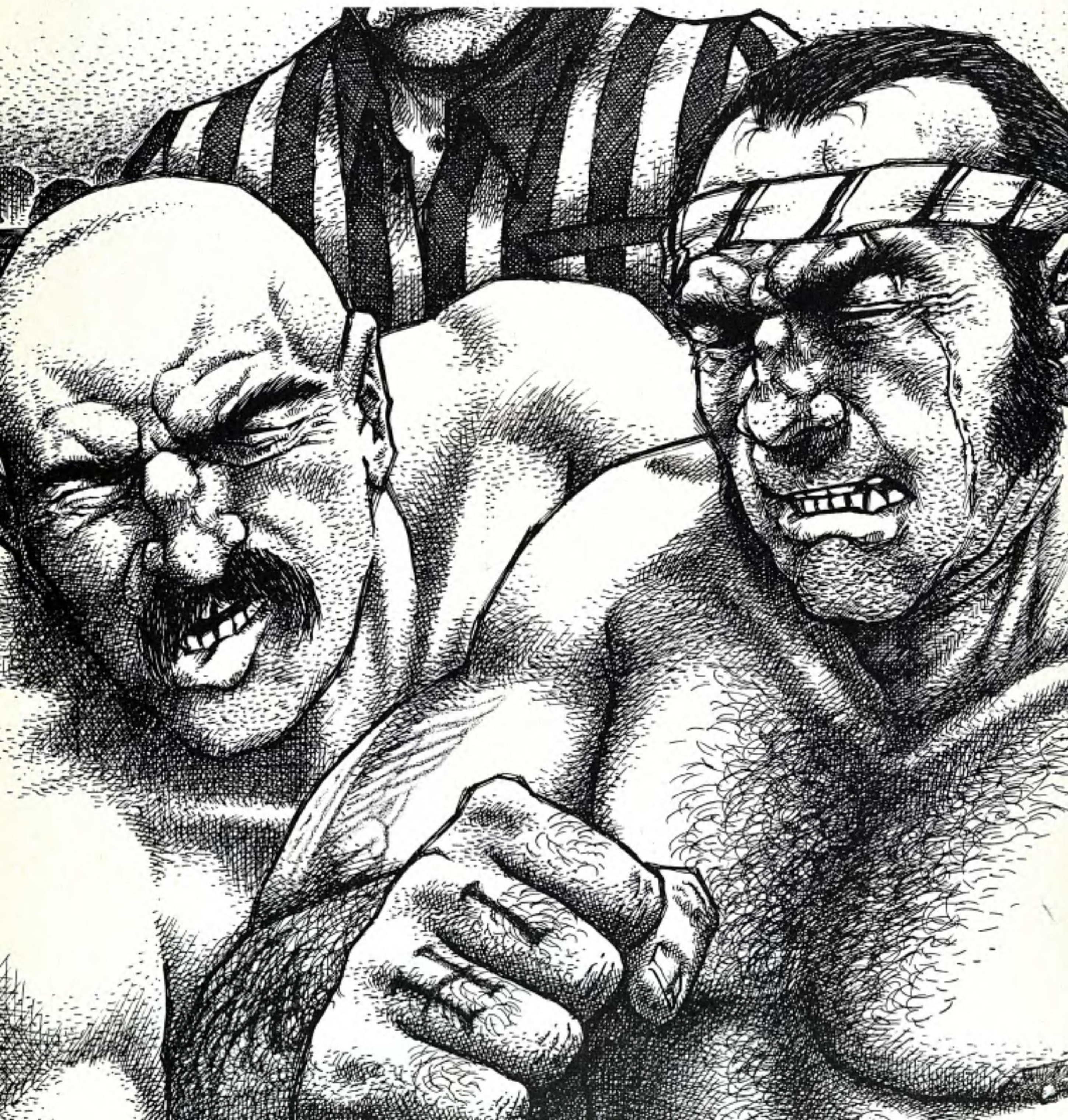
There are eight guys in Big Daddy, so I can't take room to mention all of them. They're one helluva group, though, and can play and sing and generally kick ass musically. I'm especially impressed by Marty Kaniger, David Starns, and Tom "Bubba" Lee, all of whom play guitar and sing, and Jim Reeves, whose sax work will honk your brains out your fuckin' ears.

The only flaw with this band is the gimmick itself. These tunes are fun to listen to in person, fun to dance to, and fun to hear on the home stereo. . .maybe once. I'd be happy to go to one of their gigs anytime, but I can't really see myself plopping **Meanwhile. . . Back In The States** down on the ol' turntable after a hard day at the sweatshop. Still, the album's a great one to play for your friends, and will always make a good party record. ■

BIG DADDY

BUST OF THE YEAR

By Vince Hall



Tim Maslov was wrecked. Dazedly he looked around at the little group sitting there in the vacant lot. He could see that they were all in the same shape. His brows knitted in concentration, then he remembered. Larry had copped a couple of joints that had turned out to have a weird chemical taste when smoked. Now everybody in the group of fourteen-year-olds was sitting around with glazed eyes and jaws agape. It was scary and Tim wanted to go home. Then he felt the drug coming on again.

After a timeless while he came to. He was lying in the dirt on his side, closely scrutinizing a line of ants disappearing into a hole. With a start he realized that he had just been one of those ants, scurrying along with a chunk of beetle clutched in his mandible.

Rising shakily, Tim announced, "I gotta go home," but no one seemed to notice. He left the junk-strewn lot and started walking. It felt as if he were struggling up a down escalator. Finally, just as it was getting dark, he turned into his driveway. Phew, he thought, Dad's Harley isn't in the garage.

As the boy shuffled through the kitchen door, his mother, a pretty, shapely blonde, looked up from the stove. "I thought we were going downtown to get those parts for your dirt bike after school."

Tim couldn't meet her eyes. "I, uh. . .forgot, Mom," he said lamely, slumping into a chair.

"Forgot your bike?" she said sharply. Then she looked keenly at her son. "You all right, Timmy?"

The boy squinted up at her, the overhead light hurting his eyes. He felt himself begin to drift again. "I think I got dusted, Mom," he whispered.

Once again, Tim slowly returned to reality. He was vaguely aware of a face before him, haloed by the kitchen light. The boy blinked, clearing his eyes. A shaggy, graying, low-browed face with the left eyebrow stitched upward by a long scar looked down at him. A flattened nose topped the thin, cruel mouth which spoke softly, "What happened, son?"

The boy smiled weakly. "Hi, Dad. I blew it. We got dusted."

A huge paw with "Hi" tattooed on the knuckles reached out and gently took the boy's shoulder. "C'mon, Tim, lay down on the couch and listen to music. You'll be okay."

Bo Maslov led his son to the living room and turned the stereo on low, then knelt by the couch on one knee, resting a massive arm on the other. "Where'd the shit come from, son?" he asked quietly.

"Larry got it from some hippie named Joey. He hangs out in the parking lot at Tony's Tacos at lunchtime everyday," the boy answered dreamily.

"What's he drive, Timmy?"

"An old Pontiac wagon."

Continued on page 100

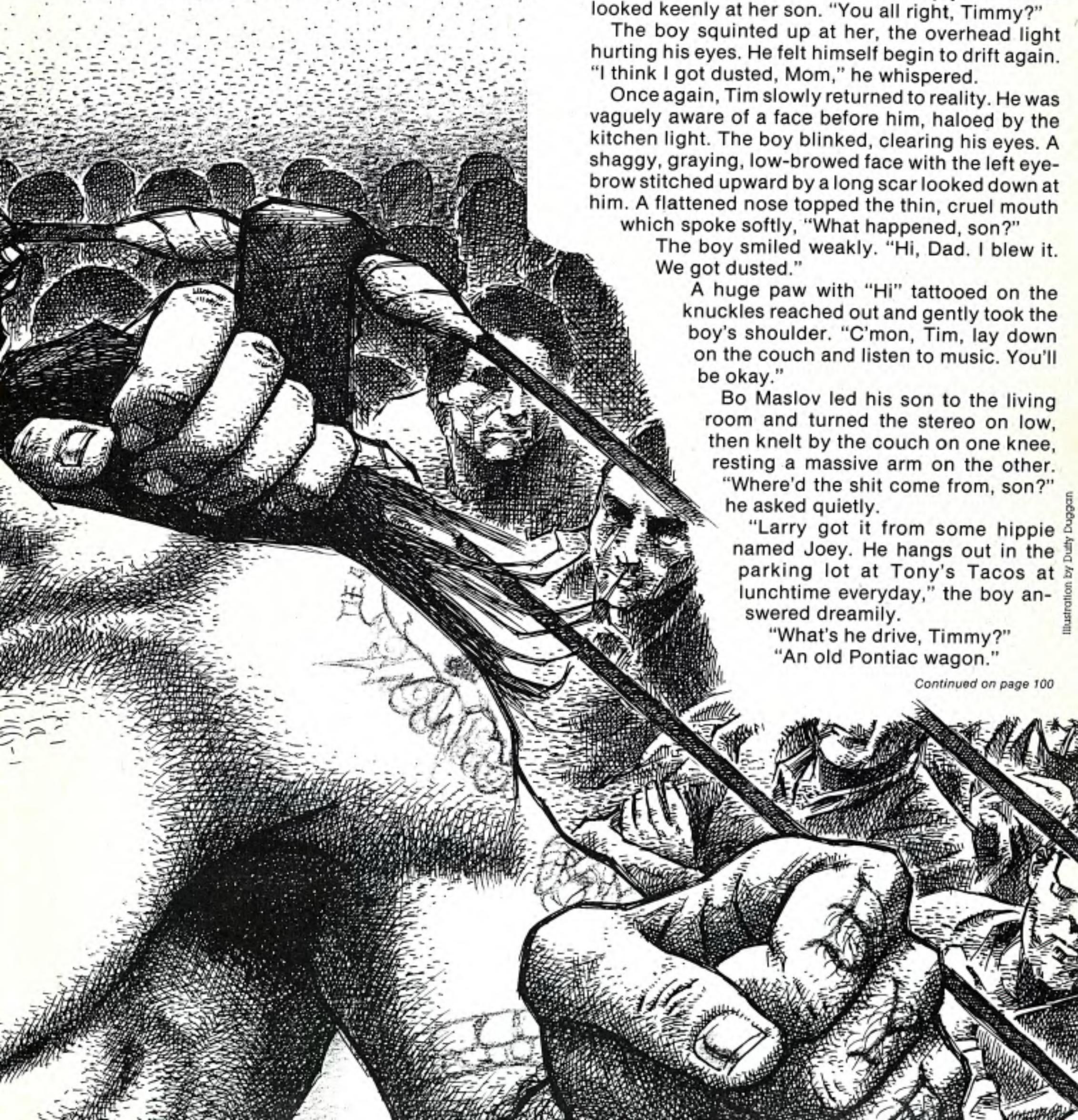


Illustration by Dusty Duggan

AN UNOFFICIAL GUIDE TO JOINT JARGON

By Charles C. Charles

Prison inmates have always excelled at devising colorful new words and expressions (not to mention lending new meanings to existing terms) that then become part of the vast American **vernacular** *(n:* language commonly spoken by all). Words such as **screw, yardbird, stoolie, turnkey,** and **bull** are just a few examples of prison parlance that leapt over the walls, enjoyed popular usage throughout the land, and were gradually replaced by newer terminology.

Since more and more Americans are being incarcerated these days, it might be a good idea to prepare for your possible future by brushing up on some of the **au courant** *(adj:* up-to-date) slang being used in the joint today. Sure, nobody wants to believe that it could happen to them, but if it does, familiarity with the following list of **idiomatic** *(adj:* peculiar to a particular group) terms could save you from coming across as a total tourist when the door slams shut behind your ass.

beef *(n:* conviction or offense; a prison beef is a disciplinary violation of prison regulations: "He caught a new *beef.*")

bone *(v:* sexual intercourse: "I'm going to *bone* her down on my next family visit.")

boneyard *(n:* family visiting area)

border brother *(n:* inmate from Mexico; generally used only by Chicanos)

box *(n:* carton of cigarettes, used as money for purchase or barter; also a radio)

buffed *(adj:* physically well-built, usually as a result of working out on the weight pile: "He's a *buffed*-out dude.")

bunkie *(n:* person in the bunk above or below you: "My *bunkie* just moved to a Cadillac.")

Cadillac *(n:* single bunk)

can't bust the grape (weak person; one considered unwilling or unable to take up a challenge: "That wimp *can't bust the grape.*")

cap *(n:* measurement of weed, grass, dope, Mary Jane; roughly equivalent to amount that can fill up the cap from a tube of Chapstick)

check this out (frequently used exclamation to gain the attention of another, to start a conversation and to reiterate a point made: "Hey, *check this out*, Homes, I caught that dude chokin' the chicken."

chokin' the chicken (masturbation)

cop an attitude (negative, hostile, or aggressive position, similar to having a chip on the shoulder; may be a position taken which is not in agreement with yours)

count/count time (the five times in every 24-hour period — 5:00 p.m., 10:00 p.m., midnight, 2:00 a.m., and 4:00 a.m. — when all inmates are counted and accounted for)

down/down time *(n:* number of months or years an inmate has been in prison)

ducat *(n:* written pass or order to report to somewhere or someone; can be purchased for canteen items or for special social functions)

dude *(n:* direct term of address to both known men and strangers; used in same context as *man:* "Hey, *dude,* don't cop an attitude!")

dump truck *(n:* attorney who does little or nothing on behalf of his client; one who does paperwork only; or one who dumps the case by taking no interest in the issues or the client; a lazy person)

ese *(n:* term of direct address to Latinos, both known and strangers)

fish *(n:* newcomer, recently arrived inmate, novice, inexperienced first-timer; new to the institution or to the system)

Hollywood *(adj:* description of loudmouths who put on airs)

homeboy *(n:* buddy or friend; may be someone from your hometown or someone known to you on the street; also a term of direct address to both known persons and strangers: "Hey, *homeboy*, kick down some of your canteen." Used like this as term of endearment.)

Homes (term of direct address; contraction of homeboy: "What's happening, *Homes*?")

honey man*(n:* pimp or kept man)

hot dog *(v:* to observe another inmate's activities with visitors on the visiting yard; to leer at or ogle female guards or female visitors to the institution)

hot dog magazine *(n:* hardcore porn or milder girlie magazine)

in the car/out of the car (acceptable or unacceptable; to be included or excluded; also an affirmative or negative: "You're *out of the car,* Homes, as far as I'm concerned.")

jacket *(n:* official case record; also reputation on the yard: "That guy's got a snitch *jacket.*" "You got an "R" [sex beef] on your *jacket,* dude?")

juice *(n:* power or influence, as in having access to important staff who are able and willing to circumvent normal procedures: "That dude's got a lot of *juice.*")

kick down *(v:* to share, contribute, give something you have to another; derivation of *kick in*)

muthafuck, -ed, -er, -ing *(v, n, adj,* also adverbial usage: most frequent utterance heard in prison, an all-purpose expression of surprise, disappointment, description: "Muthafuck! That's the worst muthafucking shit that muthafucker ever dished up."

nut up *(v:* to lose control; go insane, berserk, crazy)

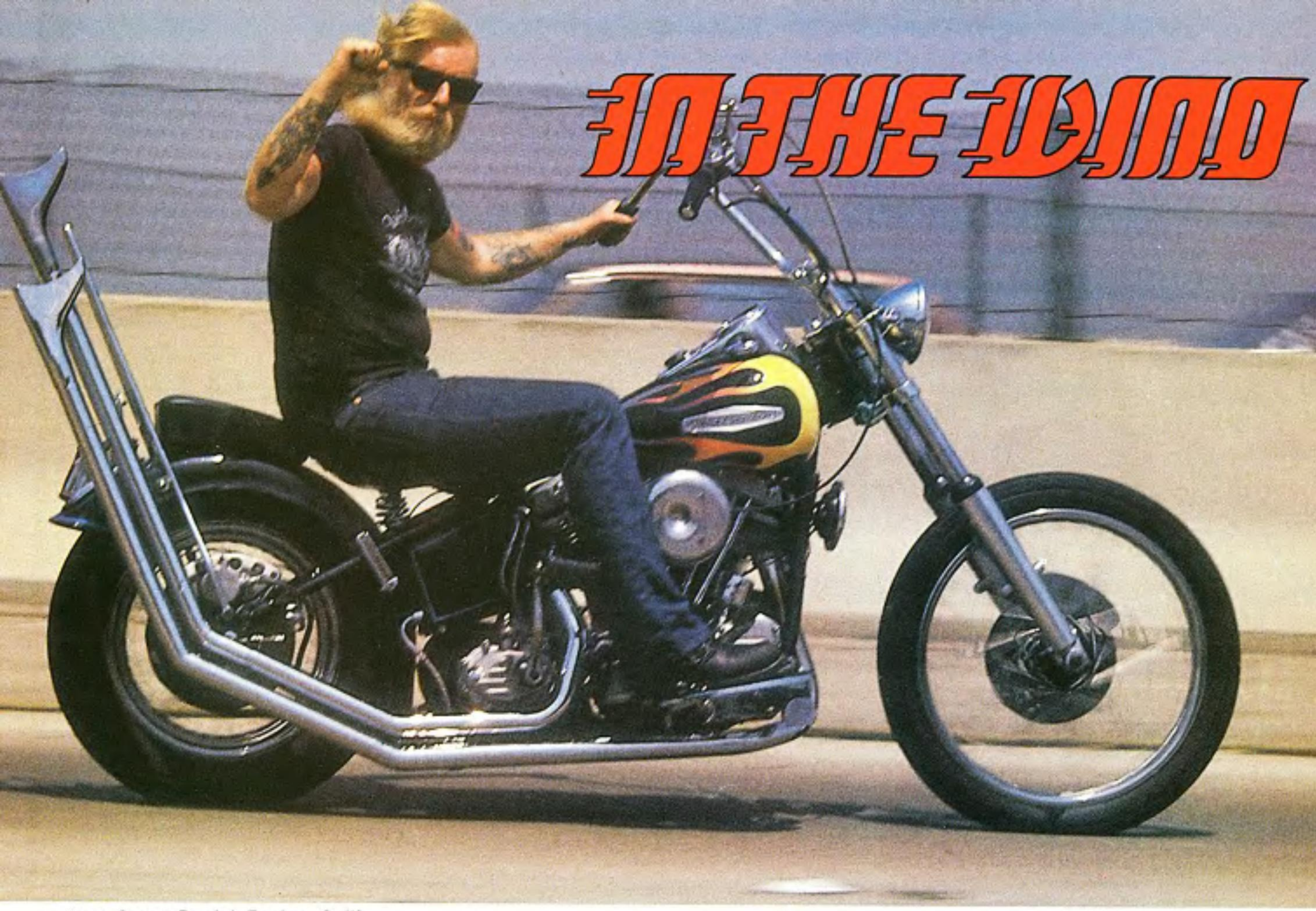
PC up *(n:* and *v:* protective custody; to be placed in segregated housing for one's own protection; to *PC up* is often but not always to request protective custody because of fear of being injured by another inmate: "I put the pressure move on him and he *PC'ed up.*")

peckerwood *(n:* white man, Caucasian)

Pop/Pops *(n:* term of direct address or nickname applied to any elderly male)

Sure beats Berlitz, don't it?

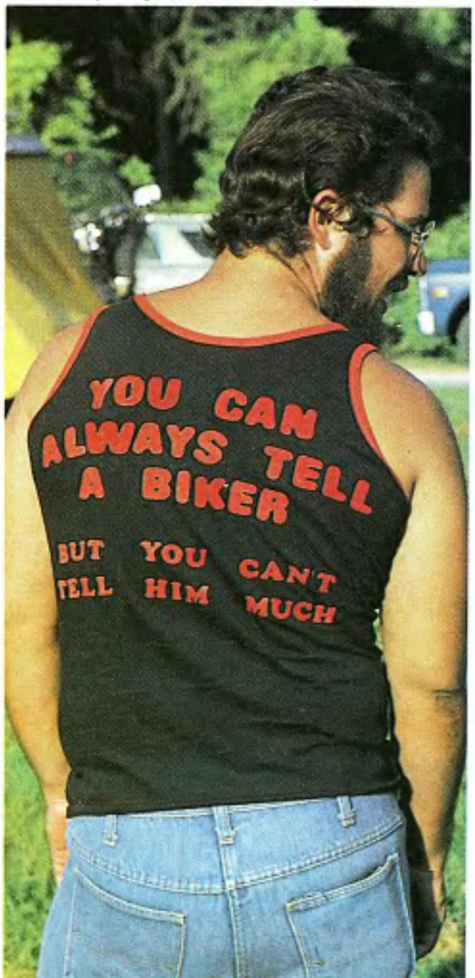
IN THE WIND



—from Gregg Daniel, Encino, Calif.

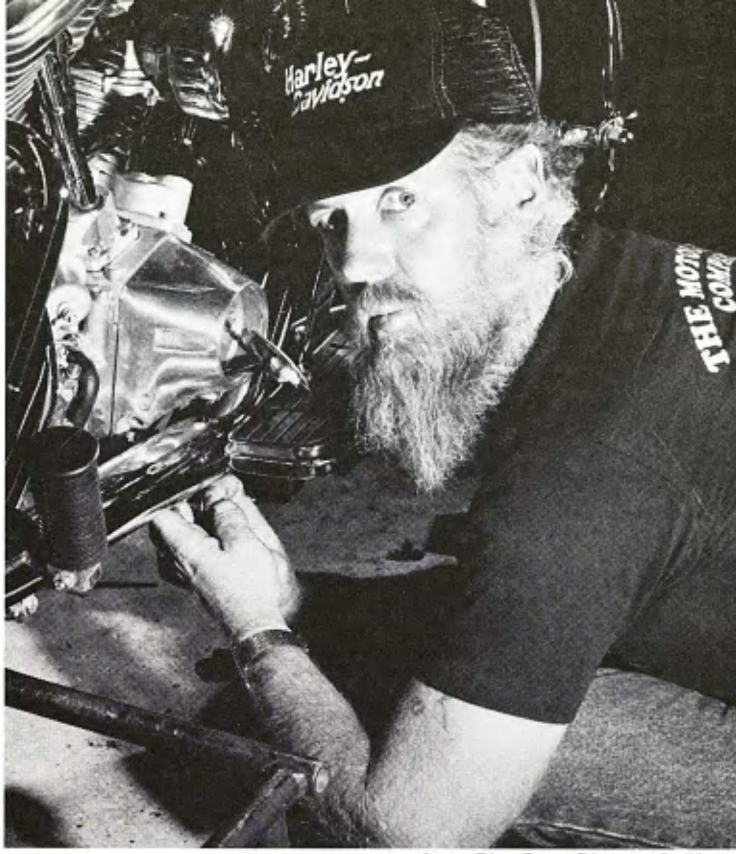
—from Mad Doctor, On the road

—from Speedy, New Braunfels, Tex.



—from Jeff Pearl, Baker, Ore.

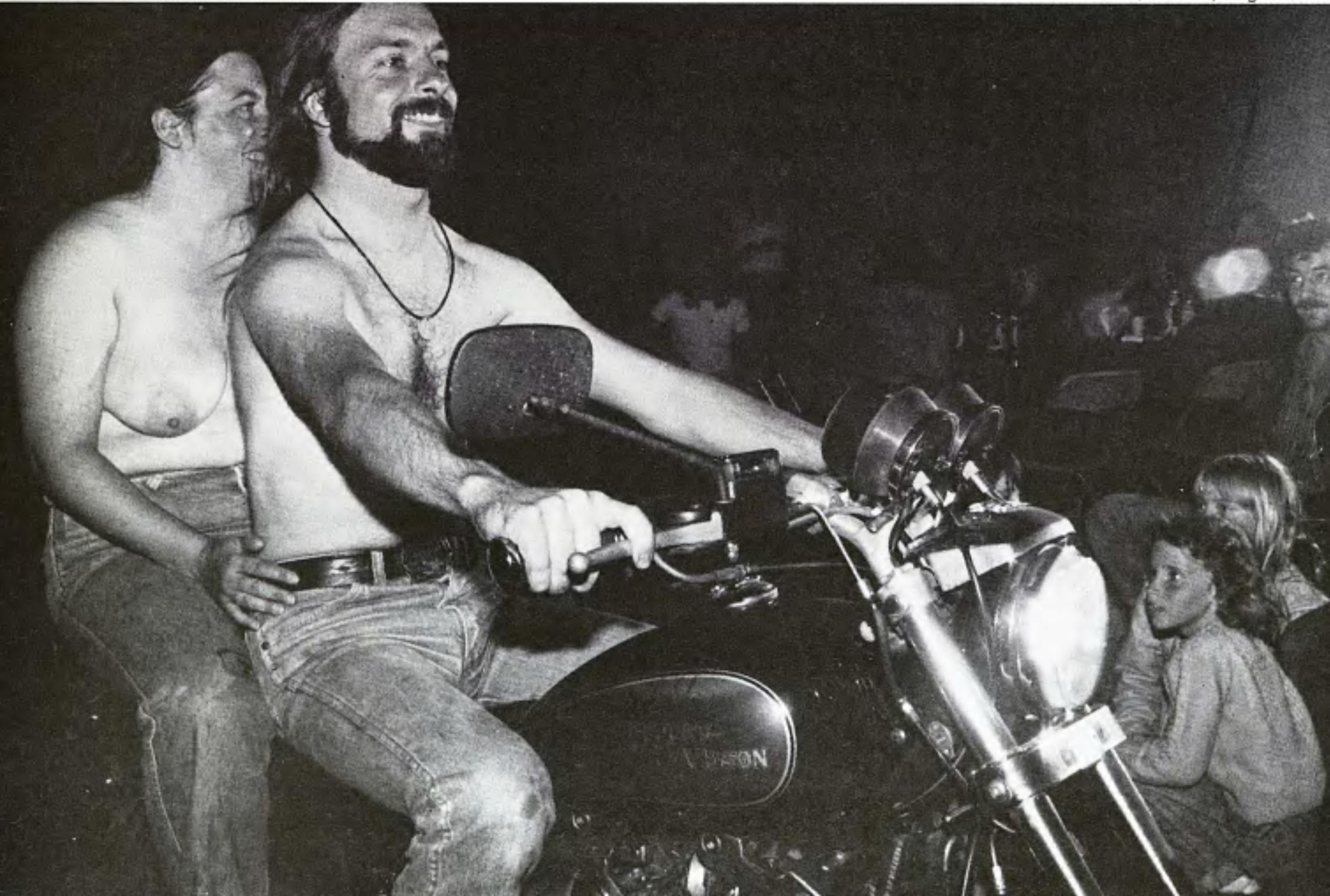
—from Linda Barbour, Diamond Spring, Calif.



—from Rip, Casa Blanca, Calif.

Each month we select the best pictures our readers send us and print them here. We appreciate them all, but we can use only good, in-focus, black-and-white or color prints (any size) and color slides (either 35mm or 2¼ x 2¼) — nothing else. Whether it's the exhilaration of a dude and his chick flyin' down the highway or the let-it-all-hang-out exuberance of a biker bash or the eyeball-poppin' sight of a sexy honey showin' her stuff — these photos typify the fun, excitement, and freedom of biking. (Oh, yeah — we now pay $20 for every black-and-white photo we use and $35 for every color photo we use.) Send photos to *Easyriders,* Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052.

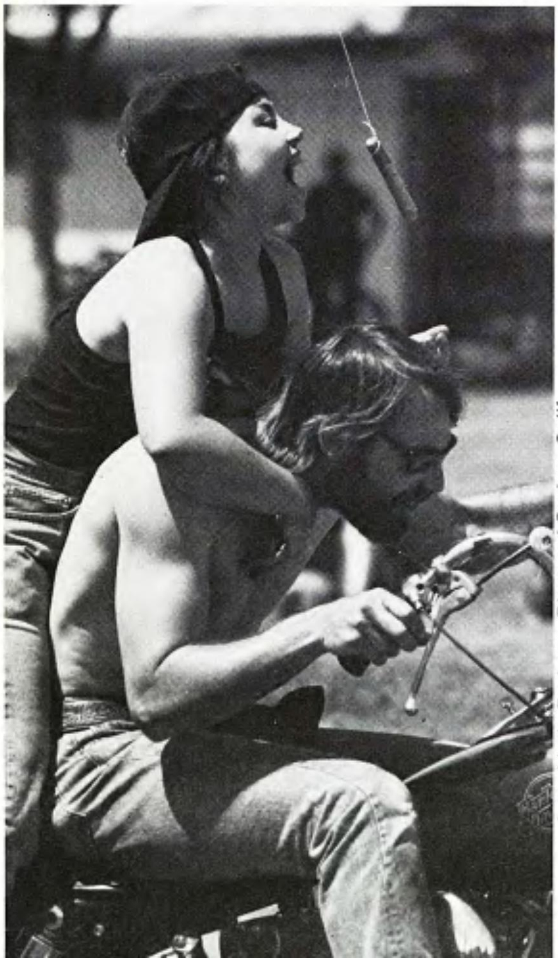
—from Ian Mutch, M.A.G., England



—from Unknown bro, Holland

—from Mickey John, Dallas, Tex.

—from Buck Lovell, San Jose, Calif.



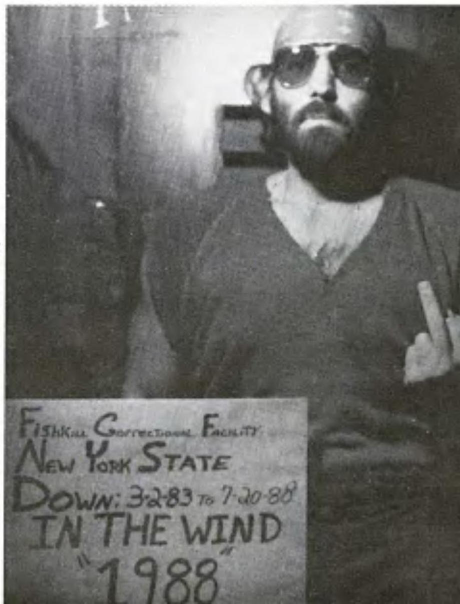
—from Linda Barbour, Diamond Spring, Calif.

—from Greasy, Belcher Hollow, Ky.

—from Linda Barbour, Diamond Spring, Calif.

—from Rip, Muscoy, Calif.

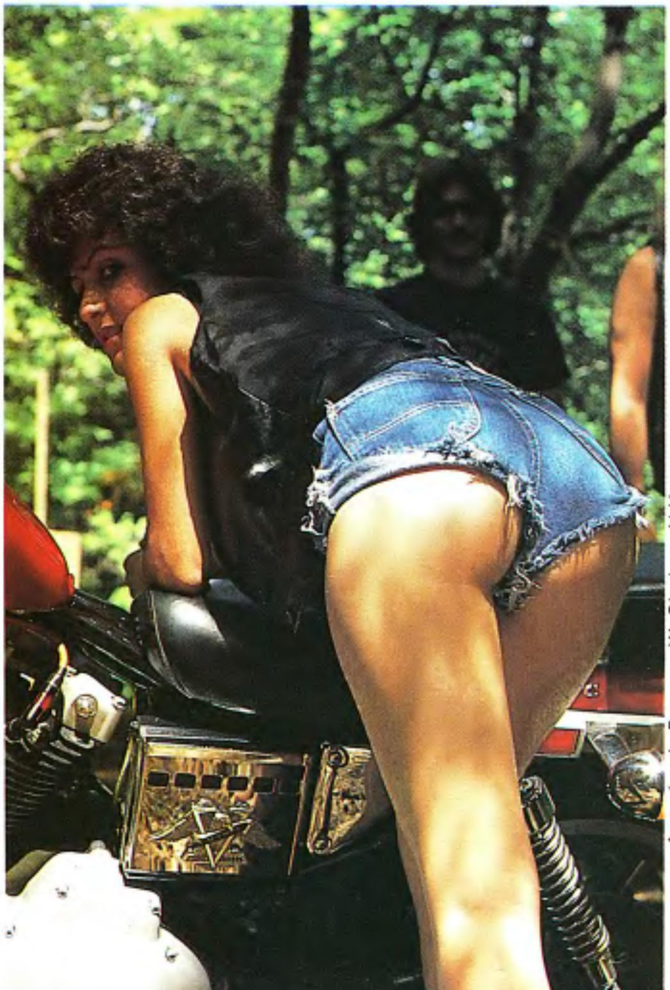
—from Dirty Ernie, Neb.



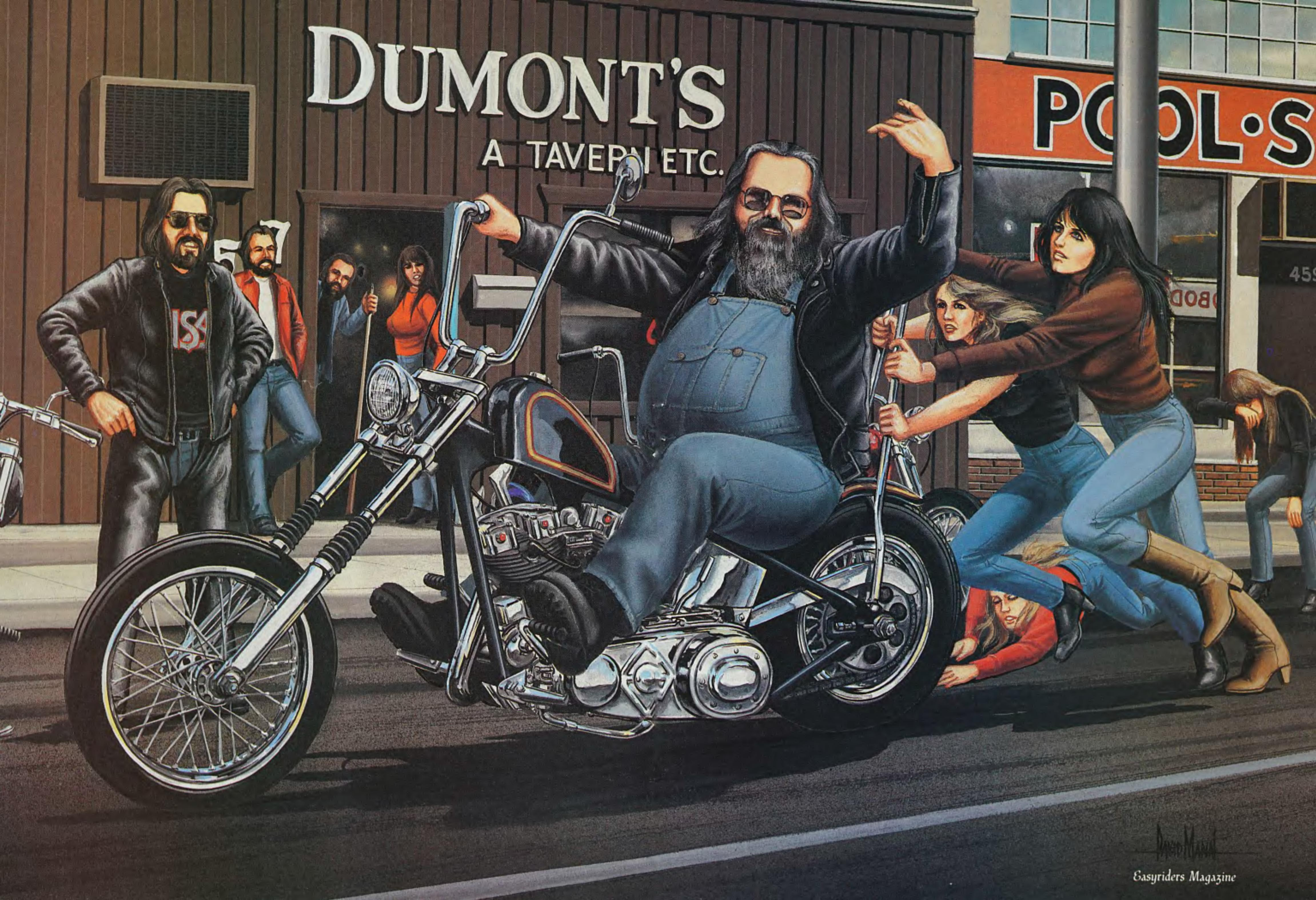
—from Chas, White Plains, N.Y.

—from Stan Trekell, Lawrence, Kan.

—from Tim Waymire, Elwood, Ind.



—from Louis Pesano, W. Shokan, N.Y.


DUMONT'S
A TAVERN ETC.
David Mann
Easyriders Magazine

FEATHER'S NEST

She may be part-Indian and part "known but to God," but one thing's for sure — this month's featured fur piece is all woman.

The pimple-face holding the pizza box was a hell of a lot cleverer than I would've given him credit for — he'd managed to master the art of speaking with his mouth hanging open clear down to his nutsack.

"Jeezus," he croaked, his voice shaking, "ya never see things like that in Grand Rapids!"

"Yeah, yeah, we know," someone rasped. "That's why ya left there. Now fork over the pizza before yer drool starts leakin' into the box."

Having gently steered the geek back toward Pizza Scum or Puke Table or whatever ptomaine palace he'd been summoned from, we proceeded to rip into our lunch while Pete and Feather continued trying out poses at the far end of the studio.

"The kid's right, of course," Wrench said, picking a bit of anchovy out of his beard and flicking it into his oral cavity. "Ya don't see stuff like that in Grand Rapids."

"How would you know?" I asked. "You've never been north of Baltimore 'cept for the time you tried to go to Angels Camp and wound up at the Devil's Postpile."

No one ever accused Wrench of lacking logic. "That's how come I know," he said smugly.

a nipple-shaped mushroom rolling down his shirt. "If ya did see stuff like that in Grand Rapids, I would've been there."

Of course, the kid and Wrench were both wrong — you're just about as likely to run into someone with the pert nipples and finely etched half-breed features of Feather in Grand Rapids as anywhere. See, what Wrench and the pizza geek both overlooked is that the original native Americans — Indians — flourished all over the US of A, not just out West where the buffalo and John Ford and Duke Wayne roamed.

As it happens, Feather is part-Chippewa, a tribe whose ancestral home is in the Great Lakes area. So if you're looking for Feather's nest, Grand Rapids is as good a place to start as anywhere. —Butcher

Photos by Pete Chiodo

CORY'S CRUISER

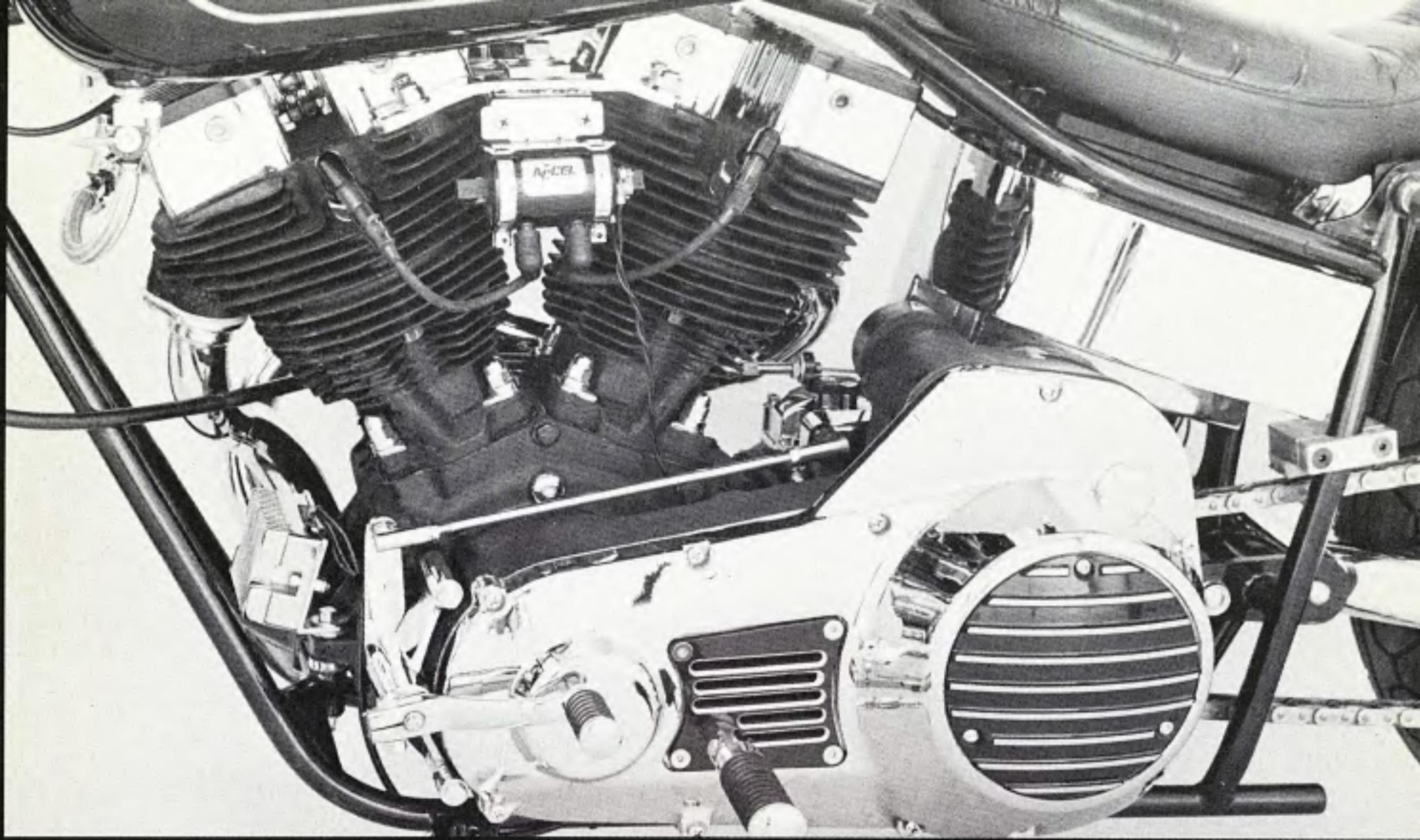
When your father is one of the most famous builders of outrageously radical scooters in the world, there's only one way for you to go — the opposite direction.

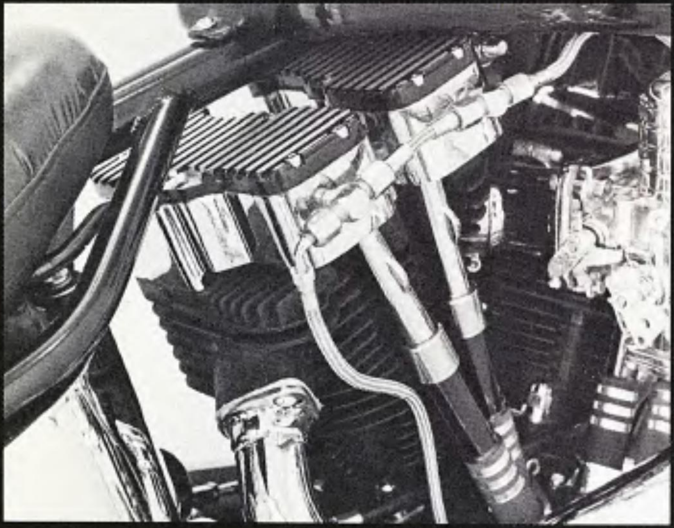
Checking out this super-clean, super-lean scooter, you'd easily spot the fact that it was put together by a world-class builder. What's not so obvious, what might just blow your mind, is that the owner/builder is named *Ness*.

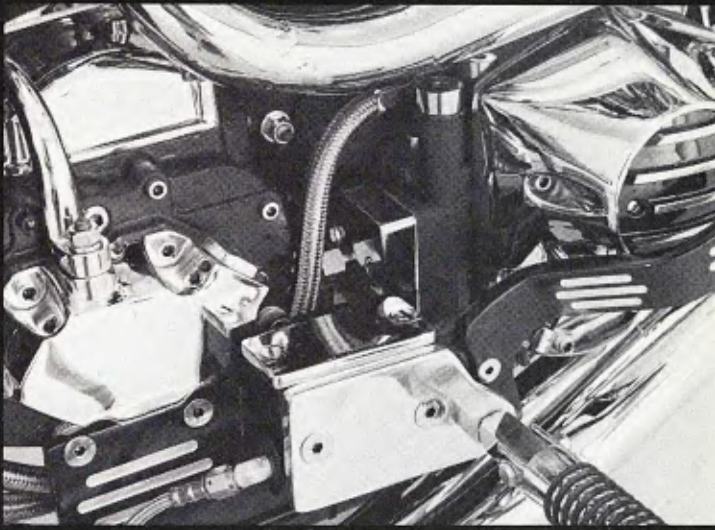
But wait — ain't he the guy who builds nothin' but radical scooters? Bikes that look like supersonic bananas, Star Wars jet skis, psychedelic wet dreams?

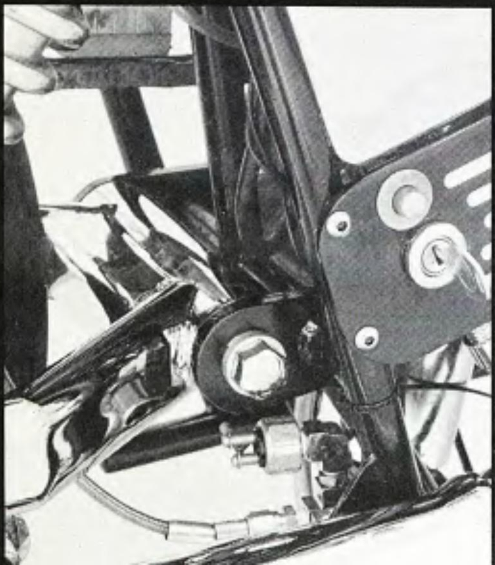
Yeah, bub, you're right. That guy *is* named Ness — Arlen Ness. But the guy responsible for the primo blacksmithing on these pages is Cory Ness, Arlen's son. And he has his own very definite ideas about what constitutes a custom ride.

"The first reason I stayed away from the real radical







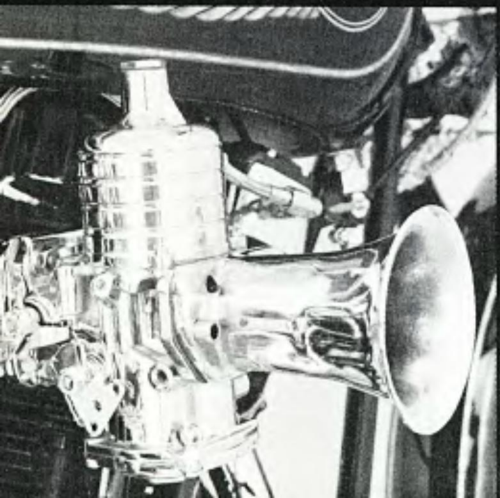


look on this bike was that I wanted something more ridable," Cory says. "Basically, something that would fit a five-speed transmission and move on down the road with maximum performance and ease and minimum downtime and effort.

"The second reason I stayed away from the far-out chopper look is because I really like the styling of a lot of antique cycles. That's why I used the black rims and spoked wheels on this one."

Before you start scratchin' your balls and muttering things like, "How'd this guy manage to grow up so different from his dad?" be advised that Cory isn't *just* interested in classically styled choppers whose front tires don't live a football field's length away from the engine cases.

Photos by Pete Chiodo



In fact, what he really digs are bikes on both ends of the scale: from his father's radical tomorrowland stunners to the pre-World War II classics. He's even using a lot of his father's ideas in the companion piece he's building to tie up next to this FLT in the Ness family stable.

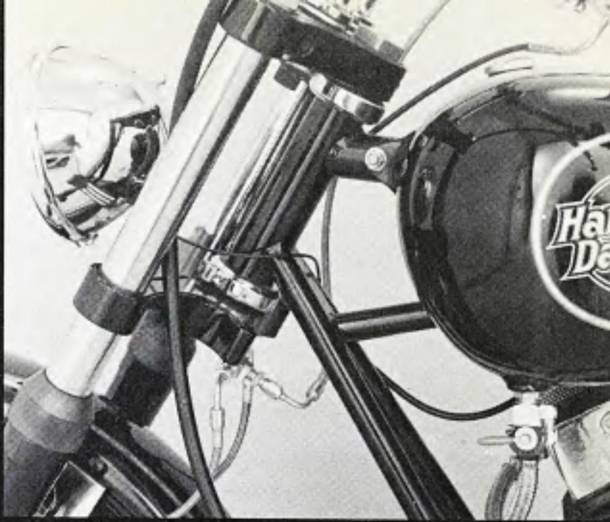
"It's an Evolution-engined five-speed," Cory says of his current project. "It's going to be high-tech all the way, with aluminum wheels and brakes, and it's going to be a lot more rad-looking.

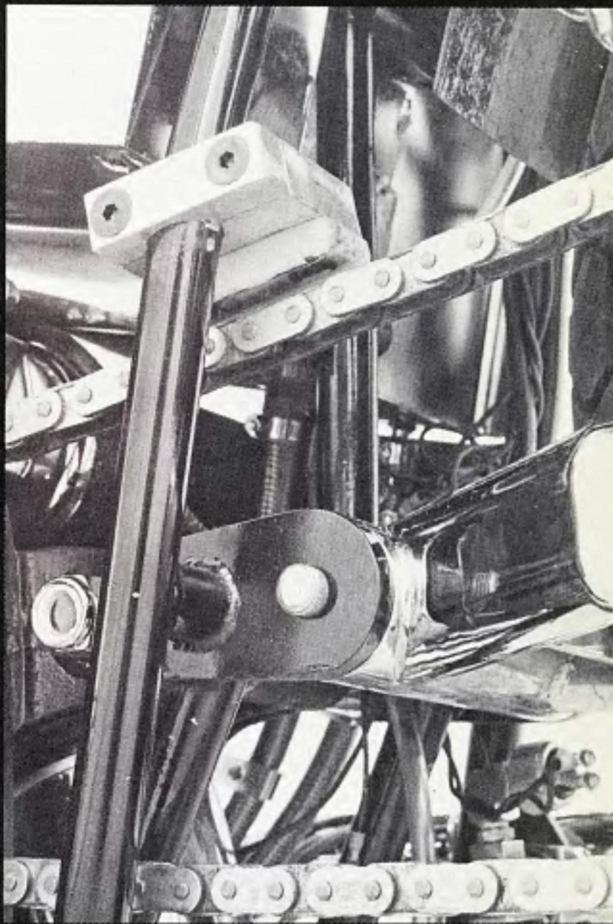
"The best way to solve the problem of what style of bike to have is to have one of each."

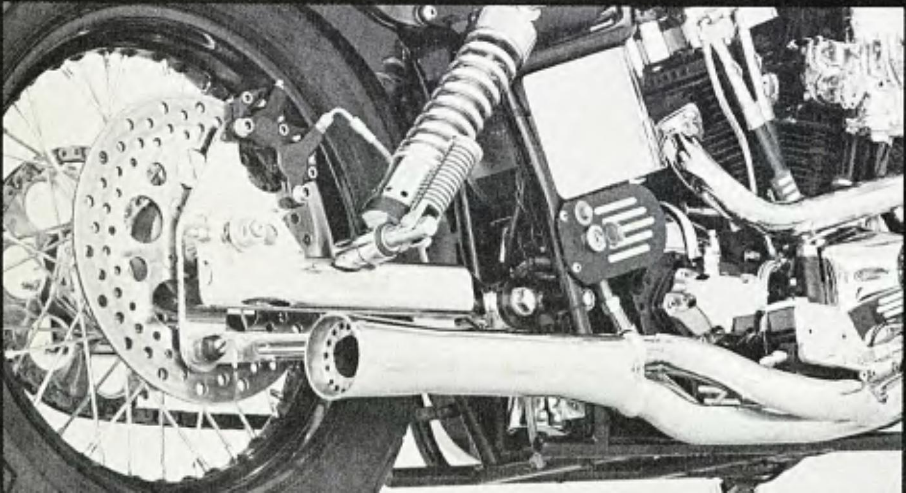
—Pruno

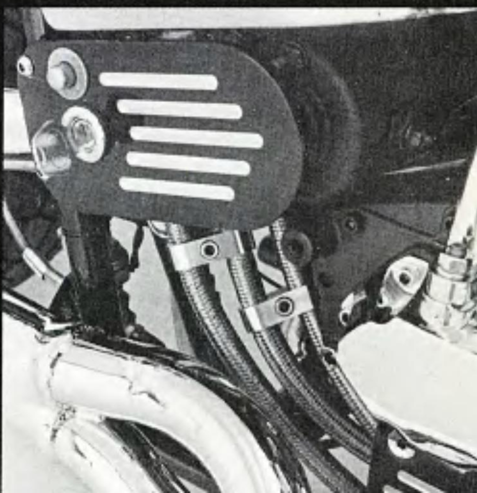
Owner: Cory Ness	**City:** Castro Valley, Calif.	
General	**Frame**	
Fabrication by: owner/Bob Monroe	Year: 1985	
Year and make: 1980 H-D	Builder: Jim Davis/Ness	
Model: FLT	Type: 5-speed swingarm	
Value: $7500	Rake: 33 degrees	
Assembly by: owner	Stretch: 3 in.	
Time: 4 months	Other alterations: dropped top bar	
Chroming by: Hi-Lustre	**Accessories**	
Engine	Bars: S&S muffler/Steve	
Year: 1980	Risers: Santee (3 in.)	
Model: FLT	Fender(s): handmade rear/CCI front	
Rebuilder: Dee's American V-Twins	Headlight: Starwest	
Ignition: Accel "of course"	Taillight: Arlen Ness	
Displacement: 80 cu.in.	Speedo: radar	
Lower end: Dee's American V-Twins	Front pegs: Arlen Ness	
Balancing: Dee's American V-Twins	Rear pegs: Arlen Ness	
Pistons: .010 over	Electrics: custom	
Cases: black wrinkle	Gas tank: aluminum	
Heads: Hannah's Machine	Oil tank: Bob Monroe	
Cam(s): Sifton 440T	Oil system: Russell lines	
Lifters: Sifton/CCI/Starwest	Primary cover: chrome 5-speed	
Carb(s): SU Eliminator (chrome)	Seat: Danny Gray	
Air cleaner: Rivera velocity stack	Sissybar: nope — fender struts	
Pipes: Bob Monroe	Height: just enough	
Muffler(s): where?	Material: aluminum	
Transmission	**Forks**	
Modifications: black and chrome	Type: H-D/Doherty	
Year: 1980	Extension: 3 in. under	
Shifting: smooth	Builder: owner	
Engine sprocket: Primo belt drive	Special features: Doherty alum. trees	
Trans sprocket: 22	**Wheels**	
Wheel sprocket: 49	**Front**	**Rear**
Painting	Size: 21 in.	Size: 18 in.
Molding: owner	Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: owner	Rim width: WM1	Rim width: WM3
Color: Black Jack	Tire: Avon	Tire: Metzler
Type: lacquer/House of Color	Brake: Perf. Mach.	Brake: Perf. Mach.
Special paint: Jeff McCann		

Other special modifications: Custom rocker boxes, chain idler and more. Special thanks to Daryl Hayes, Bob Monroe, Davis, Mike, Jeff McCann and the King.





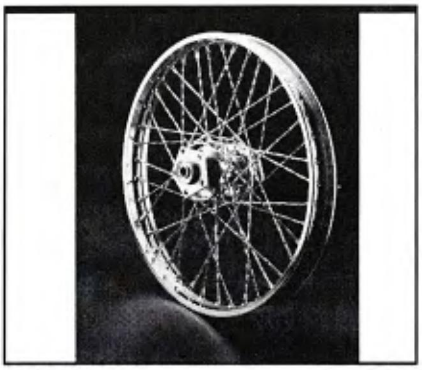




PARTS BOX

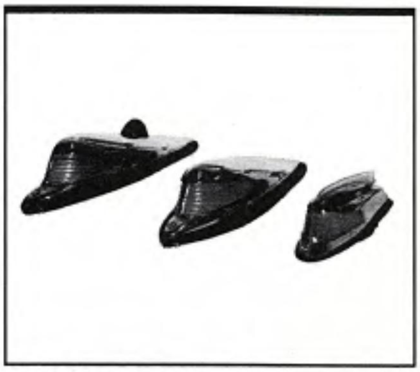
CLASSIC CAP NUT HARDWARE

Been bending your brain about what sort of showy final touch you want to add to your scoot? Check out Colony's Show Bike Kits. Their classically styled cap nuts are available for many popular applications in both a chrome and a gold-plated finish. For complete info, write Colony Machine & Tool, Dept. ER, 1300 Industrial Parkway North, Brunswick, OH 44212.



SPOKES

If you're looking for truly knockout spokes for your H-D, you won't find anything classier than these spiral design, 6-8 gauge, swagged spokes from Brodeur's. American-made of 1040 high-carbon steel with a triple-plated chrome finish, these babies can be had for $69.95 per set. Specify year and model, front or rear, and type of rim when ordering. Standard spokes in chrome or stainless steel are also available at $55.60/set. Contact Brodeur's Wheel Service, Dept. ER, 777 S. Washington St., N. Attleboro, MA 02760/617-699-2148. They ship UPS daily.

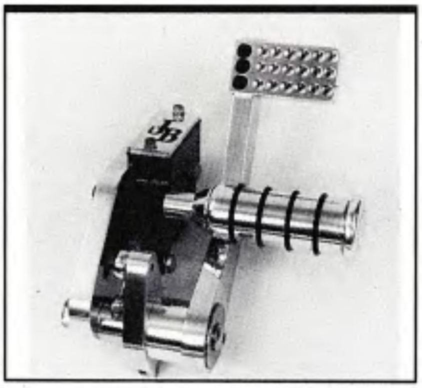


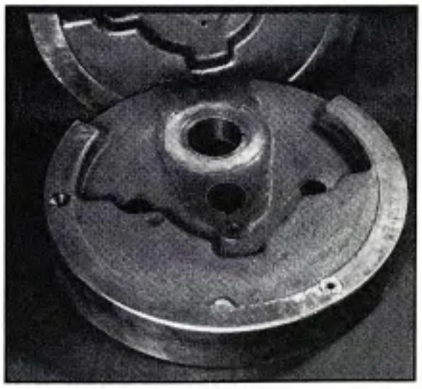
RUNNING LAMPS

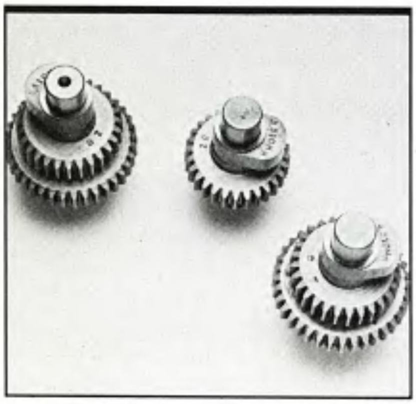
Even though it's gotten to be a habit, you can stop beating the bushes and hauling out to every swap meet within 500 miles in search of original-style front fender and sidecar running lamps for your 1934-64 Harley. Antique Cycle Supply's got a shitload of 'em. That's right, the ones with frosted white lenses and the special "red jewel" lens on the sidecar lamp. Write or call Antique Cycle Supply, Dept. ER, Rt. #3, Cedar Springs, MI 49319/616-636-8200.

BRAKE ASSEMBLY

Even the slogan, "If you're in the market for a touch of class, try our Jaybrake and save your ass," tends to stop ya dead in your tracks, but the product itself ain't too shabby, either. Consider the following: Ya don't have to take your foot off the peg to tap the brake; Perf. Machine makes the master cylinder; the pedal and stop are adjustable; it's a bolt-on unit; and there's a matching shifter and foot-peg assembly available. Find out more from Jaybrake Enterprises, Inc., Dept. ER, 1201 Cain Rd., Youngstown, NY 14174/716-745-7678.







CAMS

Let's face it, cams are hidden workhorses, not flashy "glamour" items. Still, if you not only want to get home, but wouldn't mind getting there ahead of the pack, check out Hausler Engineering's new 510 HR cams for Sporties (the same cams that Jim Hausler ran a 9.08 time with at 146mph using plain old pump gas). The 510 HRs feature new billets, quicker throttle response, increased rpms, allow the use of high-compression pistons, and fit street and race strokers 80" and up with only double-valve springs. For complete info, contact Hausler Engineering, Dept. ER, Box 1725, Paramus, NJ 07652/201-261-5209.

FLYWHEELS

Reach for your wallet, Pilgrim — ya may not be able to live without this one. Rokil Engineering has come up with self-balancing flywheels for all Sporty, pan, and shovel engines, using free-moving weights to change the balancing factor of the crankshaft while the engine's running, eliminating that annoying shift from smooth to buzzy areas in your rpm range under different loads at different speeds. No more rebalancing with every engine rebuild, even with big-bore kits. Exchange your old flywheels and it'll cost $159; no exchange will set ya back $354. Get the lowdown from Rokil Engineering, Dept. ER, 3150 S. 44th St. #214, Kansas City, KS 66106.

LOCKDOWN

By Boomer

The law, in its majestic equality, forbids the rich as well as the poor to sleep under bridges, to beg in the streets and to steal bread. *—Anatole France*

How long will it take the public to wake up to the fact that turning its pockets inside out for money to build new prisons will never eliminate either crime or prison overcrowding? The fact is, no matter how many cells are added to U.S. prison systems, they all seem to fill up almost immediately — and many new institutions are jammed past their legal capacity from the day they open.

Why is this and what can be done about it? The first serious study of these questions was recently completed and it reached some astounding and revolutionary conclusions. Called *Time To Build? The Realities of Prison Construction*, the report was issued by the Edna McConnell Clark Foundation and is currently being circulated to corrections officials and legislators around the country. Hopefully, it won't be simply filed and forgotten.

Perhaps the most startling of the study's findings is the fact that there is "little apparent connection between the rate at which serious crimes are committed and the use of incarceration for punishment."

For example, Minnesota and North Carolina have almost exactly the same crime rate per 100,000 population, yet North Carolina has *five times* the number of prison inmates as Minnesota. Or take the case of Columbus, Ohio. A study of sentencing procedures there revealed that if every felon convicted in that city's courts was sentenced to a minimum of five years in prison, it would increase the severity of the average sentence (one year at the time of the study) by a whopping 500 percent but reduce crime by only 7 percent.

As Kentucky corrections department boss George Wilson, who personally believes that up to 40 percent of his state's inmates could be adequately punished through nonimprisonment programs, told his state legislature, "The public is buying a false bill of goods (about the effect that sending more people up has on the crime rate) and paying a hell of a price for it."

Illustration by Mike Docherty

Despite a spending binge of unequaled proportions, *Time To Build?* reports, there's been scarcely a dent made in the sordid problem of prison overcrowding, of warehousing humans without adequate medical care, food, or work opportunities. From 1970 to 1982, for example, the amount of money spent on prison construction in the U.S. soared from $74 million to $946 million, yet at least 38 states were still under court order to improve conditions in their prisons.

"A 1981 survey by the Department of Justice found that 47 of the 50 states were in the process of building new prisons," the report says. "Another survey lists 717 new prison facilities under construction or consideration, at a cost of at least $5.6 billion over the next few years. These would house some 132,829 inmates."

One crucial fact never mentioned by politicians trying to flog the public into approving ever-greater expenditures to build more and more prisons is that the financial drain on Mr. and Mrs. Taxpayer won't end when the prison in question is finally built and paid for. Not a chance.

Every time the lock-'em-up-and-throw-away-the-keys assholes try to slip their hands into the taxpayers' pockets for more construction money they should be required to hand said taxpayer a card containing the following quote from the Clark Foundation study: "The cost of construction, staggering as it is, is only the beginning. Reported cost figures. . .do not include architects' fees or financing costs, which can *double* or *triple* the cost to taxpayers. Moreover, the cost of building a prison is only the down payment; operating costs will soon outstrip it. The operating costs for 100,000 new prison beds would be *$70 million* over the next 30 years — not counting inflation."

It is nearly impossible to overstate how much it costs the state to keep you and your brothers behind bars. In many cases it would be cheaper to rent you an apartment on the outside and provide you with a scooter and a bitch.

"When a legislature decides to spend, say, $100 million in new prison construction," says the director of the National Institute of Corrections, "it is committing the taxpayers of that state to $1.6 *billion* in correctional expenditures over the ensuing three decades. Construction is only *6 percent* of the charge to taxpayers over 30 years. For every dollar of construction there will be $16 in operating costs. The construction is only the down payment."

Still not sure that it would actually be cheaper for the state to provide you with a pad, a putt and some pussy? Read on.

"The Minnesota Citizen's Commission on Crime and Justice has calculated the true cost to Minnesota taxpayers of locking up prisoners," the authors of *Time To Build?* discovered. "When *Continued on page 86*

VET VOICE by Sarge

Most of the letters I get from readers of this column involve requests for advice and/or assistance. And in the majority of cases, requests for assistance primarily constitute requests for information or direction.

All my life I've been a nut on organization, so when I first started receiving readers' responses two years ago, I divided them into two piles: one for the requests for information/help and one for letters of any other nature (comments on the column, general communication, info, etc., etc.). Since nearly all the letters I get receive a personal response, the reason behind this division was to enable me to give priority to the letters requesting aid.

The system worked fine. . .but it wasn't very long before I realized I actually needed *four* piles. It turned out that the majority of my mail comes from incarcerated vets. And while vets on the loose and vets in lockdown mostly share the same problems and concerns, handling incarcerated vets' needs proved to be more complex and involved.

Thus my new system: I first separate the letters from free-riding vets and sisters from those of vets in lockdown. Then I separate each of these categories into their respective "help" and "general" stacks. Not surprisingly, the two different "help" piles are the tallest. . .and the requests-for-assistance pile from incarcerated bros is the tallest of all.

It always takes me a great deal of time to work my way through that tallest of the four stacks. It's much simpler to handle the needs of vets and their kin who are free. You people are more mobile, for one thing, and you can easily enough get to any of the many sources of aid I suggest. Bros in prison are crippled in this respect and I generally have to see if I can bring the mountain to Mohammed, instead of sending Mo to the hills.

Moreover, vets in prison — especially those forcibly resigned to spending anywhere from a couple of decades to *life* in an eight by six — tend to have more unique problems and often very different outlooks. In fact, even getting their explicit letters out to me and getting my candid responses back to them sometimes involves special difficulties.

Certain recent developments have made getting through that tallest stack of letters considerably easier. It was only a very few years ago that Vietnam vets in general began to organize themselves into groups to assist one another personally and to identify the brotherhood. Before those hostages came home from Iran, we were pretty much a three-million-man mob-in-hiding. I guess it's appropriate to say that this was the straw that broke the camel's back. . .and soon 'Nam vets had pooled together. The mob became a viable force and many things have already been achieved by our reunion.

Still, incarcerated bros were mostly on their own while the rest of us got our program together. That, too, has changed, people; today Viet vet prisoners are being enabled to come into the fold and to get themselves organized. As I've already reported in several installments of this column, the VVA (Vietnam Veterans of America) has slowly been organizing posts/chapters in prisons across the land. This effort has had a positive effect and the VVA is commended for its groundbreaking endeavor. Sadly, however, my information and impression is that VVA posts have been instituted rather languidly, without a great deal of push, although that may change down the road.

In any case, I'm happy to announce that another very strong and highly energetic organization of 'Nam vets is fully ready to embrace our incarcerated brothers. This is the VVnW — the Veterans of the Vietnam War, Inc.

The VVnW has held off its full-scale effort until it had all its personnel and equipment ready to bring to bear on the problem. VVnW's national board of directors felt that a haphazard, not fully organized and equipped program might do more harm than good. These experienced combat bros used what they learned in the 'Nam: Any operation must be well-planned and provided for, otherwise it's doomed to failure.

The Veterans of the Vietnam War has grown to the point where it is extremely solid. It has viable and active posts across the country; its national headquarters in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, is now computer-equipped and fully staffed. The organization is also close to being granted a Congressional Charter.

The VVnW has very strong links with all its posts, heavy cooperation with powerful government officials, and it is run "by the book" — no one will find its financial ledgers or its constitution and bylaws in anything but fine order. The VVnW has also accepted the famous and dedicated organization Agent Orange Victims International as an affiliate and they run the increasingly effective and popular Find-A-Vet Program out of their Georgia state headquarters.

And now the VVnW is fully ready to march with its incarcerated veterans program. One very special aspect of this effort is that brothers who form chapters of the VVnW inside prison walls will not find themselves mere members of the VVnW alone. They will, in fact, have their own *organization within an organization*. Legally they'll be known as the Incarcerated Veterans of the Veterans of the Vietnam War, Inc. and the program is designed so that prison posts will be equal to and exactly the same as the VVnW's posts outside. But, additionally, ensuring that these posts won't be swallowed up within the vast organization, they'll also be "adjunct" organizations unto themselves, having their own set of national bylaws and the VVnW's full protection and assistance. While the national officers of the VVnW will be their national officers and the VVnW's board of directors will be their overall governing body, as it is for the rest of the organization, in addition to this equal and full membership, the posts will exist within their very own department of the VVnW. A National Director of Incarcerated Veterans has been appointed to run the department and watch out for the welfare of all its posts and members, reporting directly to both national executive director of the VVnW, Mike Milne, and the national board of directors (one seat on the board is occupied by this director).

VVnW is also *Continued on page 81*

Asstrology

By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Astrological Profile For Capricorn

Capricorns fall into two categories: those who really have their shit together (big turds) and those who don't (drizzling shits). Both are ambitious. While the one makes it on his own merits, the other makes it off those who have it made. Capricorns tend to glom onto the right people for the wrong reasons. One thing in their favor, though, is they do it with class. They make great professional house guests, financial advisors, talk show hosts, and wallet holders.

Capricorn appears to be laid-back, but for every step backward, he takes two steps forward. Don't underestimate Capricorn, especially the funny ones who always have the last laugh, even if it's on themselves.

As I've said before, some Capricorns are extremely vain, even to the point of enjoying the smell of their own farts. (I know one who farts in a bottle so he can open and savor it when he's alone.) Cappies also enjoy skid marks and funky feet. Bedwise, Capricorns are a tad stingy in the sack, so don't expect them to keep doing it till they get it right. On the other hand, they're hot fucks if you don't mind juicy nutsacks and dirty teddy bears.

Capricorns are tough (Humphrey Bogart and Al Capone); some are good with their tonsils (Elvis Presley, Janis Joplin, Rod Stewart, and David Bowie); most age well (Cary Grant, Marlene Dietrich); some are big-mouths (Ethel Merman, Mohammed Ali, Richard Nixon); a few are funny (Steve Allen, George Burns, Oliver Hardy); and some are stingy (Aristotle Onassis and Howard Hughes); and last but not least, they're occasionally surprisingly sexy (Dyan Cannon, Faye Dunaway, and Soupy Sales.) (Huh?)

Capricorns are susceptible to cramps in their fingers from clutching their bucks too tightly; knee injuries from looking for lost coins; and arthritis and sore throats from griping. Old Capricorns usually suffer terminal ass-rash from being too cheap to buy ass-wipe.

Don't let the negative elements of Capricorn dissuade you from claiming one as a friend. Actually, if you want to get to the top, grab onto a Capricorn — they make great ladders. They also make great friends who are loyal and lasting despite the fact they're shitheads!

Aries (Mar. 21 — Apr. 21)
Don't mix business with pleasure or partners this month. Instead, hold your own counsel and keep your nose outta the nookie long enough to take care of biz. Save sloppy seconds and mattress munchies for midnight maneuvers. Make yourself some extra bucks by being in the right place and being on the ball. Go for the grand.

Taurus (Apr. 22 — May 20)
Run a close eyeball over the small print now, double-check everything, and then rummage through your old tickets for slip-ups. Cover all bases, so you're home safe (have the ol' bat help you check things out). Protect yourself, your property, and wear a "I get even!" sign. You're in a cycle of slip-ups, so be on guard. Save getting shitfaced for a later date. *Be careful.*

Gemini (May 21 — June 21)
Coast through this one by not expecting too much. Don't boggle your brain with the petty crap either. Instead, take in feedback for future reference (when fate is in your favor). Use this space to add to your cranial resources — with ways and means of manipulating the money-makers. You'll need a backup for next month's big break!

Cancer (June 22 — July 22)
This month finds your ass in high gear and your jaws wired for sound. The only fly in the pie is monetary, so put a rein on spending or you could finish the race flushed. Other than that, drink a little wine, do a little dance, and get down in general. Maybe you should hang up your hard hat, grab your hardon, and hit the road. Just be sure someone else foots the bill.

Leo (July 23 — Aug. 22)
Could be something fishy is stuck to your finger, your face, or both. Keep smiling till you figure out which eye to dot. Don't use kiss-ass methods or the situation will just get smellier. Play the waiting game now and don't get caught with your pants down — be prepared to run for cover. There's some foul play going on around you that you haven't picked up on.

Virgo (Aug. 23 — Sept. 22)
Don't let delays put your dick in the dirt. Getting pissed off will just put your ass in a sling now. Mail mix-ups, wrong numbers, and lame excuses cause minor mayhem and mess you up, so relax with a brew (or whatever) and recharge your batteries. Oddly enough, things that have to be re-done will be to your advantage in the long run.

Libra (Sept. 23 — Oct. 23)
Tight partners zero in on you now. You're in demand in the advice department and bros respect your opinion. Remember, what goes around, comes back around, so use your lip service wisely and don't let it give you a swelled head or a fat lip. Put your ego in the backseat when it comes to partners, especially tight ones who take you into their confidence.

Scorpio (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)
Watch out for a brush with the law around mid-month. It could be due to one of those stupid six-pack show-downs. Keeping yourself calm, cool, and comfortable while the world's in an uproar will not only be to your advantage but save you a stiff fine or worse. This is one of those narc times when there *isn't* safety in numbers. Mind your own business, except in bed.

Sagittarius (Nov. 23 — Dec. 21)
Time to shoot your best shot between the sheets and at ye olde joberoo (mix business with pleasure at a moderate speed for best results). If it doesn't hit the target, try again. Brush up on your charm, drop your drawers and polish the knob — use a little spit! That's opportunity knocking, not your knees, so get your act together and answer the call.

Capricorn (Dec. 22 — Jan. 19)
Grab your goodies and get in the wind for a while. Celebrate your birthday month by getting the fuck outta wherever you are. Sneak up on some strange snatch (leave your usual bag lunch at home). Give your ego a boost, boogie away those biker blues, visit a brewery and get fucked up for free or at least let your favorite furburger pay. Where's *my* birthday piece?

Aquarius (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)
Time to wise up before you wear out. This month catches your crank in a cast from too many courtesy fucks and your bod bent outta shape from breaking your back for bros at work. Let someone else carry the load awhile. Grab yourself some kick-back time and cut yourself some slack in the sack by getting it right the first time!

Pisces (Feb. 19 — Mar. 20)
This month could blow your socks off unless you sew 'em on. There are some heavy-duty trips coming down at home base, so keep a clear head and settle hassles head-on before they get outta hand. Don't waste time with a pal of a pal or brief bros. Remember, you don't have to lay down to get fucked in the ass.

Biker's Digest

Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags

We Are Ignorant
We as motorcyclists are ignorant of many things as we ride through life, but the most appalling ignorance we share is an abysmal lack of education in the facts of riding itself.

—Steve Thompson
Cycle World

883 Sportster
Everyone keeps urging me to go to the drags with the machine. What the hell for? Why should I beat the hell out of the machine just to prove a point? The machine is not going to win races in its stock form against the Japanese bikes. It wasn't made for that purpose. It wasn't made for tire-smoking burnouts in its stock form. Notice I say stock form . . .What it does is cruise up mountain grades in fifth gear so effortlessly and gets 50-plus miles to the gallon while doing it.

—Dick Hill
The American Gear Box

Gadget Refugee
Now park the new Harley Tour Glide alongside the latest extravaganzas from Japan. Visually the FLTC is spartan, and technically the Harley is a refugee from the gadget-strewn world it pioneered.

—Cycle

A Simple Test
Notice anything different about this issue?

No?

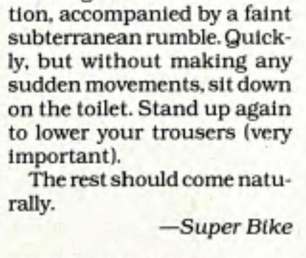
Try this simple test. Attach the copy to its usual nail on the toilet wall. Eat one family-size Bangalore Phal, half a dozen Bombay ducks, and wash it down with eight pints of Scruttocks Old Dirigible Ale. Wait five minutes. By now you should be experiencing a familiar sensation, accompanied by a faint subterranean rumble. Quickly, but without making any sudden movements, sit down on the toilet. Stand up again to lower your trousers (very important).

The rest should come naturally.

—Super Bike

Anchovy Asshole
Oh, I'm not saying you have to get all fanatical about such shit. Actually, one of the worst things about going to events like that is when some overzealous asshole climbs into your face, usually after eating an anchovy-and-garlic pizza, bitching you out about not committing your life to the association and helping to free bikers everywhere.

—Bob Bitchin
Biker Lifestyle



Think Competition
Think how inconvenient it would be if the only shop was three or five hundred kilometers away. Think of the prices of parts without competition. Think, if one dealer had a monopoly on your parts. He could charge what he wanted. So the next time a price in your local bike store seems a little high, try and imagine that same price without competition. Think how far you'll travel to get that same part when your local dealer is not there anymore. We are all trying to make a living or at least survive. So think! Think how nice it is to have that shop close to your town.

—Mountainman
Canadian Biker

Obliging Aid
Mods and rockers, bank holiday punch-ups on Brighton Beach, and anyone who rode a bike that wasn't British needed their head examined, which you might very well oblige by undertaking with the aid of a bicycle chain and a set of the knuckledusters (mind you, Harleys were OK if you could afford one. Then, as now, few could).

—Australian Motorcycle News

Bring It On
What brought this on? Well, stress and strain perhaps, or the fact that I missed the catering (aka "Garbage") truck this morning, and didn't have my usual breakfast of squid cakes and Australian slime fizz. Or maybe it was the alarm clock jarring me awake from a particularly in-depth dream in which I was about to receive a check from the Publishers Clearing House from the hands of Loni Anderson. Or maybe I just don't like loud-mouthed, obnoxious drunks riding around on bikes giving motorcyclists bad press.

—Paul Garson
Hot Bike

Most Shocking *(Gasp)*
And at Laguna, Roberts announced that he would also ride at the Springfield (Illinois) Mile dirt track on September 1, ten years after he last won a mile. Most shocking: he will ride a (gasp) Harley XR750 prepared by Mert Lawwill.

—Motorcyclist

Imaginative Creativity
On the whole, motorcyclists are an imaginative lot. You can see strong evidence of their imagination in chopper magazines, custom-bike shows, and touring rallies, or if you just sit alongside a well-traveled road and observe the creative ways in which so many riders dress themselves and their machines. But if you want to see *real* imagination at work, peek into one of those trailers or pickup trucks you frequently see on the road that are loaded to the gunwales with a motley assortment of dirt bikes. Don't look at the bikes, though; look at the way they're tied down. *That's* creativity.

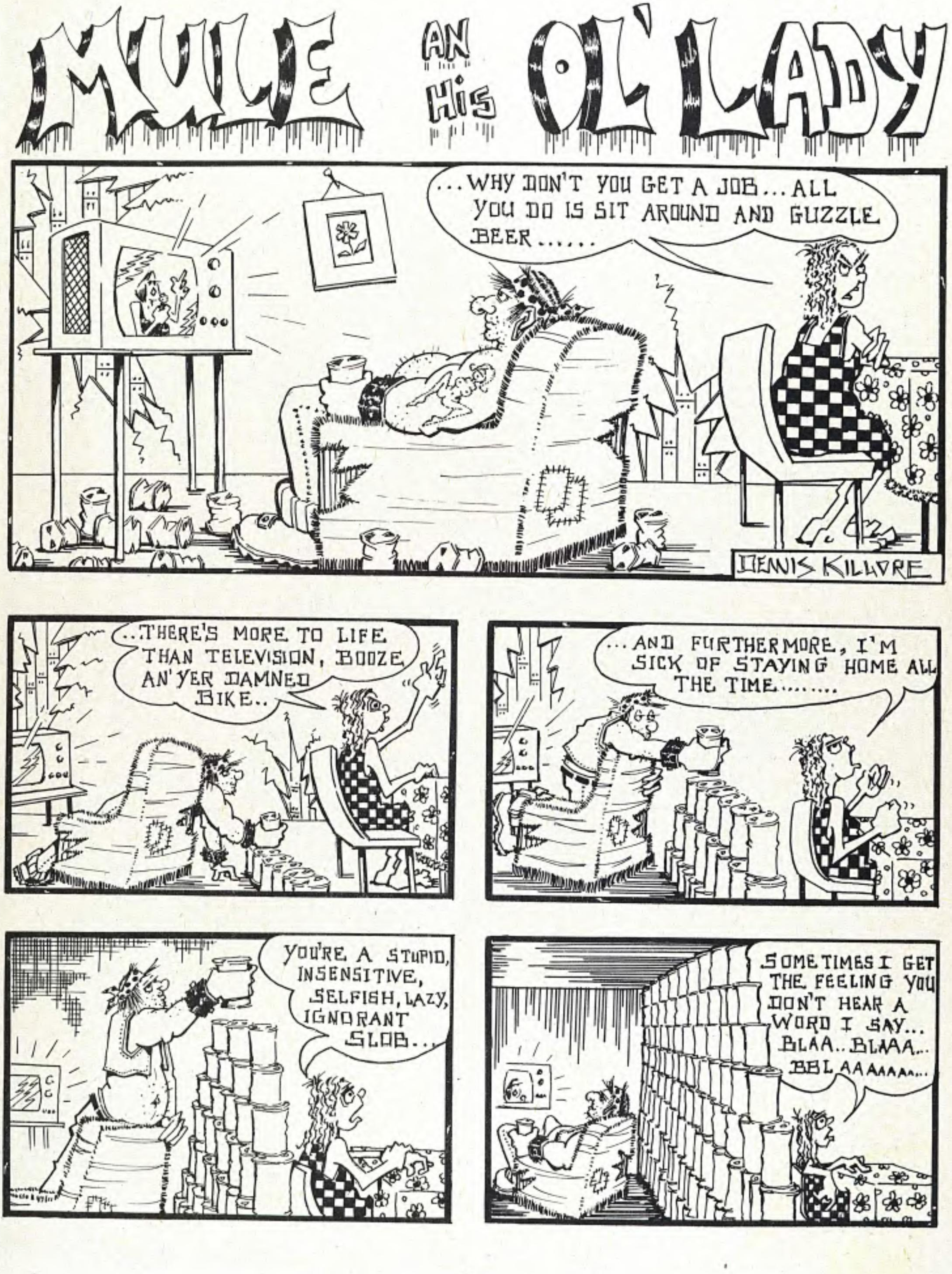
—Paul Dean
Cycle World

Crap On A Bike
Movies have not been kind to motorcyclists. A guy shows up on a bike in a film, he might just as well have a tattoo on his forehead reading: MISUNDERSTOOD. We've seen all the recent stuff: "Reckless," "Purple Rain," or "An Officer And A Gentleman," and there are the rider/heroes — headstrong, inarticulate, and soulfully confused. As for the latter picture, who could forget critic Pauline Kael's stinging judgment: "It's crap, but it's crap on a motorcycle."

—Chris Hodenfield
Cycle

Trip Problem
This was the first real trip I had taken with the Harley since it had given me a problem, so I was a little less than confident about it. I had checked it over the best I could, but was still a little bit apprehensive.

—Canadian Biker



MULE AN HIS OL' LADY
...WHY DON'T YOU GET A JOB...ALL YOU DO IS SIT AROUND AND GUZZLE BEER......
DENNIS KILLORE
...THERE'S MORE TO LIFE THAN TELEVISION, BOOZE AN' YER DAMNED BIKE..
...AND FURTHERMORE, I'M SICK OF STAYING HOME ALL THE TIME........
YOU'RE A STUPID, INSENSITIVE, SELFISH, LAZY, IGNORANT SLOB...
SOMETIMES I GET THE FEELING YOU DON'T HEAR A WORD I SAY... BLAA..BLAAA... BBLAAAAAA...

Miraculous Mutha Tells All

Boss Tat

I've been with this dude for five months now and I can't decide what kind of tattoo to get. I've looked in all kinds of tat magazines, but I'm not impressed yet. Think of some unique skin art for me because I've never had a tat before. Also, my ol' man's name is Steve and I want his name to be in or on the tat.

Kim
Winchester, Ind.

• How 'bout a tat of you with cum dripping from your face and the words "Steve's Sucker"?

Lost It All

I've had so many problems since I've been in this town that I don't know heads or tails from each other. I lost my bike, my woman, my smoke, my pipes, my ups, my downs, everything. You name it and I sure as hell don't have it anymore.

But my biggest problem is that the women around here are like telephone poles — stuck up. Could you please tell me where I could find some pussy to eat?

R.C.
Blairville, Pa.

• Check any fish restaurant.

Sexy Screws

Maybe you can help us out down here at Southern State Prison. It seems they've developed a new form of punishment. They have these cute little prick-teasing honeys that they call guards who walk around all day and night shaking their sweet little butts and their plump, round tits.

But just try to mention something like jumping their bones or even just having one sit on your face and the next thing you know you're looking at the hole from the inside out. Maybe you can think of a good payback for these sadistic, cum-swallowing prick-teases.

Frustrated
Delmont, N.J.

• Forget it — they just like each other.

Needs A Ride

This past winter I watched my ol' man tear down and rebuild his Hog. I helped every way I could and he said he couldn't wait for sumnmer so we could cruise together. He even bought me a riding jacket for Christmas.

Well, it's summer and here I sit while he's in the wind. I don't care if he rides by himself a lot, but once in a while I'd like to go. I can't believe he's leaving me behind because he's ashamed to be seen with me — I'm a 5'1", 100-lb. looker with blonde hair and blue eyes. I don't understand. Can you help me?

Donna N.
North Platte, Neb.

• You might hang on a little lower down.

Hole For Rent

How much would you charge me to rent your cunt for use as a "roach motel"? I know it might work and you might even enjoy all them little critters moving around in you.

Scroungy Scot
W.C.H., Ohio

• Dead roaches don't move much.

A Big 'Un

I'm doin' six years for shit, but that ain't my problem. I'm tired of playin' with my own bait. I've looked around for a mate, but no one I've seen has enough pork to fill up my huge pussy. Since you seem to have quite a gash yourself, I thought maybe you could help me. What do *you* do for satisfaction? I've tried yoga, but I still can't suck them blood clots out and I'm sick of fucking them shower taps. Please help me find a way to satiate my great big gaping gash when I get out.

Elastic Flaps
NSW, Australia

• Spider ain't available, but he might rent ya Rufus for an evening if the price was right.

Hot Texas Air

I would like to bust you over like a shotgun and fuck you till you begged me to stop and were howling at the moon. I'll bet I could make you come 40 times in 30 minutes. After I made you come, I'd put you on your hands and knees and make you suck my 9½-inch dick till it blows the back of your head off. Then I'd get behind you and fuck you right up that fat ass of yours till you begged for more.

I hope I can read this in your column in the future. Till then, close your legs — we smell you in Texas.

Texas Outlaw
Huntsville, Tex.

• You silver-tongued devil. Sure ya don't want me to put my arms down, too?

Fly Like An Eagle

If I had the wings of an eagle and the balls of a great kangaroo, I'd fly to the top of the mountain and cum on the woman in the moon. Then I'd suck your snatch till your forehead caved in.

Wet Willie
North Bend, Ohio

• I just shivered all over.

Down And Dirty

I've been in prison here in South Dakota for 36 months now and it's been pure hell because my bitch is doin' me wrong.

She's shacking up with a screwy little punk who fucks over his own people and she told me she don't want a divorce because she still loves me. Besides, we do have three beautiful rugrats, two girls and a boy.

I realize people need to fuck once in a while and the temptation is greater out in the free world, but being done wrong by a lady who spent nine wonderful years with you is hard to face.

What should I do with the bitch? I'm afraid I'll knock her fuckin' head off when I'm free, but I have pity for her, also — and anger, frustration, and all the rest of that stuff.

E.S.
Sioux Falls, S.D.

• Have some of your bros go over and give her some remedial sex education.

Send your problems or questions home to MUTHA, c/o *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052. Send a stamped, self-addressed return envelope (#10 business size is best), if you want a picture of Mutha. ■

Male Call

Because of limited space, we cannot possibly run all of the hundreds of *Male Call* listings we receive each month. In order to be fair, we dump all the letters we receive in a box and select at random the ones we use. We trash the unused items and pick the *Male Call* for the next issue from the next month's mail. Please send your *Male Call* listing to *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052.

As you know, we give free subscriptions to all prison libraries. We also sell subscriptions to individual prisoners at a special reduced rate — $18 for 12 issues, a saving of half the newsstand price. Send $18 to Prison Subs, *Easyriders*, Box 2403, Boulder, CO 80322. *Note:* Some prisons allow inmates to receive mail only from persons named on a restricted list. If you are in one of these institutions, an ad in *Male Call* is a waste of your time and that of the people who write you after reading your ad. Please make sure you can receive unrestricted mail before requesting space in this column.

Florida prisoners: According to The Man in Tallahassee, your mail won't be delivered if your address doesn't include not only your state-assigned number but also the name of the institution you're in and the number that institution has assigned you. If you don't give us that info, you're wasting your time, our time, and the time of those who'd like to correspond with you.

W/m, 5'9", downed outlaw, needs scribes and flicks from outrageous chicks. Stamps will be appreciated and scribes with flicks will be answered first. Lenard Crabtree 150048, MTCM 3-B 755, Box 7, Moberly, MO 65201.

Need righteous, good-lookin', good-hearted white woman. Tramp, 24, blond hair, hazel eyes, 5'9", and 160 lbs. Ted Jones 24518, Box 41, Michigan City, IN 46360.

W/m, 35, 6'1", 182 lbs., 'Nam vet, down hard for unauthorized bank withdrawal. Max 6/6/86. Need to hear from freewheeling, hot, rich mamas. Will answer all. Preston Goff, Box 58, McCain, NC 28361.

White bro needs female correspondence. I'm blond with reddish-black jet-brown hair, two eyes, arms, legs, balls and personalities. Send flick and you'll get one back. Al Hansen, EF-152789, Dorm G-1, 106L, Reidsville, GA 30499. I'm 30 years old and still have my own teeth.

Doing short time. Lonely bro, good-looking, 29, 5'6", 150 lbs., competition weight lifter, broken-hearted. Looking for the right girl, 18 or over, to share future with. Send pic; will answer all. Robert Carpenter 172-070, Box 57, Marion, OH 43302.

Two outlaws with good rap, in the "Pit of Pain" for doing their thing, seek sincere and honest females or good people for correspondence, permanent relationships, possible visits. Send flicks; will answer all. John Sprous 37127, and John Kitchell 20591. Box 900, Jefferson City, MO 65102.

W/m, from St. Louis, 25, 5'11", 160 lbs., blue-green eyes, long brown curly hair, been down 4 years. Would love to hear from some ladies. Frankie J. Guinan, Box 900, CP-18, Jefferson City, MO 65102.

Two down white boys in need of letters and pix from fine and foxy ladies. Marty "Party" Friedman 85A2611, and Bill "The Thrill" Milan 85A2608. GCF, Box 975, Coxsackie, NY 12051.

Lonely white bro being held hostage; only your letters and flicks will free me. Please write soon. David Gonzales 95907, Camp-C Bear-4, Angola, LA 70712.

Sexy single Latin lady would like to hear from the free world. Vivian Betancort 160438, Broward Corr. Inst. #29, Box 8540, Pembroke Pines, FL 33024.

Being my lesson here ain't light, come on and help me from getting uptight! All you fine men out there, sit your asses down and write. Scorpio, age 29. Diana Brown, 951 Low Gap Rd., Ukiah, CA 95482.

Hey, ladies, don't pass this one up! W/m, brown hair, hazel eyes, 28, 5'7", 160 lbs., looking for sweet and sincere fox to correspond with. No head games needed or given. Steve Mauldin 20844, Box 7000, Carson City, NV 89701.

Two peckerwoods need mail from females. Will answer all letters received. Bob Wilkey 374737, and Newton Forsythe 336500. Rt. 1 Box 1, Huntsville, TX 77349.

W/m, 19, blond hair, blue eyes, 185 lbs., 6'1", been down 19 months and have 23 more to go! Pictures nice, but not a must. Bill Sochor 84B1530, Box 975, Coxsackie, NY 12051-0975.

W/m, 30, 5'6", 165 lbs., would like to correspond with women. Will answer all. Dennis Sanders 9451, Box 1568, B-2-242, Hutchinson, KS 67504-1568.

Seeking female tramps to send this young buck some sweet sunshine. I'm 22, 6'4", 225 lbs., brown hair and eyes. Pix appreciated. Will answer all. Robert K. Givens 37503, Box 1568, Hutchinson, KS 67504-1568.

Help! W/m prisoner, 45, needs to correspond with pretty young girl. Donald Sutherland, C-60410, L-234-U, Box 2000, Vacaville, CA 95696.

W/m, 25, 5'10½", 164 lbs., blue eyes and brown hair. Chicks who like moustache rides, write this downed bro. Anthony "Lucky" Timmons 164047, MCI-H, Rt. 3 Box 2000, Hagerstown, MD 21740.

Been in prison 10 years for a crime I didn't commit and don't know when they'll let me out. Could use some mail (and female). Tom Baxter 056204, Fla. State Prison, V3-S-5, Box 747, Starke, FL 32041.

Wanted: Sincere woman to write me. W/m, 37, blue eyes, brown hair, 6', and still cute as a puppy. Will be down until '92 and will write anyone as long as they're sincere. Send pix. Richard W. Mueller, C39887, Box 600, Tracy, CA 95376-0600.

Two scooter tramps in need of letters and pix from serious-minded ladies. No head games. Dan Bellew 35029, and Vern Selvage 34560. Box 2800 Station B, Lincoln, NE 68502-0800.

Ancient Aryan outlaw looking for TLC. Getting out in December and going to Tucson, Arizona. Ladies from that part of the Southwest, please write. Charles "Carl" Williams, N41382, Box 549, Lincoln, IL 62656.

Dirty white boy out of Wichita, 22, blond hair, blue eyes, 5'10", 200 lbs., lonely. Did 1; got 3 to go. Kind-hearted, friendly ladies, 18-35, help lift my spirits; need letters and pix. Stacey Sublett 36764, Box 1568, Hutchinson, KS 67504.

40-year-old half-breed from Oklahoma, 5'10", 200 lbs., long brownish hair, hazel eyes, looking for ladies, 18 on up. Send letters and pix. Joe Turney, Box C-24132, Represa, CA 95671.

Aryan outlaw, 31, 5'6", 165 lbs., brown hair, hazel eyes, downed by the feds. Seeking dedicated lady whose main interest is soul-mate relationship with serious breed of man. Children totally accepted. Gary Shelor 00802-027, USP, Leavenworth, KS 66048.

Couple of solid, sincere, good-looking bros, in the wind next year, want scribes and flicks from women who've got their faculties all in one bag. Will answer all. Sonny Royce 168-395 (white, 6'1", 180 lbs., 35, brown hair and eyes), and Little Rock Reed 170-590 (half-breed, 5'8", 155 lbs., 25, dark hair, blue-gray eyes). Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699.

Lonely white male, 30, 5'11", 170 lbs., brown hair and eyes, very honest and understanding, looking for that special lady. Is it you? Come on and drop me a line; will answer all. Cicero Colwell 29211, Box 41, Michigan City, IN 46360.

Harley trash, w/m, 31, blond on blue, doing 20 years in hell and looking for a little note from heaven. Age and size don't matter. Getting out in '88. Tony Flynn 98612, BCRCF, Rt. 4 Box 600, Pikeville, TN 37367.

White bro, 30, 6', 180 lbs., seeking ladies who want a relationship and a life with love instead of games. 18 months or less. Write all. R.L. Fletcher, B71296, Box 2000, Vacaville, CA 95696-2000.

Native of Spokane, blond hair, hazel eyes, well-built Aryan, 23, 5'11", 175 lbs., rises 5/86. Seeking blue-eyed blonde or green-eyed brunette lassy, 24-40, for possible relationship. Photos appreciated. Kenny Hughes 16466, Box 7000, NNCC, Carson City, NV 89701.

W/m doing time for armed robbery and getting close to leaving. Want to hear from chicks. It's been 3 years and I'm kinda on the rise. Richard Germonto 114451, JHLCC, Box 308, Boley, OK 74829.

W/m, 23, 6', 185 lbs., black hair, green eyes, tattooed tramp. 4 down; 1 to go. Where to after that? Girls, will answer all. Flick gets same. Jeff Coyle 24004, Box 30, Pendleton, IN 46064.

Two crazy 1%ers into Harleys, open highways, fast times, and friendly ladies. Must know how to shine chrome for possible relationships. Terl D. Martin 36968 (23, brown hair and eyes), and Dave Douglas 41506 (30, brown hair and eyes) will hit the bricks soon. Box 2, Lansing, KS 66043.

Lonely w/m lifer, 25, looking for a wife; will settle for a friend. Pulled first 6 by my lonesome, but can't handle next 6 the same way. Will answer all, especially St. Louis-area ladies. Jesse Crawford 38926, 18701 Old Hwy. 66, Pacific, MO 63069.

Here I sit with no one to write to, so why don't you ladies drop a line? Please send photo, if possible. W/m, 31, brown eyes, light brown hair, 5'6½", 150 lbs. Mike Fisher, 1131 11th St., Cody, WY 82414.

Tattoo artist, 32, with year left, looking for a lady, 18-35, to hook up with. Send pix and letters. Rick Celso, Box 100, Somers, CT 06071. Fat chicks needn't write.

W/m, 39, 6', brown hair, brown eyes, caught up 2000 miles from home. Three years before parole; need mail from outside. Been put down by my friends and family, so please write. Will answer all. Billy Baker 137126, Holman Unit, Holman 37, Atmore, AL 36503.

W/m, 5'10", blue eyes, brown hair, good clean dude who loves ladies and kids, needs kites from fun-loving ladies. Doing 5 long, lonely years. Will answer all who write. Ed Mingee 31484 C-1, WCC, Box 473, Westville, IN 46391.

Good Irish lad, 36, 5'11", blue eyes, blond hair. Down two, 13 left. Need good lady, 20-60, and love, not bullshit. Send picture; I'll do the same. Michael J. Donohue 83-A-5594, Box 149, Attica, NY 14011.

Two tramps looking for serious ladies only. Flicks a must and no bullshit. Both in mid-30s and good-looking. Ned "Nasty" Riviere, C66324, Rm. 1203; and Keith Jenson, C67425, Rm. 1291. Box A-E, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409-0003.

Roommates, wild, crazy, and lonely, looking for a little help and a lot of care and understanding. We'd love to hear from all you bros out there. Deborah Billings 140770, and Shari McDonald 115696. MBCC, Box 11492, Oklahoma City, OK 73136. If possible, send photos.

Been out of the wind since 1976 and looking at another year before possible parole. W/m, 5'6", 40 years young, very lonely, confined to a wheelechair now. Ladies, 18 and over, need someone to share my hopes and dreams with. No head games. Daniel R. Peters 267317, Goree Unit, Box 38, Huntsville, TX 77344.

For lease: 1955 Peckerwood, low mileage, mint condition, extras. Classic. Russell W. Cole, C-34743, Box 8103 (1306U), San Luis Obispo, CA 93409-0005.

Strong white loner, 6'1", 28, 210 lbs., light brown hair, brown beard, hazel eyes, 5 more to do. Ain't particular, just need a white woman with good head and good heart. Jim Vanest 172525, Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699-0001.

W/m, 5'6", 140 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, looking for someone to have a long wonderful life with. Please write if you want the same. Robert Woolbright 75721, Box 500, BKS 19, Grady, AR 71644.

Two righteous white boys, soon to be out and running about, awaiting correspondence from the ladies. We would also deeply appreciate flicks from the chicks — serious types. Jerry "Loverboy" Hughes 40293, and Bob "Cat" McCleery 41143. KSP, Box 2, Lansing, KS 66043.

W/m, Leo, 29, brown hair, blue eyes, 6'3", 210 lbs., doing a dime for auto repo, out soon, seeking bisexual females, 18-40, to make my dream come true. No fatties or heavy drinkers. Letters with pix get fast reply. No cons. Terry "Stash" Marburger 340740, c/o Ellis II, Huntsville, TX 77340.

FREE EASYRIDERS!

You got it — just make a purchase of twenty-five bucks or more and ask for your free copy of **Easyriders** from any of the bike shops listed here. And, remember to take this page with you when you're on the road — it's a handy guide to some of the best Harley parts and service outlets around.

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Willie's Customs 1904 Pepperell Pkwy., Opelika

ALASKA
House of Harley 4334 Spenard Rd., Anchorage

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Performance H-D 3383 N. Richey Blvd., Tucson
Iron & Thunder Cycle Works 601 N. 40th Ave., Phoenix
Desert Custom Cycle 3575 W. Clarendon, Phoenix
MC Brothers Shop 1110 W. St. Mary's Rd., Tucson

ARKANSAS
Road House Rt. 2 Box 196 E., Dardanelle
Ben's H-D 723 W. Hillsboro St., El Dorado

CALIFORNIA
H-D of Glendale 3717 San Fernando Rd., Glendale
D & G Cycle Parts 15715 Amar Rd., La Puente
Puff 'N Stuff 4051 Foothill Blvd., Oakland
Jammer Cycle Products 6417 San Fernando Rd., Glendale
Jim & Jim's Inc. 1424 S. State St., Ukiah
Auburn Harley-Davidson 590 Grass Valley Rd., Auburn
J&J Repair 16511 D St., Victorville
Road Rider MC Accessories 2897 Monterey Rd., San Jose
Gordon's MC Madness 1586 Morse, I, Ventura
Pig Iron Enterprises 33328 Calimesa Blvd., Yucaipa
Bartel's Harley-Davidson 8910 Washington Blvd., Culver City
Hawg Nutz MC Necessities 619 E. Valley Pkwy., Escondido
Cycle Specialties 307 Maze Blvd., Modesto
Vibrators Unlimited 605 E. Main St., Barstow
R.A.M. Enterprises 1524 Camden Ave., Campbell
A&A 4358 Sepulveda Blvd., Culver City
The Purple Hog 668 Plumas, Yuba
Right Arm MC & Machine 936 W. Del Norte St., Eureka
Harley Nostalgia of Oceanside 226 Via Del Monte, Oceanside
Micah McCloskey's Custom Cycles 21426 Sherman Way, Canoga Park
Peg Bros. Cycles 2380 Newport Blvd., Costa Mesa
Palm Springs Harley-Davidson 19345 N. Indian Ave., N. Palm Springs

COLORADO
D & C Enterprises 2571 Hwy. 6 & 50, Grand Junction
H-D of Colorado Springs 211 W. Arvada, Colorado Springs
Two Wheelers MC Shop 1433 W. 38th Ave., Denver
Howell's House of Harley 232 So. Federal Blvd., Denver
Quality Machine 9650 W. 44th Ave., Wheat Ridge
A Righteous Ride 2647 8th Ave., Greeley
Rocky Mountain H-D Motor Co. 4204 S. Broadway, Englewood
Chinook Leather & MC Accessories 711 N. Union Blvd., Colorado Springs

CONNECTICUT
Longriders Custom MC 417 Bridgeport Ave., Milford

DELAWARE
Herbs for Health & Happiness New Castle Farmers Market, New Castle

FLORIDA
H-D of Miami 7701 N.W. 7th Ave., Miami
Fletcher's Harley-Davidson 1881 U.S. 19 South, Clearwater
L & K Harley 74 Sales & Service 601 N.E. 44th St., Fort Lauderdale
H-D of Stuart 34 E. 6th St., Stuart
Miller's Custom Parts 1863 S. Ridgewood Ave., S. Daytona
Florida Cycle & Chopper 3200 Palm Beach Blvd. Rt. 80, Ft. Myers
H-D of Saint Petersburg 5989 Haines Rd., St. Petersburg
H-D of Melbourne 6030 N. Harbor City Blvd., Melbourne
H-D Engineering, Inc. 13123 N. Florida Ave., Tampa
Peace Chief Sound Center 6806 14th St. W., Bradenton
Hog Heaven Cycle Acc. 7254 SW. 40th St. (Bird Rd.), Miami
Bustin Chops 5780 SW 25th St. Day #3, Hollywood
Classic Cycle Supply 4824 U.S. 92 E., Lakeland
H-D of Tampa 7202 E. Hillsborough Ave., Tampa
TNT Cycle Accessories 801 Navy Blvd., Pensacola
Mike Denniston's H-D, Inc. 402 N. Bay St., Eustis

GEORGIA
Big John's Cycles Salvage 7841-B N. Main St., Jonesboro
Southern Cycle, Inc. 30 N. Ave. Hwy. 20, Buford
Blue Ribbon Cycles 1584 Atlanta Rd., Marietta
Harley-Davidson North Metro 465 Pat Mell Rd., Smyrna

ILLINOIS
Baba Chop Hole 3117 W. 63rd St., Chicago
Chicago H-D, Inc. 6868 N. Western, Chicago
Oak Lawn H-D Sales 9030 S. Cicero Ave., Oak Lawn
Jobbe's Custom Cycle 1334 Main St., Crete
Suburban H-D, Inc. 2200 Rand Rd., Palatine
Kalbo's MC Clinic, Inc. 2303 Lockport Rd., Lockport
Countryside Cycle 1308 Suydam Rd., Sandwich

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Buck's Motorcycle Acc. 1311 E. Markland Ave., Kokomo
Brandt's H-D Inc. 1617 S. Wabash St., Wabash
The Chopper Stop 746 E. Virginia, Evansville
H-D/Kawasaki of Muncie 300 N. Madison St., Muncie
Hurd's Cycle Supply Business 30 West, Warsaw
Hayworth MC Service & Accessories 1120 Apperson Way S., Kokomo

IOWA
Old Man's Harley-Davidson Hwy. 34, Creston
Custom Cycle Acc. 15 S. 23rd St., Council Bluffs
"Zook's" H-D 5810 N.W. 2nd Ave., Des Moines

KANSAS
Newton Cycle Shop, Inc. 115 S. Kansas Ave., Newton

LOUISIANA
Wallace H-D Sales 5545 Greenwood Rd., Shreveport
Jr.'s Cycle Shop 458 N. Stanford, Sulphur
Iron Horse Corral 1211 S. 2nd St., Monroe

MAINE
Custom Motorcycle Supply 13 Portland St., Portland

MARYLAND
Ezekiel's Wheel Boutique 136 Carroll Island Rd., Baltimore
Ezekiel's Wheel Boutique 1841 Pulaski Hwy., Edgewood
H-D of Maryland, Inc. 6339 Howard Lane, Elkridge
Scott Shop, Inc. 5016 Cook Rd., Beltsville
H-D of Annapolis 1929 Lincoln Dr., Annapolis

MICHIGAN
Motor City Harley-Davidson 7105 Allen Rd., Allen Park
Metro H-D Co. 24560 Groesbeck, Warren
Saginaw Valley Motorworks 2663 N. Euclid, Bay City
Capitol H-D 536 E. Grand River Ave., Lansing
H-D of Port Huron, Inc. 3350 Lapeer Rd., Port Huron
United MC & Chrome Exchange 1956 Portage St., Kalamazoo

MISSISSIPPI
Meridian Cycle Center 307 A St., Meridian

MISSOURI
County MC Parts 7348 North Lindbergh, Hazelwood
Milwaukee Iron 1769 N. Florissant Rd., St. Louis Co.
Don's Cycle Parts 8554 St. Charles Rock Rd., Charlack

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Competition Cycle, Inc. 249 E. Blackwell St., Dove
Heavy Weights USA, Inc. 1765 Lakewood, Toms River
Tramontin H-D Rt. 80, Hope
Atlantic County Harley 1966 Blackhorse Pike, Atlantic City
H-D of Trenton 1079 S. Broad, Trenton

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Vetter Cycle Repair 5450 Edith N.E., Albuquerque
New Mexico MC Salvage 4123 Broadway S.E., Albuquerque
Dave's Cycle 910 W. Santa Fe, Grants

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Al's Cycle Parts 315 E. Dominick St., Rome
Brewster Harley-Davidson Rt. 22 Sodom Rd., Brewster
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Woodstock H-D, Inc. Rt. 212, Box 7320, Saugerties
Harding Harley-Davidson 32 Bridge St., Corning
Suffolk County H-D, Inc. 360 Rt. 109, West Babylon
Eagle Motorcycle Product 1581 Grand Ave., Baldwin

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Gene Lummus Motorcycle Parts 6051 Yadkin Road, Fayetteville
J&E Harley-Davidson 1006 Dickinson Ave., Greenville
Durham Harley-Davidson 819 N. Miami Blvd., Durham

NORTH DAKOTA
The Scooter Shak 2424 Memorial Hwy., Mandan

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The Big Bike Shop 581 W. Broad St., Columbus
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American Cycle 112 W. Highway 190, Killeen
East Bay American MC 112 E. Ennis Ave., Ennis
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VIRGINIA
Master Performance Cycles 530 Randolph Rd., Newport News
Departure Bike Works 3093 Hull St., Richmond

WASHINGTON
74" Or More 1418 Bridge St., Clarkston
Tumble Weed Customs 1001 Summit St.-Unit 3, Aberdeen

WEST VIRGINIA
Custom Classic Inc. Route 1 Box 1209-B, Wayne

WISCONSIN
Mischler's Cycle Shop Hwy. 33 N., Route 1, Beaver Dam
Righteous Cycle 935 S. 29th St., Manitowoc
St. Croix Cycle Sales 950 N. Knowles, New Richmond

Assault on the Salt

Continued from page 19

City and bored the case out for larger bearings. That seemed to be the solution, all right, but by then the short track was all that was left to run on. Still, the bike got up to 230mph and that was *without* using nitrous, so George is confident the scoot can break the 325mph record, given the right conditions.

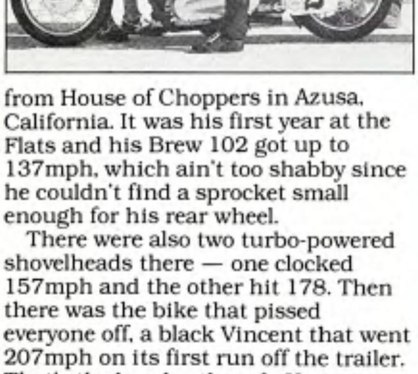
Kenny Lyon and his V-4 were at Bonneville, too — cheating the wind at up to 190mph with a real tough-looking fairing — even though Ken had to load his turbo scoot into his van and make the long haul by himself since he didn't have a crew this year. Like many of the Harley pilots flyin' on the salt, the man needs a sponsor.

Probably the guy to have the most fun out there was my buddy Charlie

from House of Choppers in Azusa, California. It was his first year at the Flats and his Brew 102 got up to 137mph, which ain't too shabby since he couldn't find a sprocket small enough for his rear wheel.

There were also two turbo-powered shovelheads there — one clocked 157mph and the other hit 178. Then there was the bike that pissed everyone off, a black Vincent that went 207mph on its first run off the trailer. That's the breaks, though. You pays your money and you takes your chances.

If you're thinking about catching the speed trials next year, take my advice and buy yourself a good pair of sunglasses. The glare off that salt is a killer and you'll definitely have a lot more fun if you can see what's goin' on. —Rip



"The service here is great, but the food is definitely some bad shit."

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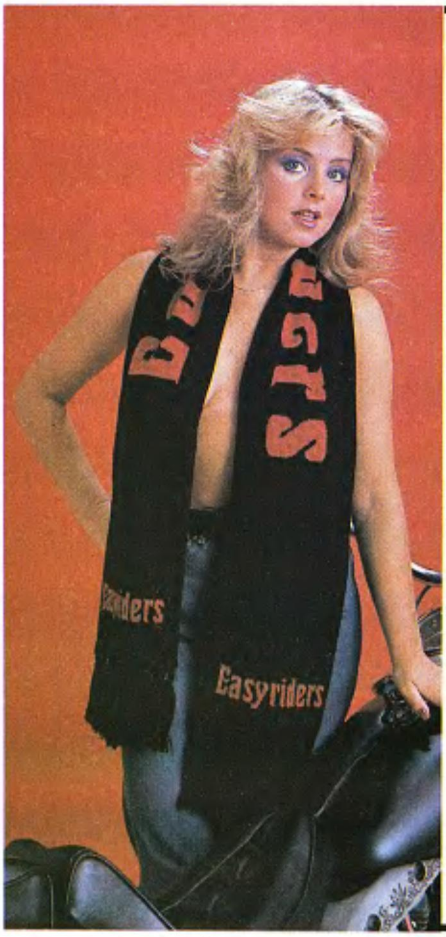

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DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED

Vet Voice

Continued from page 72

not a "loose" organization. It monitors all its posts carefully, both to ensure that each post and every member is getting what it or he is entitled to, and to make sure that no post or member abuses the rules and regulations of the organization. It's a tight ship.

If you're incarcerated and you know of other fellow vets in your institution who are interested in forming a post of the VVnW, if you are aware of the strong need for organization and the benefits of belonging to a large group that's dedicated to your welfare, then all you need do is discuss this proposal with your fellow vets in prison and write the VVnW for information on how to get rolling.

Rather than try to lay out the entirety of what a VVnW chartered and supported post is all about, let me just quote the letter you'll receive when you make your inquiry:

Thank you for your interest in forming a Post of our organization. I think you'll discover that our Incarcerated Veterans Program will benefit you and your fellow incarcerated veterans greatly.

As a chartered Post of the Veterans of the Vietnam War, Inc., you will be required to elect officers and conduct regular meetings in accordance with the rules which we will forward to you. You will be entitled to receive our aid regarding any specific or general problems you may be experiencing, such as VA medical treatment and/or evaluation, receiving current updates on issues such as Agent Orange, and so on. You will not be required to pay dues and you will receive free copies of the organization's newsletter on a bimonthly basis. It is, of course, in your own best interest to associate yourself with a national service organization that addresses the concerns of Vietnam veterans.

To begin, enclosed are twenty membership forms you will need to sign up members, also a petition that you must have signed by all who wish to join the VVnW and then you must submit this petition to your institution's chief administrator. In the meanwhile, we will send your administrator a special request that he honor your request to form your Post. Other information and materials will be forwarded to you.

If you need more membership forms, let me know. You are now on your way to starting your Post.

The address to write, once you and some bros are ready, is:
Veterans of the Vietnam War, Inc.
Attn: S. Carlisle, Dept. of Incarcerated Veterans
Box 342
Olyphant, PA 18447

Good luck, bros. ■

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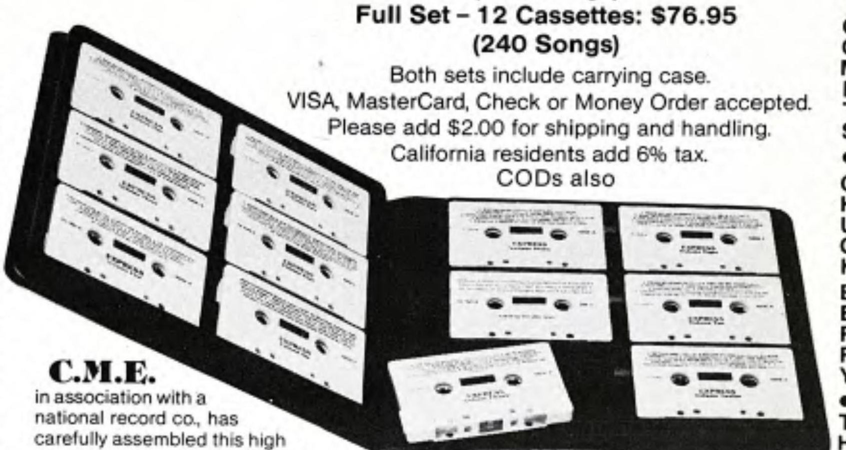

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F.

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G.

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SHOP DOPE III
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I.

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Complete parts lists for the years 1936-1948. 148 pages, exploded-view diagrams and parts no. cross-index. Factory kits also listed.

J.

SPARE PARTS '50
Parts lists, prices, and diagrams for 1940-1950 45-inch Harley bikes and Servi-cars. Complete lists down to the nuts and bolts.

K.

SPARE PARTS '57
Official Harley dealers catalog of 61" and 74" OHV model parts for 1949-1957. Includes '51 to '57 Servi-cars and '46 to '52 WLs.

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M.

SPARE PARTS '35
Harley dealers catalog of spares for '26-'35. Prices, part nos., and photos of stock and accessory parts — even cop and hack stuff.

Service Manuals	Qty.	USA	Can.	For.	Cost	Total
(A) Questions & Answers		10.00	12.00	18.00		
(B) Panhead		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(C) 1940-47 Knucklehead		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(D) 1940-52 45 & ServiCar		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(E) Shop Dope IV		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(F) Service Bulletins		20.00	22.00	28.00		
(G) Shop Dope II		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(H) Shop Dope III		15.00	17.00	23.00		
Parts		**USA**	**Can.**	**For.**	**Cost**	**Total**
(I) 1936-48 Big Twin		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(J) 1940-50 45 & ServiCar		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(K) 1949-57 All models		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(L) K Model		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(M) 1926-35 All models		15.00	17.00	23.00		
					Sub Total	$
					Calif. tax 6%	$
					Total	$

Prices listed above include cost of postage and handling for all orders. Items to foreign countries are shipped airmail insured. Make all payments payable in U.S. funds only, thank you. Calif. residents, add 6% sales tax. Dealer inquiries invited.
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Soap Box

Continued from page 50

deliberately asking to be killed or mutilated, and never mind the fact that over three-quarters of all serious motorcycle accident injuries are to the legs, not the head.

The time has come to let the media and the general public hear the straight facts. So-called safety helmets will not keep bikers from getting injured or killed. The *only* thing that will slow the biker death-and-injury rates is if cagers stop turning in front of us, running over the back of us, and shooting out the driveways into the side of us.

Get the cagers who can't see us (or can't be bothered to look for us) off the road and the motorcycle fatality rate will drop like a stone — something mandatory helmet laws have never made hapen. In the meantime, I strongly advise all of you in the media to stop shitting on dead bros because they weren't wearing helmets. In the first place, the poor dude is beyond defending himself from your attacks, and in the second place, a helmet the size of a 300-lb. jack-o'-lantern wouldn't have saved him from the RV driver who ran him down and then backed over him while looking around "to see what he had hit." And, last but not least, you media-types should stop sounding so righteous and self-satisfied everytime a biker without a helmet dies for a more selfish reason — all that barely concealed gloating makes it clear to even the most dim-witted consumer just exactly how ghoulish you really are.

—Butcher

Easyriders

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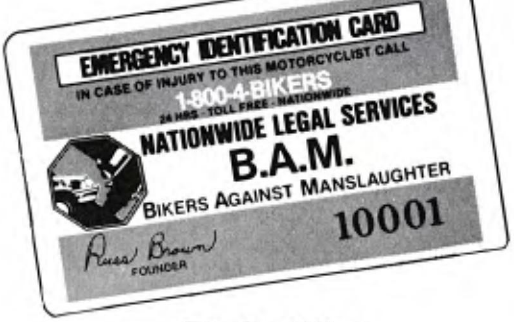
We encourage you to help your fellow motorcycle enthusiasts – BE A B.A.M. SUPPORTER!



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SIGNATURE ____________

MOTORCYCLE OWNED ☐ YES ☐ NO

MAKE ______ MODEL ______ YEAR ____

BLOOD TYPE ____ ALLERGIES ________

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EMERGENCY CONTACT PERSON:

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Have An Easyriders Xmas!

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All the dealers listed on this page have stocked their shops with a sleigh full of top-quality **Easyriders** products guaranteed to make any biker's Christmas merry and bright.

From Easy Lady Leathers to Ezy-Lifts, from bun huggers to boots, they've got everything you need to play Santa to your favorite biker or biker lady.

Alaska
House Of Harley (907) 248-5300
4334 Spenard Rd., Anchorage

Arizona
Bob's Cycle Supply (602) 437-0829
4138 E. University, Phoenix
H-D Of Old Tucson (602) 747-7304
5205 E. 22nd St., Tucson

Arkansas
Rodney's Cycle House (501) 562-6336
8120 Doyle Springs Rd., Little Rock

California
Harley-Davidson Of Ventura (805) 642-2100
1646 Morse Ave., Ventura
Jammer Cycle Products (818) 502-1202
6417 San Fernando Rd., Glendale
Harley Nostalgia (619) 721-0358
226 Via Del Monte, Oceanside
Gordon's Motorcycle Madness (805) 636-2807
1586 Morse, Suite I, Ventura
Cycle Delight (213) 634-9211
8846 Alondra Blvd., Bellflower
S&M Cycle Parts (916) 241-4318
2124 East St., Redding
Pig Iron Enterprises (714) 795-9278
33328 Calimesa Blvd., Yucaipa
Dago Chopper (619) 226-8448
2196 Cable St., San Diego
C&W Trikes (209) 582-5961
843 E. Lacey Blvd., Hanford
Frisco Choppers, Inc. (415) 864-4242
375 Valencia St., San Francisco

Colorado
Rocky Mountain H-D Motor Co. (303) 762-8450
4204 S. Broadway, Englewood

Connecticut
Laurel & Harley (203) 377-2377
1306 Barnum Ave., Stratford
Doc's Cycle Specialties (203) 757-0295
487 Meadow St., Waterbury

Florida
Heaven On Wheels Custom Cycles (305) 565-5116
1052 E. Oakland Park Blvd., Oakland Park
Cycle Accessories (904) 398-8528
2973 Phillips Ave., Jacksonville
King's Cycle Haven (904) 255-8501
549 N. Beach St., Daytona
Classic Cycle Supply (813) 665-0868
Box 3671, Lakeland
Hog Heaven Cycle Accessories (305) 261-5002
7254 SW 40th St., Miami
Harleys Only (305) 321-2453
1810 S. French Ave., Sanford
H-D Of Miami (305) 754-2648
7701 NW 7th Ave., Miami
also: 9860 E. Fern St., Perrine
L&K Harley 74 Sales & Service (305) 772-0786
601 NE 44th St., Ft. Lauderdale
Peace Chief Sound Center (813) 756-6224
6806 14th St. West, Brandenton

Georgia
Cycle Barn (404) 945-6011
Box 120, Buford
Blue Ribbon Cycles (404) 432-3614
1584 Atlanta Rd., Marietta
Big John's Cycle Salvage (404) 478-2120
7841 N. Main St., Jonesboro

Illinois
Munch Choppers (312) 247-5211
3921 Archer Ave., Chicago

Indiana
Custom Cycle Supply (812) 422-2605
2131 S. Kentucky Ave., Evansville

Iowa
The Cyclepedia Corp. (515) 265-8443
1824 Dean Ave., Des Moines

Kansas
Newton Cycle Shop, Inc. (316) 283-1428
115 S. Kansas Ave., Newton

Louisiana
Louisiana Jammer (504) 279-0883
3517 Paris Rd., Chalmette
River City Cycles (318) 222-6740
225 N. Market St., Shreveport

Maine
Custom MC Supply (207) 772-3001
13 Portland St., Portland

Maryland
Ezekiel's Wheel Boutique (301) 335-8800
1841 Pulaksi Hwy., Edgewood
also: 136 Carroll Island Rd., Baltimore

Michigan
H-D Of Port Huron (313) 982-4351
3350 Lapeer Rd., Port Huron
Stop 'N Shop (616) 665-4181
6 E. Michigan Ave., Galesburg

New Jersey
Competition Cycle, Inc. (201) 361-8844
249 E. Blackwell St., Dover

New Mexico
Larry's Custom Cycle (505) 294-0485
119 General Somervell N.E., Albuquerque
Bro's Cycle Center (505) 425-5736
835 Railroad Ave., Las Vegas

New York
Rolling Thunder Cycles, Inc. (516) 489-0770
189 Main St., Hempstead
Rock 'N Ride — Tri-County (516) 360-3620
291 W. Main St., Smithtown
Rock 'N Ride II (914) 485-2671
Rt. 9-G Business Center, Hyde Park
Thunder Ride (914) 485-2671
5750 Sunrise Hwy., Sayville

North Carolina
Joynt Effort H-D (919) 386-4058
Rt. #4 Box 116, Dobson
Hawg Wild (919) 577-1013
Rt. #2 Box 352, Lot #14, Jacksonville

Ohio
Custom City Cycle (614) 231-2010
2191 S. James Rd., Columbus
Cycle Shack (216) 357-5669
33 Bristol Ave., Painesville
Streetwise MC Supply, Inc. (216) 779-BIKE
4961 Dover Center Rd., N. Olmsted
Neidengard's H-D (614) 266-6188
284 Canton Rd., Wintersville

Pennsylvania
Cycledelic Choppers (215) 372-6043
1147 Pennsylvania, Reading
Chop Shop (412) 221-9763
407 Station St., Bridgeville
Moe's H-D Specialties (215) 767-5608
117 Pine St., Catasaugua

Tennessee
Knoxville Harley-Davidson, Inc. (615) 689-2454
5820 Clinton Hwy., Knoxville

Texas
East Bay American MC (214) 875-9151
112 E. Ennis Ave., Ennis
Randy's Cycles (817) 641-8031
401 S. Caddo, Cleburne
Zebro's (915) 656-1437
5305 Dyer Ave., El Paso

Utah
Ken's Custom Cycle (801) 261-0707
4195 S. Fifth West, Salt Lake City

Virginia
Waugh Enterprises H-D (703) 672-5550
Rt. #20 East, Orange
Mountail Iron (703) 694-4079
Rt. #3, Stuart
Departure Bike Works (804) 231-0244
3093 Hull St., Richmond
Larsen Leathers (703) 382-4668
Box 33, Riner

Wisconsin
Rich's Pit Stop (414) 444-3400
5711 W. North Ave., Milwaukee
Del's Cycle Service (414) 494-7069
2229 Shawano Ave., Green Bay

Wyoming
Rocky Mountain Custom (307) 682-5860
1409 Echeta Rd., Suite E, Gillette

Wordmonger

Continued from page 8

who the "Ale House Girl" is, so who are you? You could have at least used your initials so you could be found.

Women
Kent, Wash.

☐ I've got eight inches you can compare with! Whaddya say?

H.B.S.
Kent, Wash.

Designed For Women

☐ In response to all the guys who answered my ad in "Choppershopper" (July '85) and even remarked about my ass: I'll give you the benefit of the doubt by assuming that you're not faggots but that you simply can't read. That ad was designed for women! Please read it again before answering.

Loaner
Pullman, Wash.

Listen Up

☐ In response to Chris "Rosie" Cardon of Fairfield, Iowa (October '85): Listen, loose lips, you should feel damn fortunate your ol' man even lets you look at his "stupid Harley-Davidson," as you put it, let alone wash it. You're supposed to be special for that treat. Also, chicky, it takes a man to make a woman, but it takes a woman to let a man be what he is! Your ol' man should find a woman to wash his Harley.

Termite
Mesa, Ariz.

Beards

☐ Just a few lines to let you know that I thought "The Sensuous Beard" (September '85) was excellent.

I go with a bearded biker and have to say his beard turns me on (so does his Harley)!

I never thought I'd like a dude with a beard, but what an exciting feeling I get from that hairy face. I hope he never wants to shave it off.

Joi
Lewiston, Mich.

☐ I've been trying to get my ol' man to grow a beard for 2½ years now. I fully agree with what you said. Getting eaten by someone with a beard is the best way to get it. It's just not the same without.

Little Red
San Francisco, Calif.

Carb Tech Tip

☐ Let me tell ya, man, that fuckin' tech tip on carbs in the September '85 rag came at a time when I needed it most. Works like a fuckin' dream now.

Stawnyczy
Ft. Polk, La.

☐ I was extremely pleased to find that someone had found a sure-fire method of "How To Un-fuck Your Carb."

Backfirin' Shovel
Honolulu, Hawaii

Not Equal

☐ In response to Denise from Ulysses, Kansas (the feminist): The only time you sleazy broads want equality is when the goin' is good. Put you in a bind and you start playing the little girl act again. Like when you're facing the judge for snuffin' your ol' man and you come up with the lame excuse that you were having "female problems" at the time or some other crock of shit, and you get off with probation or beat it completely because it was self-defense (meanwhile, they found a shiv in his back). Put the shoe on the other foot and the ol' man would get anywhere from 10 years to life for the same act.

You call that equality, shitface?

Desperado
Sylmar, Calif.

Trump Parts

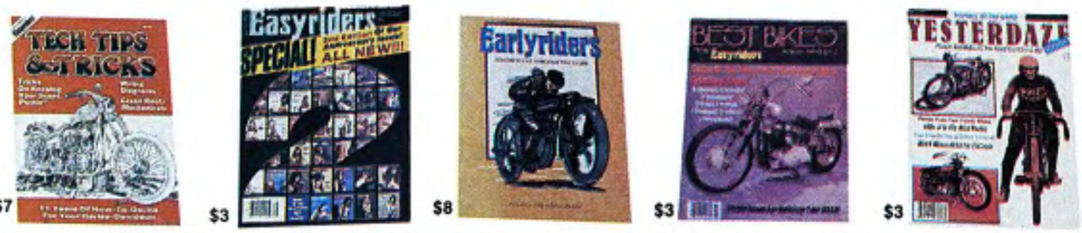
☐ Re. Lesli Montgomery (October '85): I've got *Tom's Accessories Catalog #17*, but it's a few years old. The address you want is: Tom's Accessories, Div. of Speedway Ent., Inc., Box 1667 Lynnwood, WA 98036 (206-355-8411 or 206-745-5227).

F.L.H.
Eaton, Ohio

Have anything to say? Want to bug the staff about its mistakes? Want to give a well-deserved pat on the — back? Poison pen letters, porno mail, threats of violence, love letters, propositions, and demands for payment may all be sent to the Wordmonger, Easyriders, *Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052.* ■

$3 $2 $4 $3 $3 $3

THE EASYRIDERS LIBRARY



$7 $3 $8 $3 $3

Prices above include postage in the U.S.
Canada, add $2 per book. Other foreign, add $5 per book.

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Easyriders Books

BIG NICK'S Christmas Express

Using your VISA or MasterCard?
From outside Calif., call toll-free: (800) 247-6246
Inside Calif., call: (818) 889-8740
Send mail orders to:
Easyriders, Box 1025, Agoura, CA 91301

IT'S ABOUT TIME

Finally, a way to check the hour and the minute with real biker class. This fine-quality acrylic clock is 11" square and features a full-color reproduction of a famous Dave Mann illustration.

Highly accurate, this long-lasting timepiece has a battery-operated quartz movement (one AA battery required) and comes individually packaged for easy reshipping (it makes a righteous gift). So add some class to your pad, den, kitchen, workshop, or wherever you might want to hunker down and watch time go by.

Only $30 each (price includes postage and handling in the U.S.). Canada and APO/FPO, add $4; other foreign, add $13. U.S. funds only! Send $30 each, plus shipping costs, to Paisano Products, Box 1025, Agoura Hills, CA 91301. Calif. residents, add 6% sales tax. VISA/MC orders **must** include card number, expiration date, and signature. To place credit card order by phone from outside Calif., call toll-free (800) 247-6246. Inside Calif., call (818) 889-8740.

Lockdown

Continued from page 71

direct operating costs, indirect operating costs, and construction and financing costs are included, the daily cost of housing a person in a Minnesota state correctional institution is nearly twice the reported figure" [what the taxpayer *thinks* he is paying]. For example, housing a person at the Minnesota Correctional Facility at Lino Lakes costs $103 per day rather than the $62.42 reported by the state of Minnesota; housing a person at the Minnesota Correctional Facility at Stillwater costs $70 per day rather than $38.49. Using the average time served, the commission computed the cost of a prison sentence at *$57,456* for males and *$81,900* for females [the chicks got a new pen recently].

$57,456 to keep a dude for an average sentence. . .Damn right you could buy a bike, a broad, and a bed for that. And Minnesota is a rural state where land and labor are still relatively cheap. If it costs that much to keep you out of the wind there, imagine what it costs in a state like New York.

And those still aren't *all* the costs the taxpayers are being asked to front to keep you behind bars. Consider this: When the head of a household gets thrown into the clink, his wife and rugrats are often forced to go on welfare — paid for by the taxpayers. Also, a substantial number of inmates now realize that they have a right to appeal their convictions, regardless of whether or not they can afford a lawyer. Many states are already under federal court order to provide legal assistance to those imprisoned indigents. Who pays for this legal assistance? Why, the taxpayers, who else?

Easyriders

Dump with class while you cushion your. . .

Now, from the same furry freaks who brought you the Miraculous Mutha light-switch cover, it's the world's first toilet seat designed especially for bikers. This generously sized "head gasket" has embroidered scooter-style wings decorating the lid and is fully padded to cradle your rear after a hard day in the saddle. Like Mutha says, "Biker buns deserve the best," so order yours today!

Specify Black or Beige when ordering.

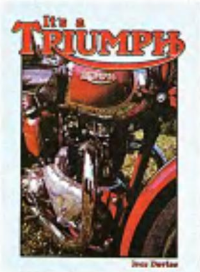
Only $24.95, plus $4 postage and handling in the U.S. APO/FPO and Canadian orders, add $6; other foreign, add $8. U.S. funds only. VISA/MC orders *must* include card number, expiration date, and signature. To place credit-card orders by phone *toll-free from outside California*, call (800) 247-6246. Inside California, call (818) 889-8740. Calif. residents, add 6% sales tax.

T-Seats

Box 1025, Agoura Hills, CA 91301

SCOOTER BOOKS

The Bike That Wouldn't Die!

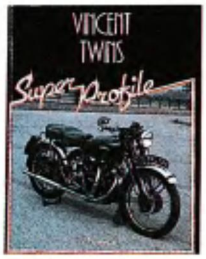


Triumph's obituary has been written uncounted times, but the famous British cycles keep rising from the dead. From the old single-thumpers to the state-of-the-art triples, here's the whole story in a picture-packed hardcover book. **$19.95**

Indians Forever!

The "Crimson Steed of Steel" rides forever in this magnificent volume. V-twins, in-line fours, Scouts, Chiefs, and Big Chiefs, they're all here in the best history of Indian we've ever seen. Fully illustrated and hardbound. **$22.95**

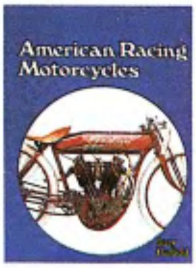
Vincent Twins — A Super Profile



A full "portrait," in text and pictures, of a group of motorcycles that longtime riders still speak of with of awe and envy. The genius of Phillip Vincent and the engineering skills of Phil Irving live again in this hardbound masterpiece **$9.95**

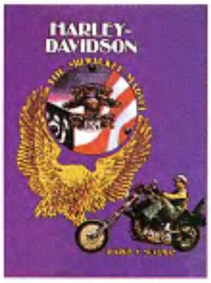
All The Hot Bikes!

Board tracks, dirt tracks, miles, half-miles, speedways, etc. You name it, and if bikes ever raced it, it's covered in this handsome, chock-full-of-photos volume. From the post-World War I Harley-Indian duels to current times, a fascinating saga of fast bikes and them who rode em. **$22.95**



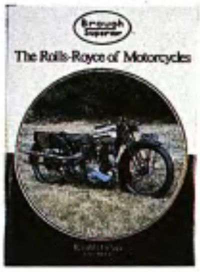
The Milwaukee Marvel!

Over 280 hardcover pages, crammed full of Harley facts, pictures and folklore. If you love your Hog, you've gotta have this complete history of H-D and the bikes that made it famous. **$22.95**



The Rolls-Royce of Motorcycles!

The Brough Superior was arguably the best British bike built during the "golden years of motorcycling" when British bikes were winning races and setting speed records throughout the world. This is the first definitive history of the bike that conquered the planet from Aberdeen to Arabia. **$9.95**



Please indicate book(s) ordered.

_____ It's A Triumph _____ The Iron Redskin

_____ American Racing Motorcycles

_____ Harley-Davidson: The Milwaukee Marvel

_____ The Rolls-Royce of Motorcycles!

_____ Vincent Twins — A Super Profile

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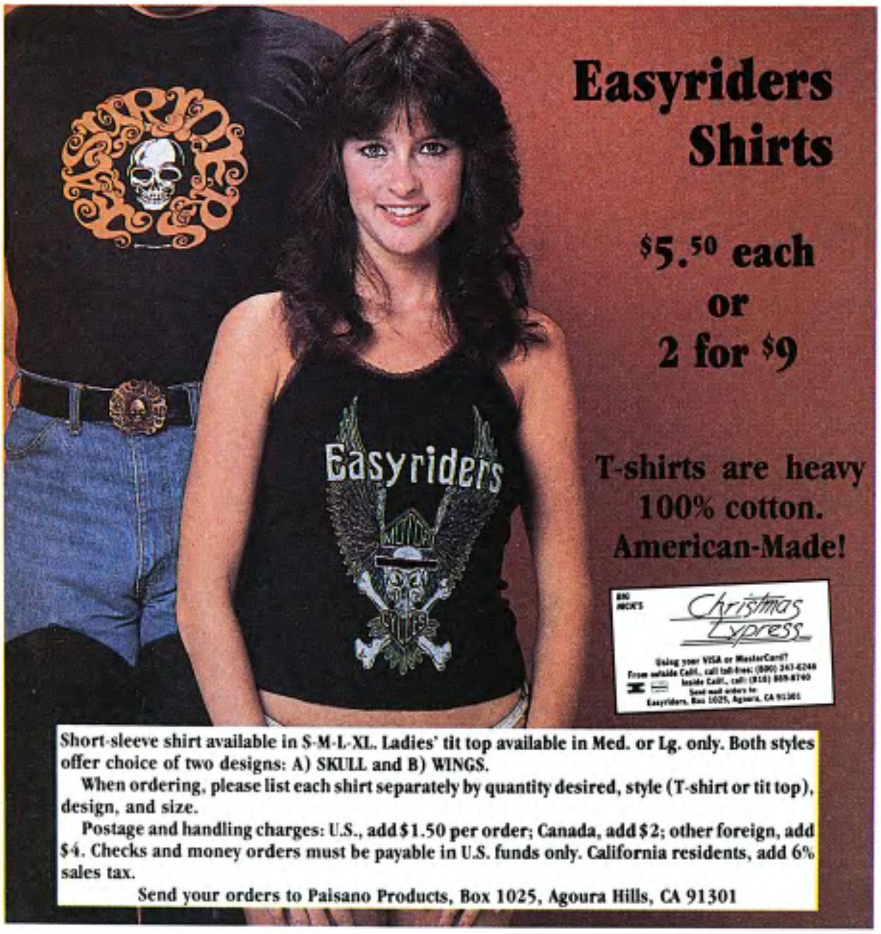
Shipping charges: U.S., add $2; Canada and APO/FPO, add $5; other foreign, add $17 per order. U.S. funds only! Calif. residents, add 6% sales tax.



And then there's what *Time To Build?* calls the "opportunity costs." As Illinois Gov. Jim Thompson once said, "A dollar for corrections is a dollar that doesn't go to someplace else."

"Prison construction costs," *Time To Build* notes, "generally compete against other capital needs: schools, hospitals, roads, and bridges. Prisons can quickly consume huge amounts of capital. Maryland devoted one-third of its capital budget for fiscal year 1982 to prison construction. Operating costs compete against other hard-pressed public services: education, police, public health, libraries. The 1981 report, *American Prisons and Jails*, noted: For every person who goes to prison, two people don't go to college."

Or, to put it another way, for every prison that opens, one library or museum closes. We'll discuss what to do about it next month.

NEWS, KITES AND DECISIONS

Ranks Still Growing

Data recently released by the federal Bureau of Justice Statistics puts the total population of U.S. state and federal prisons at 463,866 as of December 31, 1984.

The increase of 26,000 inmates over the December 31, 1983, figure set a new record for this country's total prison population. However, that rather dubious distinction isn't as impressive as it seems — 1984 was the *tenth* year in a row that the previous record was broken.

"Although the states added an estimated 100,000 new prison beds during the last four years, overcrowding remains a serious problem," bureau director Steven Schlesinger said. "At year-end 1984 the states were operating at about 110 percent of their prison capacity. More than 11,000 prisoners were backed up in local jails and 14 states reported that they had given early release to a combined total of more than 17,000 inmates last year because of overcrowding." ■

Easyriders

What Is The Price Club

It's a **money-saving club** made up of thousands of riders who, like yourself, purchase parts and accessories from motorcycle dealers and accessory stores everywhere.

These local outlets rely on large companies like Jammer to supply them with the high quality assortment of replacement, high-performance and chrome parts as well as all the leather goods, goggles and gloves you buy.

Our multi-million dollar inventory is a dealer's best source for name-brand, hot-selling **products for you and your Harley.**

MEMBERS
Jammer Price Club
GET MORE!

As a Price Club Member you receive valuable merchandise credits every time you buy our parts from him! **Members** use these credits to **get more merchandise free.** We reward you for buying these products from your dealer!

How Does The Price Club Work

It's simple! When you buy or order anything from your local dealership or parts store insist that, whenever possible, you get Jammer parts. Why? Because there's a valuable Member Merchandise **Credit worth $1.00 to $40.00 or more** that comes with any one of over 1500 different items sold in the Price Club.

To **cash these credits in for parts,** just send them along with your parts list and a Member Credit Redemption Coupon from your Membership Book. Your **free parts** will be sent immediately.

There are twelve coupons in each membership book, which means if you redeem your credits once a month and use them for an average of five parts each order, you'll end up with 60 free products! We supply your dealer, he supplies you and we reward you for supporting him!

How Do You Join The Price Club

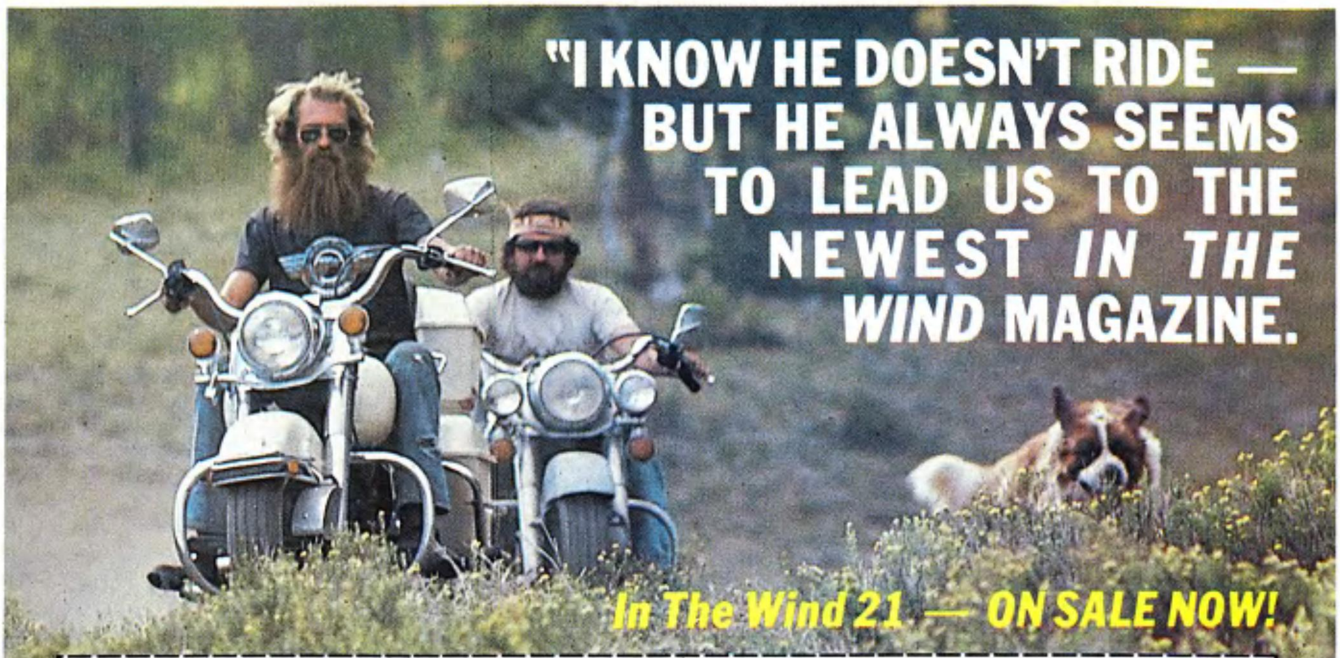
At this moment thousands of dealers and stores selling products for Harleys and other makes are being encouraged to stock up on all the great brands we sell so that the Price Club Credit labels will be on their inventory in time for the rush of new members. Many dealers have told us that every customer they have is joining!

Most members find that they get the $9.95 full year's membership fee back in credits after one or two normal purchases at their dealer. Hurry and take advantage of an opportunity long overdue. . . visit your dealer and join the Price Club!

Participating Dealer Hotline *800-423-2633 (Outside California)*
800-453-9651 (Inside California)

SPECIAL MEMBERSHIP OFFER!

Join now & get the Members Edition of the all-new 1985/1986 Jammer Parts & Accessory Catalog absolutely free!



Chances are, your dog ain't as regular as the Bowser in the photo. Your dog, in fact, would probably rather chase a tight-assed bitch than track down the latest *In The Wind* magazine. That bein' the case, your collection of *In The Wind* may have some holes in it. If it does, don't get your old dog a bone — instead use the bucks to order the back issues you need from the list provided. Better act now, though. Issues 1 and 2 are already sold out and the rest are goin' as fast as a wolfhound after fresh meat.

Please circle issue ordered:
3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21.

Send your order to:
In The Wind
Box 1025, Agoura Hills, CA 91301

Name ______
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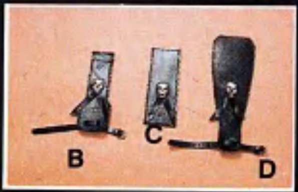
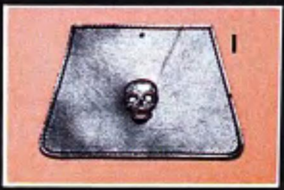
Items to foreign countries are shipped airmail insured. Make all payments payable in U.S. funds only. Thank you.

Easyriders Leather Stuff





Handcrafted from the finest American cowhide, all *Easyriders* leather stuff features an embossed logo. *Kidney belt* (A) is fully adjustable and available in both men's and ladies' sizes. *Tank covers* add a class touch to those fatbobs and come in long (D), short (B), and square (C) sizes. Tired of feelin' like you've got a sheet of plywood in your back pocket? *Easyriders wallets* (E & F) are made of soft hides that curve to fit your butt and come complete with chain and key fob. Wrap your tabbacky in class with our custom *cigarette case* (G) and *snuff case* (H). Handsome leather *mud flap* (I) will keep the crud off your spine. One size fits most any fender.

PAISANO PRODUCTS, BOX 1025, AGOURA HILLS, CA 91301

___ (A) Men's Kidney Belt (32" up) . . . . . @ $45.00 ___
___ (A1) Ladies' Kidney Belt (not shown; 24" up) . . . . @ $39.00 ___
___ (B) Short Tank Cover . . . . @ $19.00 ___
___ (C) Square Tank Cover . . . . @ $19.00 ___
___ (D) Long Tank Cover . . . . @ $19.00 ___
___ (E) Small Wallet . . . . @ $14.00 ___
___ (F) Large Wallet . . . . @ $18.00 ___
___ (G) Cigarette Case (fits up to 2" belt.) . . . . @ $ 9.00 ___
___ (H) Snuff Case (fits up to 1¾" belt.) . . . . @ $ 9.00 ___
___ (I) Mud Flap . . . . @ $10.00 ___
Subtotal ___
Calif. res., add 6% ___
Total ___

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BIG NICK'S *Christmas Express*

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Inside Calif., call: (818) 889-8740
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Postage is paid on orders in the U.S. Canadian orders, add $5, other foreign orders, add $15. All payments must be in U.S. funds.

Don't Let Your. . .

Continued from page 27

"Butt for a putt?" or "If I buy you a drink at my place, will you stay for breakfast?" Just remember one thing about divorcees — they're extremely vulnerable to affection, and any kind of sincere attention and proper handling will usually get them into your arms and your bed.

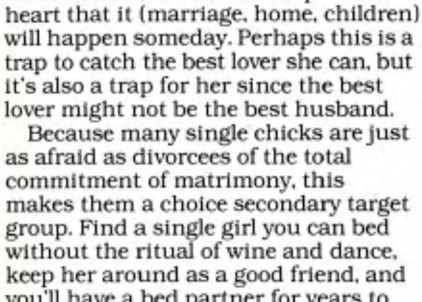
THE SINGLE GIRL

The single girl is usually harder to score with in most instances than the divorcee. The single lady is still in total control of her life — and her faculties. She can afford to pick and choose. She doesn't have those left-over insecurities to satisfy. She is already sexually active, maybe even to the point of promiscuity (which don't make her a bad guy at all). She probably lives alone, has a job, might even be a career woman. She has money to spend and doesn't necessarily need you to buy her drinks or romance her. Never having been married, she's gone through a number of sexual partners (while her divorced sisters had to settle for just one in the same period of time). Therefore, she's constantly comparing lovers, but not with the idea of marriage in mind — though, like most women, she knows deep in her heart that it (marriage, home, children) will happen someday. Perhaps this is a trap to catch the best lover she can, but it's also a trap for her since the best lover might not be the best husband.

Because many single chicks are just as afraid as divorcees of the total commitment of matrimony, this makes them a choice secondary target group. Find a single girl you can bed without the ritual of wine and dance, keep her around as a good friend, and you'll have a bed partner for years to come — maybe even after she gets married (to someone else).

You can always find the single girl in the same areas as the divorcee, plus a few additional places. Try museums, conventions, secretarial pools, art galleries, even swap meets. The single girl might seem to be a better catch than the divorcee, but bear in mind that the divorcee is more likely than not to be seeking another permanent bed partner as well as a daddy for her kids. This is not mere conjecture, this is

Easyriders



"Well, okay, but one slip of the tongue and you're in deep shit!"

LAKE SHORE HARLEY-DAVIDSON INC:
HOME OF THE "WORLD'S FASTEST SPORTSTERS"
WANTS TO BUILD YOUR ENGINE!

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a fact! On the other hand, while the single girl makes for a semi-permanent temporary lay, she's not always available. See, her name has been spread around among the local pussy hounds, so she'll frequently be heard sleepily answering the phone with something or other in her mouth.

THE WIDOW

The widow is a completely different story from both the divorcee and the single girl, and her status requires total and absolute sensitivity. This third target area is the most difficult to approach and the most difficult to score with (unless, of course, she's the one who bumped off her ol' man). In all seriousness, though, the widow usually tends to turn away suitors who come on too strong. She's lost her husband and gained a deep-seated fear that she might lose another husband and father to her kids, so she's extremely careful in her selection of partners. That's the rule; like everything else, however, there's always the exception to the rule. The term "Merry Widow" exemplifies that exception, and we'll deal with the Merry Widow first.

The Merry Widow is generally a lady who didn't have a very happy marriage in the first place. When her ol' man bit the dust she couldn't have cared less and probably even counted it as a high point in her life. No doubt she had some affairs while she was married, thus her ol' man's demise is a blessing in disguise because now she doesn't have to worry about getting her tits shot off or being responsible for some poor sonuvabitch being blown away by her jealous husband. This lady can be found in all the same places as the divorcee and the single girl, and occasionally at "single parents" parties or gatherings. She's generally promiscuous and could care less about what others say, but beware. This lack of respect she has for herself also means that she won't have much respect for you. While she's an accessible lay, she's also a bad bet. The Merry Widow tends to go through partners like water through a sieve. On the plus side, her children are generally old enough to take care of themselves or are fully grown.

The widow who's lost her husband through war, a shoot-out with the cops, or other means (suicide, car accident, fucked to death, etc.) is a totally different type of woman than *any* of the others. She's the outstanding gem among all the available women on the block. That's not to say that she won't bed down with an interested male, for she most certainly will. What's different about this woman is that she must truly be treated with kid gloves. She must be wooed, brought wine and roses, treated with deference and respect. What you give is what you will get.

This lady was probably involved with a man whom she loved dearly — and then, in an instant, he was dead.

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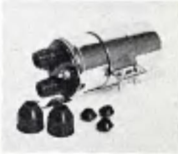

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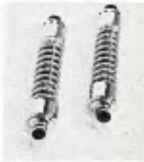

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She was left with a massive void in her life. She's not only looking for another permanent partner, she's also on the lookout for a man who can be a good husband to her and a good father to her children. This is usually a difficult task because there aren't many men who want to take on a ready-made family — and the inevitable comparisons with the former provider. It's like competing with a ghost.

The wise man will tread these waters carefully. If he's just looking for a quick lay, the divorcee, the single chick, and the Merry Widow are the recommended categories. If a man is looking for enrichment in his life, the loving widow is his best bet. While this woman may well demonstrate some promiscuity in her love life while searching for a partner, this promiscuity will cease when she finds that certain individual who can meet her demands in bed as well as her demands regarding love and attention. The man who scores in this spot will have to contend with occasional conversations about the former husband — with the kids as well as the lady. Never, but *never* knock the deceased. She must have loved him to have married him, and the fact that she lost him through death merely means that it will take longer for her to forget him. She'll never forget the good times they shared or the memories of the past. Live with that fact and don't try to compete with that ghost. Make every effort to totally replace that ghost and make life for his widow meaningful. Employing that tactic, the lucky male will find that he's living the good life.

This lady can be found in the same areas as the first three categories, as well as at group counseling sessions for those who are trying to cope with a death in the family. College campuses are good spots to find any of the previously mentioned ladies, but mainly to find the grieving widow. She's trying to occupy her time and her mind with meaningful diversions.

This lady is very emotionally vulnerable and generally won't play mind games with you. That doesn't mean she isn't able and willing to test you regarding your intentions. Like any woman, she'll constantly be checking you out to see where your head's at, but if you're aware, you'll be ready for her challenges and will meet and surpass them. Don't play mind games with her, either; if you do, you'll be losing out on a good thing. ■

Easyriders

"Nibble a little to the left, will ya? My herpes itches!"

Interview

Continued from page 25

ongoing motorcycle-awareness programs aimed at educating cagers?

GW: I knew this question was coming and the answer is going to be very unpopular with your readers, but no, we don't. It's a critical thing. Everybody says, "Driver awareness, driver awareness," and yes, it's probably the one thing we can do something about — theoretically, anyway — because most of the accidents out there are caused by car drivers who say they didn't see the motorcyclist. But our problem is this. You can dump trillions of dollars into billboards, into fliers, into envelope stuffers for people who get their driver's licenses in the mail — you can spend an unlimited amount of money on that kind of thing with no guarantee that it's going to do anything. And, because we're on a relatively limited budget, we just have never been able to justify that kind of campaign.

By the same token, we think that if you've got a given amount of money and a given priority list including all these things — rider education, helmet law repeal, lights-on laws, and driver awareness — that driver awareness is one of the things, especially considering the vast amount of money it would take to accomplish anything, that has a low cost-effectiveness priority. It comes down to the fact that nothing gets fixed for free.

That's the bad stuff. The good stuff is that we have encouraged and tried to write into every one of the state rider-education bills, specific provisions for motorist awareness campaigns and programs to be funded by the state. And some states have now begun to fund such programs because we did write it into the bills — Minnesota, for instance, has a good program.

ER: The other side of that coin, or maybe the same side, has to do with punishment for cagers who injure or kill people on motorcycles. It often seems that such criminals get off a lot more lightly than if they had done the same things to people in cars or to pedestrians. Have you been lobbying for stricter penalties for people who cause motorcycle accidents?

GW: We tried that. We actually got some legislation that we called double-penalty bills introduced. They were based on the fact that cars cause most of the accidents. We went forth and said that whatever punishment — financial, civil, or criminal — would normally be levied for a specific accident-causing crime (such as drunk driving) be automatically doubled when the accident involved a car hitting a motorcycle.

We actually had such a bill introduced and got it to hearings in Connecticut. It was rejected flat. I don't know what we did wrong, but let me tell you, it was unpopular.

ER: One issue you've been extremely

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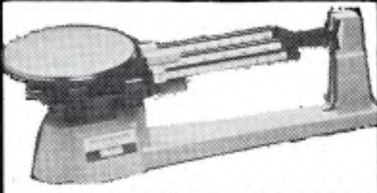

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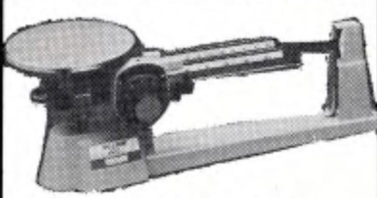

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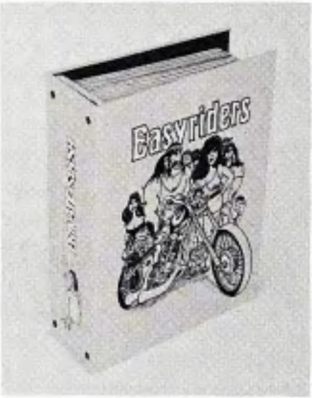

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active on is the Environmental Protection Agency's attempt to ban leaded gasoline. What's the current battle report from that front?

GW: I think we're going to be able to reach a compromise with the EPA for a couple of reasons. I don't think they're going to end up going to zero lead. At one time I did, but I don't think they can do that now because it's become a political hot potato. There's another group out there, with even more clout than motorcyclists, that's fighting this thing — the farmers.

It took about a year for everybody to get up to speed here — the farmers, the boaters, the antique car people, the motorcyclists — but let me tell you, the farmers have really taken this to heart. There are currently three bills [in Congress] to stop the EPA, bills to force the EPA to study the effects of unleaded fuel on farm equipment. We're very close to cinching a deal that would amend those bills to tack on motorcycles or writing our own bill to force the EPA to also study motorcycles.

You may recall that in our comments to the EPA last fall we said, "Look, you guys never studied farm tractors or anything else and certainly not motorcycles," and they basically said, "So what?"

But now I think they realize, finally, that with us and the farmers, they really are dealing with people who give a damn about their old machinery and are willing to fight for it.

We have fairly good engineering data that shows you're going to ruin that old motorcycle permanently if you run it on zero lead. I think we're going to end up compromising at the .5 gram [per gallon] level. Supposedly, and Harley agrees with this, it doesn't take all that much lead to lubricate the valves and guides. If we can hold at .5 gram, that should be enough for everyone's old Harleys and at the same time it would give the EPA something to wave at the medical people, to say, "We're doing as good as we can." It would let them save face.

ER: Why do you think it's so hard to reason with these bureaucrats? Where do they get the arrogance to pass regulations without even making an

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"Now there goes a *flasher's* flasher!"

effort to find out what the effects of those regulations will be?

GW: A long time ago, a very brilliant sort of guy, Max Feber, was looking at the way bureaucracies were established in this country and others, and warned that bureaucracies kind of grow of their own accord after a while. They take on a life of their own. Feber warned that we have to watch the bureaus or they'll grow and swallow us.

And, indeed, I think we're at that point today. CARB (California Air Resources Board) is a good example; the EPA is a good example. They're guys who are not appointed. The heads are political appointees, but the guys who make the day-to-day decisions are not appointed and don't have to answer to anybody.

ER: Insurance is getting to be a bigger and bigger hassle for many riders. In fact, I understand that even the insurance that AMA offers its members doesn't cover all Harley models. What's the problem?

GW: It is a problem. Rates are going up and coverage is going down for everybody, across the board. We've always found insurance to be one of those perplexing issues, because it's different in every state and even in the same state. If, for example, you have no-fault for car drivers and don't have it for motorcycle riders, it gets very, very confusing.

We're gonna have to face the fact that we're just going to have to take it on in every state, if that's what's required. Pennsylvania, for example, has a catastrophic-loss trust fund (CAT) that, incredibly, doesn't make payments to motorcyclists. So the guy who gets hit most often and usually faces the most severe injuries isn't included in this incredibly complex fix for the no-fault insurance plan that was a fiasco after ten years.

In the case of Pennsylvania, we're considering backing a legislative effort to write motorcyclists into the CAT fund or set up a separate CAT fund for motorcyclists. First we have to do a study to determine what it would cost to cover motorcyclists under either of these plans. Car drivers, for instance, have to pay $5 a year into the CAT fund.

One of the other things we're going to have to face up to is the fact that insurance is expensive and motorcycles are very expensive to fix after an

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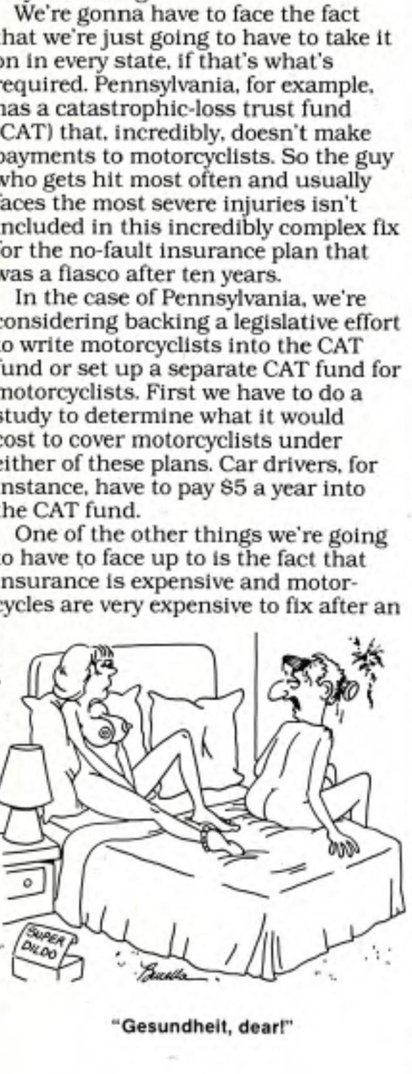
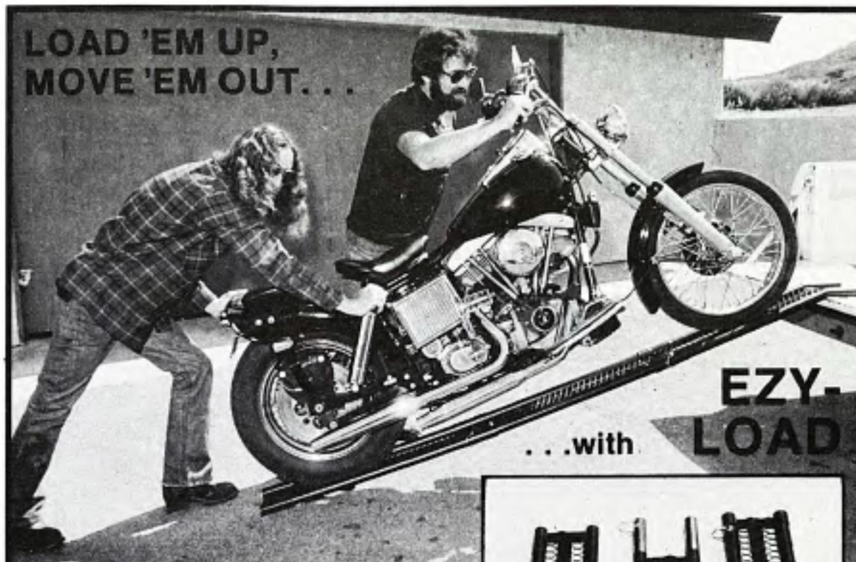


"Gesundheit, dear!"



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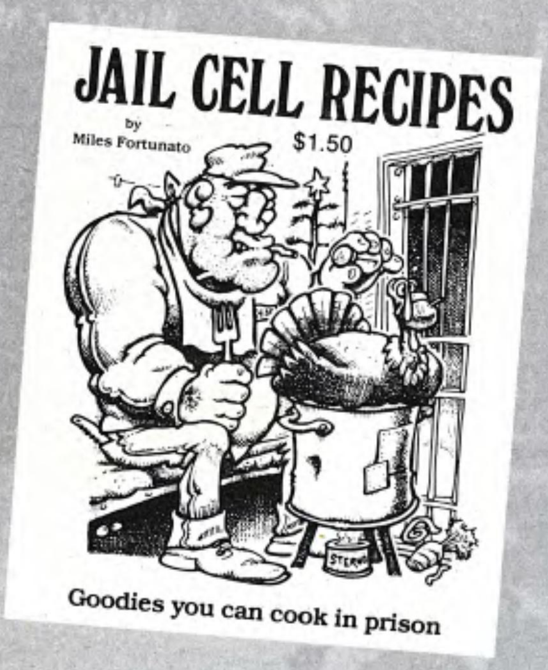

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accident. Also, motorcyclists tend to suffer more injuries in an accident than people in cars. If you want to continue riding covered by insurance, it's gonna cost.

ER: How about situations where insurance companies won't insure certain brands or sizes of motorcycles at any price?

GW: We've kicked that around a lot. On the insurance that we offer members, for instance, there are some Harleys we don't insure, but at the same time there are some Yamahas we don't insure either. The company we go through won't touch the V-Max, for one, and they won't insure the Yamaha RZ350. What we find is that if your bike is eminently stealable with a high resale value, or is one of these road rockets, you can't get insurance. It's just "Sorry, Charlie."

One of the things about insurance that nobody likes is that insurance is inherently discriminatory. Insurance is meant to be discriminatory by giving a cost break to the guys who don't have accidents.

ER: What company underwrites the insurance you offer your members?

GW: We have a policy called AMA/Criterion Cycleguard, and let me tell you, it's saved me a ton of money. I was as skeptical as the next guy, and I went to them as Joe Motorcyclist with my six motorcycles and found they were a hell of a lot cheaper than other companies.

ER: And that's only available to AMA members?

GW: That one is — it's one of the benefits of membership.

ER: Except that if you're a member and you own the wrong motorcycle, you still can't get coverage.

GW: That's right.

ER: There's something that seems wrong about that. It's bad if State Farm, say, discriminates that way, but it's still their business. On the other hand, it strikes me as different when the American Motorcyclist Association, which is, after all, supposed to be a group of and for bike riders, sells insurance but refuses to cover certain types of motorcycles. Maybe it's equally true that if you have a 'Vette and belong to the American Automobile Club, they won't insure it, but it still seems wrong. Shouldn't a motorcycle club that offers insurance some-

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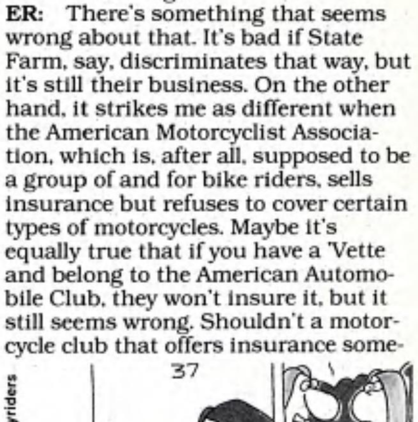

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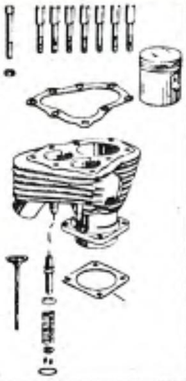

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how arrange to offer it to all members on all bikes?

GW: Let me clear something up. It's not AMA insurance, it's only got our name on it. It's a GEICO company and they've been around a long time. We shopped around long and hard to find a company that would offer the greatest savings for our members and probably for your readers, too — not the novice, the experienced motorcyclist.

We wanted a company that would recognize that our members are mostly guys who have been out there a long time and are good risks. And we finally found that company. Now, when and if they say, "Well, we don't want to insure this guy or this bike," you can bet we go to the mat. I've got a list of letters six inches thick from people who say, "We couldn't get coverage for such and such a reason," and 90 percent of them we'll win on — we'll call and say, "Here's the deal, the guy's got a sidecar or a trike, and/or a FXRT, and here's what it really means." And they'll say, "Okay, no problem."

We're still trying to iron it out. Believe it or not, we can't even offer it in all states, and that makes us feel as bad as some guy who lives in one of those states.

ER: Helmet laws, insurance laws, things like that are big issues that involve bikers everywhere. Part of your job, as I understand it, is also to lobby in behalf of motorcyclists who are being shafted on a local level by things like parking bans and stuff like that. How do you go about handling a situation like that?

GW: At any one time we've got probably ten of those going. There's one right now where motorcycles have been banned from the parks in Springfield, Illinois. Oak Harbor, Michigan, has one. They're always going on and what you have to do is treat each one differently.

What we would first propose is having a face-to-face meeting with the people behind the discriminatory regulations to find out what the real problem is. Say they've banned bikes from the parks because of motorcycle noise. We might propose to write an ordinance for them, lobby it through their city hall, and even go so far as to set up training for noise-test operators. And that normally makes them

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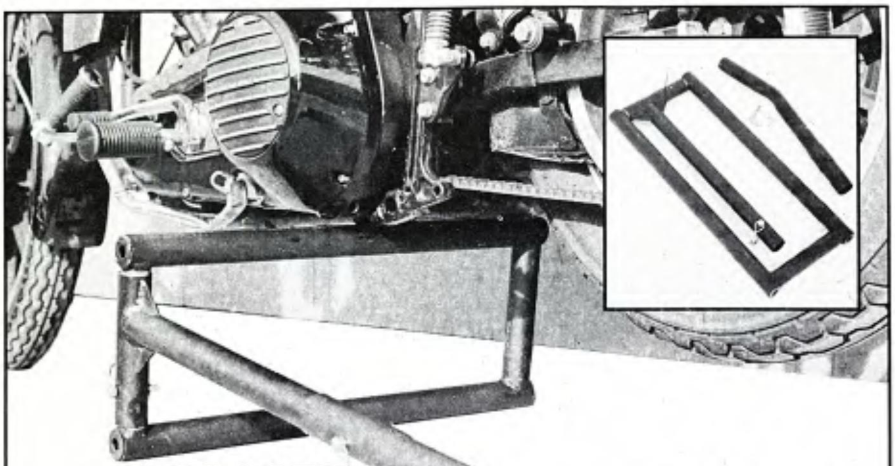

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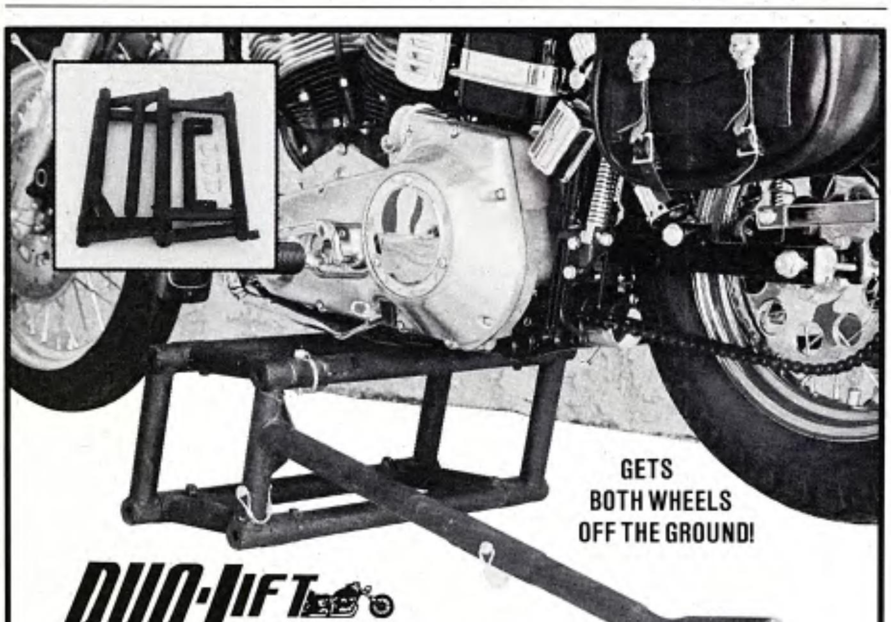

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real happy. Nobody's ever paid that much attention to them before.

ER: Could you cite an example where that approach has worked?

GW: In St. Louis, after failing in the courts to overturn a law banning motorcycles from the parks there, we finally won politically because we proposed to solve their problem.

We said, "Look, you don't have a motorcycle problem. You've got a noise problem. Don't ban motorcycles. If you've got a noise problem, find out who's making the noise and give them a ticket." So we wrote them a noise ordinance. They love it.

ER: Forgive me for saying this, but you kind of represent the suit-and-tie side of motorcycling. Not that you always wear a suit and tie any more than bikers always wear jeans that haven't been washed in a year, but in the sense that the AMA has cultivated respectability for the past 50 years. You go to St. Louis and the city fathers are probably going to find it easier to relate to you than to, say, a bunch of *Easyriders* readers upset by some local anti-motorcycle ordinance. Do you think it's worthwhile for hardcore bikers to get involved in that kind of political action?

GW: That's a point I really want to make before we finish. Your readers and our members seem to share the same interest in motorcycles. . .no, that's an understatement. They share a fascination, almost a fanaticism, about motorcycles.

If there's anything I try to impress on our members, and you do a good job of telling your readers, it's the necessity of having a political consciousness.

You have to know it doesn't come free. The more you care about something, the more you have to dedicate yourself to using part of your time to protect it. If you don't care about it, fine, then nobody else does either and it goes away. If you do care, you can bet your bottom dollar that nobody is going to take care of it for you.

The key to correcting wrongs and passing positive legislation is involvement. ■

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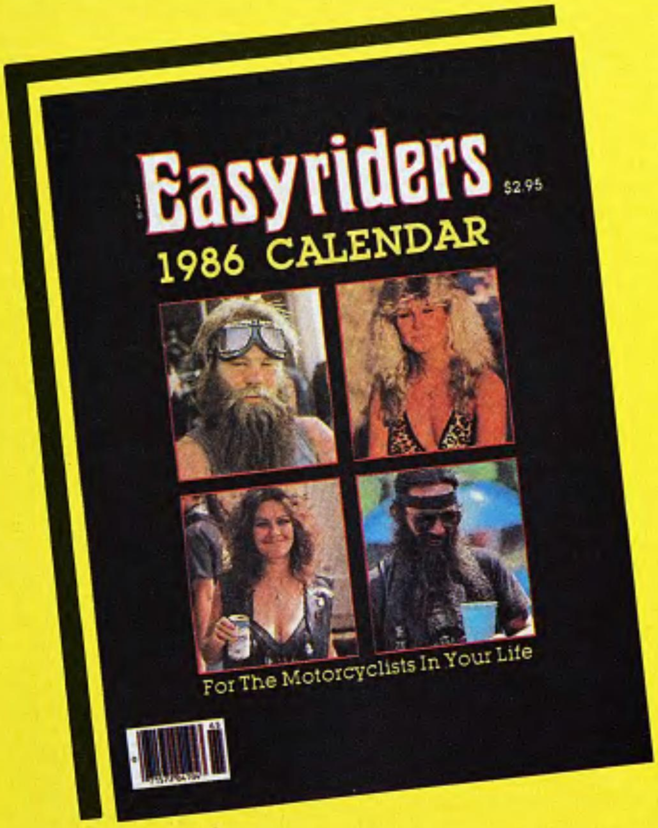

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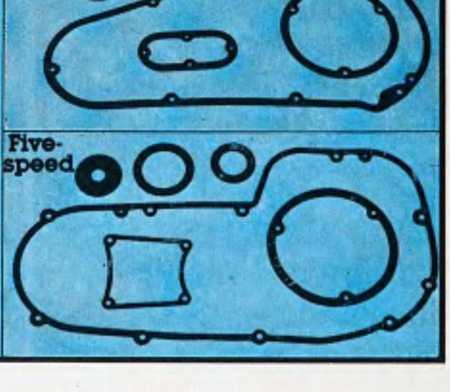

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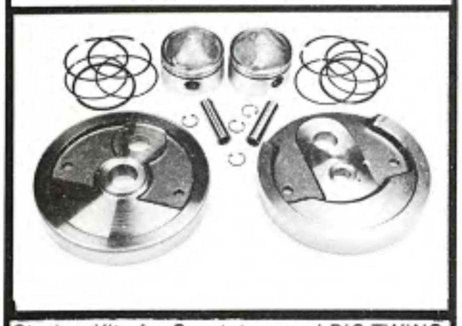

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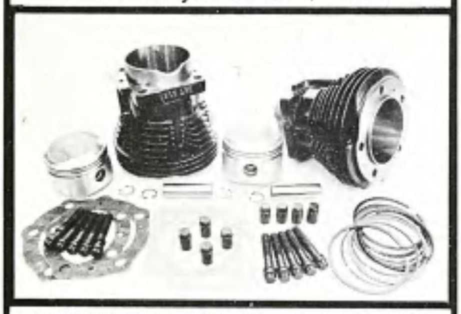

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Bust of the Year

Continued from page 53

Bo stood up. "You'll be all right, son. Your mom'll call you when dinner's ready — if you're hungry." Returning to the kitchen, Bo stood in the doorway, his fingers hooked onto the crosspiece of the door frame. As Julie moved around the kitchen, he watched her appreciatively. "Gee, you've got a nice ass," he commented.

She smiled, went to the refrigerator, and came back to hand him a cold beer. "You think Timmy learned anything?" she asked.

"Yeah, but just in case, that shit's gonna become real scarce for a while."

Julie reached up to finger the now-livid scar on Bo's face. "Your barometer says it might storm," she remarked. The scar was the only evidence of temper she ever saw in her husband. When it got red and the big man's deep-set eyes locked on, people just naturally seemed to become quietly agreeable. Julie, fortunately, was exempt from his displeasure.

Bo was still in the fight game when he and Julie had first met. Right from the start Julie had seen through his brutal looks to the intelligent man inside — the one with the wicked sense of humor.

Promoted as "Outlaw Maslov," Bo would enter the ring in colors with his ponytail hanging down his back and the spectators would go nuts. At the official introductions, his foes usually danced around, throwing fast machine-gun combinations. "The Outlaw," on the other hand, would throw just one tremendous scorching right hook, then glower menacingly. Once a so-called opponent had taken one look at his routine and fled the ring while the fight's promoters took a publicity shot of Bo sneering and brandishing his hairy, tattooed fists. Bo was surprised — he hadn't realized he looked quite that convincing. Still, eventually Bo had met enough boxers who could pummel him while they were on the run to realize that he'd better get out while he was still smart. Nowadays, just about the nastiest exercise he got was from pumping iron and hunting wild boar.

He reached down and rubbed Julie's nice ass fondly. "Well, babe, it ain't gonna storm tonight, anyway. When Tim feels better tomorrow, I'll make my point."

He walked to the wall phone and dialed a number. "Mona? This is Bo. Curly there?" Then a moment later,

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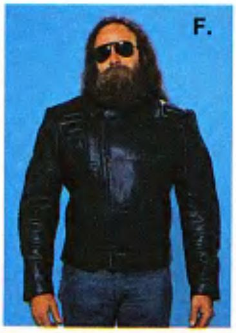

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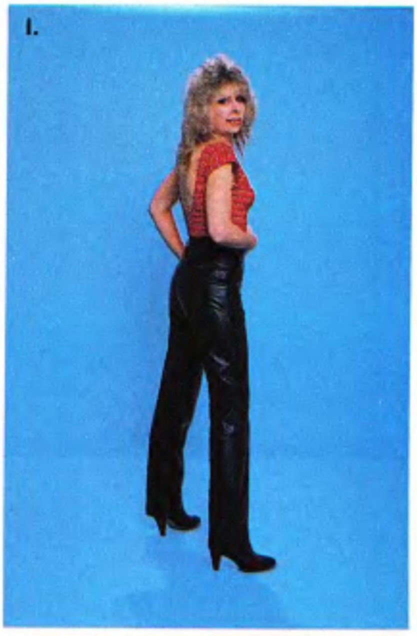

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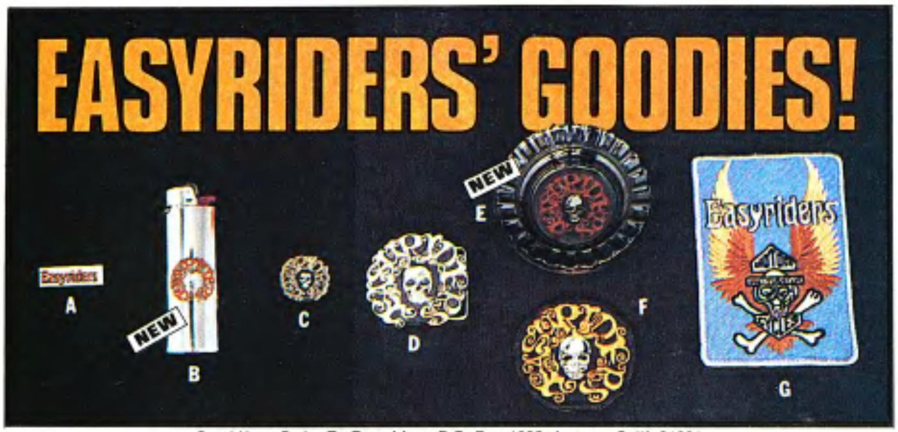

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"Curly? Bo. Hey, I need a favor tomorrow. . .Pick my bike up at Tony's Tacos about twelve-thirty. Julie's got the spare keys. . .Thanks, man. Hey, your dogs about healed up enough to run some pig?. . .Anytime, buddy. Okay. You, too. Have a good one."

The following morning, Bo none-too-gently roused his slumbering offspring. "Rise and shine, doper!" he said, smiling broadly at Tim's initial bleary-eyed confusion. "So ya felt like a tranquilized bear yesterday, huh?" The boy sat up, nodding glumly, and the big man turned serious. "Listen, son, you're lucky that what happened only made you a temporary idiot — just for one night. Don't push it."

Eyes fixed on the floor, the boy answered, "I won't, Dad. I feel rotten."

"Good," Bo said. "Stay away from that taco joint for the next few days and get your ass home from school pronto this afternoon." He cuffed Tim on the shoulder and then boomed cheerfully, almost as an afterthought, "There's work to be done, boy!"

Bo shrugged into his leather jacket and walked out to the garaged Harley. He touched the starter button and the big bike roared effortlessly to life. Bo smiled. Electric starters — one of the perks of old age. Tooling to his jobsite, he enjoyed the spring morning and ran through the planned day's work in his mind. Concrete trucks were scheduled in to pour the south wall, but his assistant superintendent, Sam Porter, could handle that. Bo's jobs always came in on schedule and under bid, so he could pretty much do as he pleased. He knew that his throwback looks and rowdy past didn't hurt, either. Subcontractors took pains to make sure that the big man's jolly good humor remained unshaken.

Bo left the job at 11:30 and putted across town to Tony's Tacos, parking the bike at the back corner. He took the case-hardened eight-foot chain from the sissybar and wrapped it twice around his waist under his jacket, securing it with the open lock. Then he leaned back to wait.

He didn't have to wait long. Just before noon a dirty blue Pontiac wagon pulled into a space at the front. Bo waited a moment, then strolled across the lot, approaching from the driver's blind side. As he neared the cage, he saw that the driver was engrossed in rolling a number from a

Tough guy — trims his nostril hairs with a lit cigar.

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baggie of leaf and a small glassine packet of white crystal. Bo smiled grimly. This asshole is one loose fuckin' jerk, he thought.

The guy had a sort of white-rock-star Afro that obscured his peripheral vision. Bo leaned down to speak directly into his ear, using the tone of voice commonly associated with disciplining a dog. "Shame!"

Startled, the man wheeled around just in time to see a gnarled fist rushing at his face. "Hi," it said. When he came to, he was slumped against the passenger door, his mouth full of salty gravel and his vision blurred with tears. His head throbbed horribly. Blinking away the tears, he saw a great, hairy Neanderthal monster, a paranoid doper's nightmare, sitting complacently behind the wheel of his car staring at him.

The beast spoke. "You fucked up, Joey."

Joey opened his mouth and a gusher of blood and broken teeth rained down onto his shirt. Moaning, he gingerly felt his broken face.

Bo spoke again. "Well, ya sack of shit, you're busted. Ya want your rights?"

"Huh?" Joey managed to groan.

Bo snatched the dealer's frizzy hair and pulled him close. Enunciating clearly, he said, "Ya ain't got none."

"I didn't do nothin' to you!" Joey bleated in a quavering voice. "I never even seen ya before!"

"Ya sold my boy and his friends some bad dope." To punctuate his statement, Bo flicked out his right hand. Three rock-hard fingers cracked against the dealer's broken nose.

Joey shrieked in anguish, "Oh, God! Oh, God! Noooo!"

"All right, Mr. Bill, quit yer candyass simperin'. Ya got an important decision to make." Mutely, Joey peered at Bo. Bo held up one finger. "One. We go see your connection right now." He held up a second finger. "Two. Or I'll beat ya to death right here." His hand closed into a fist.

"895 North Hillview, apartment 16! Please, man, let me go!"

"Nah, this is fun," Bo answered. "Tell ya what, though. I'll let ya help me open the door when we get there." Taking the chain from his waist, he padlocked one end of it around the dealer's neck. "If ya take a notion to bail out, I'll just have to hang onto this end and keep going — ya understand, don't ya?"

When they arrived at the North Hillview address, Joey couldn't seem to tell Bo enough. "It's the last one in the back, with the trick van and the 300ZX out front. You better be careful, though, that guy Rod's a karate expert and — "

The big man jerked the chain sharply. "Quiet, geek."

Bo parked several spaces down and dragged Joey out the driver's side. Then he bent down and retrieved the Zig-Zags from the wagon's floor. Taking a short hold on the chain, he

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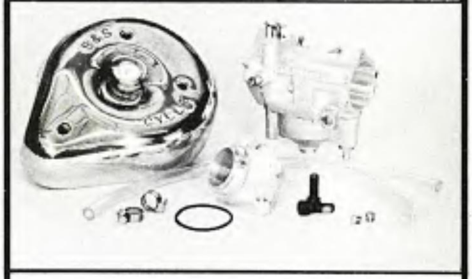

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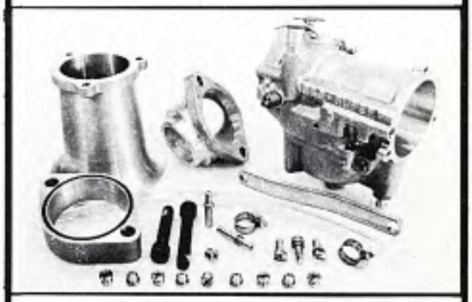

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"You are a dream man for thousands of women. And that's a fact."

"Most women are not looking for a movie star. So if you're not gorgeous stop worrying. I'm far from handsome and several pounds overweight. But I have spent my life surrounded by beautiful women. How? I learned a skill that anyone can learn. That's why I have written this book, "How To Make Women Pursue You."

With my book you'll be amazed how easy it is to attract women. My system puts most of the effort on her instead of you. You see, a woman is driven by her biology to find a mate and mate with him. This is a fact. My system simply helps her to do that.

I don't like bragging but even in highschool I always dated the prettiest girl. When I worked in New York my reputation for escorting the most desirable women was constantly written up in newspapers. During one 18-month period I dated six Playboy centerfolds. A record I believe. One of them was New York's top model when I married her.

"Women are dying to meet someone they can love."

"How To Make Women Pursue You" is fact piled on fact by an expert of how any ordinary joe can become a superstar with women. You don't have to be a 6-foot muscled, blue-eyed hunk who drives a Porsche. Most men are bunglers with women. So all you have to do is 'cover all your bases' and you will be a standout. My book explains how.

Women like simple things in a man. Unless you resemble a gorilla or pick your nose in public my book will show you how to be super successful with women.

Just like you, women are dying to meet someone they can love, be loved by, and make love to. All humans share these same needs. We all yearn for love, companionship, kissing, touching and lovemaking. Since half the people in the world are women, and half of those are lonely or dissatisfied with their mates you've got a lot of fields to farm.

"Think like a woman to be successful with a woman."

You don't have to shower women with money. Most of them place human values above cash. But you need to know how women think. What they are really looking for. How they view men. Why they are more cautious about sex.

You can't look at women as men in skirts. Women don't think or act like men. This is where men go wrong. And unless you learn it all your relationships with women are doomed. But if you do learn it, and you will with my book, you will attract all the women you want. You'll be surrounded by adoring, passionate women who'll think they are the luckiest females in the world. You'll never be lonely again. And you'll be the envy of friends, relatives- even men who are better looking, better dressed and have more money than you. If you're shy you'll learn how to make your shyness appealing.

CONTENTS INCLUDE:

- **How to start conversations**
- **The 7-Magic Questions that give you instant mind control over any woman**
- **How to stop fear from holding you back**
- **Why good looks and money are unnecessary**
- **How to avoid rejection**
- **How to make beautiful women fall in love with you**

Men who are successful with women are admired and respected. Men who cannot attract women are considered failures. Unfortunate but true.

"Tells you exactly what to say and do."

"How To Make Women Pursue You" doesn't deal in generalities. It tells you *exactly* what to say and do at every stage. More importantly it tells you why. My book explains how to start conversations. How to make beautiful women fall in love with you. How to avoid that big bugaboo - rejection. And much, much more.

"How To Make Women Pursue You" costs $29.95. About the cost of dinner with a date. And after reading it you'll have a date to enjoy dinner with.

If you don't think my book is worth that, you can continue to spend your evenings and your life alone. But here's a better idea from my publisher–

10-DAY FREE TRIAL!
Read this amazing book for 10 days at NO OBLIGATION. Full refund including postage if not 100% satisfied.

I promise you "How To Make Women Pursue You" will make your life richer, happier and filled with gorgeous women."

BONUS GIFT OFFER!
FREE "Little Black Book" for names and phone numbers, if you order within 5 days.

ER
Oxford Press, 10800 Biscayne Boulevard
Suite 650, Miami, Florida 33161

Yes, rush me "How To Make Women Pursue You." I enclose ☐ check ☐ money order ☐ VISA ☐ Mastercard For **$29.95** plus $1.50 shipping/handling ($5 outside of U.S.A.) Fla. residents add 5% tax. ☐ Include my **BONUS GIFT** for prompt purchase.

NAME ______

ADDRESS ______

CITY ______

STATE ______ ZIP ______

SIGNATURE ______

ACCT. NO. ______

EXP. DATE ______

walked Joey up to the apartment door. There he put his front teeth in his jacket pocket before curtly commanding, "Knock!"

Obediently, Joey rapped on the door and a moment later a muffled voice asked, "Who is it?"

The massive biker jerked the chain once more and like a puppet, his companion responded, "Hey, it's Joey, man. Open up."

The door opened narrowly against a safety chain. As it did, Bo choked up on the chain and ran Joey through the door face first. The safety chain tore from the wall and the door flew open, staggering the blond-haired preppie-type standing right behind it. Bo swung the remaining "tail" of chain in his right hand and it cracked across the previously good-looking face. The dude went down like his feet were nailed to the floor.

Across the room, another preppie-type in tennis shorts leapt from the sofa, jumping over a paraphernalia-laden coffee table to begin a series of martial-arts gyrations. Bo dropped Joey's limp form and pushed the door shut with his foot. Then he strode across the room, grinning, his right hand extended. "You must be Rod."

The karate "expert" paused for a moment, puzzled, and Bo's heavy, booted foot caught him square in the crotch, lifting him two feet into the air. Just as he reached the top of his trajectory, a huge right hand lashed out in front of him. Before it disappeared below the horizon and into his teeth, Rod read the message tattooed on the knuckles. "Hi," it said.

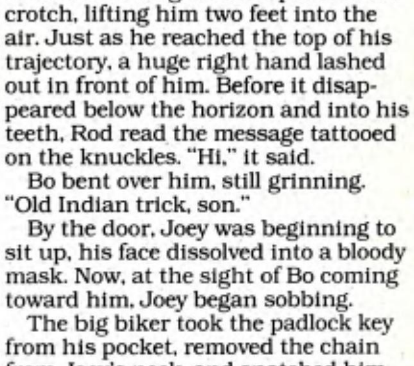
Bo bent over him, still grinning. "Old Indian trick, son."

By the door, Joey was beginning to sit up, his face dissolved into a bloody mask. Now, at the sight of Bo coming toward him, Joey began sobbing.

The big biker took the padlock key from his pocket, removed the chain from Joey's neck, and snatched him to his feet by the hair. "Get in your car, go to some other state, and get your face fixed. If you stay here, you'll just get it fucked up again." He turned Joey loose and moments later heard the Pontiac leave.

The first dude he'd downed was beginning to moan softly. Grabbing him by his alligator shirt, Bo dragged him across the living room and

Continued on page 109



"I'm not making any great claims for it, but I've had to be recircumcised five times."

Bikers Bulletin Board

If you would like your business included in the "Bikers Bulletin Board," seen by more than 1,300,000 readers every month, let us hear about it! Six-month listings are available for $180. Or, for $300, you can be listed for a full year — that's only $25 per month! NEED MORE INFORMATION? Contact "Bikers Bulletin Board," (818) 889-8740.

ALUMINUM CYLINDERS

Poole Cycle Parts, 4801 Peachtree, Balch Springs, TX 75180. (214) 286-5351. (161)

ANTIQUE CYCLES

David Sarafan, Inc., P.O. Box 293, Spring Valley, NY 10977. (914) 356-1080. (152)

Antique Cycle Supply, Cedar Springs, MI 49319. Call or write for H-D catalog. (616) 636-8200. (155)

BELT DRIVES

Super Max Belt Drives, Box 285, Gardena, CA 90248. (213) 516-0500. (158)

BLUE DOTS

JMP Performance Center, 11549 St. Charles Rock Road, St. Louis, MO 63044. Order toll-free (800) 325-1113. (151)

BRITISH MC PARTS & ACCESSORIES

British Cycle Supply Company, P.O. Box 119, Wolfville, N.S., Canada BOP 1X0. (902) 542-7478. (158)

BRONZE FORKS — MEDIUM GLIDE BY

Marine Engineering and Machining, Inc., 709 E. Adele St., Anaheim, CA 92805. (714) 776-4830. (157)

CATALOGS

Piggy Malone's, $1, Box 10073, Berkeley, CA 94709. (415) 843-7777. (161)

H-D 45" Restoration Co., $2. Box 12843, Albany, NY 12212. (518) 459-5012. We ship COD. (154)

Brodeur's Wheel Service, free. 777 S. Washington St., No. Attleboro, MA 02760. (617) 699-2148. (154)

HM Parts & Accessories, $1. Box 128, Dover, OH 44622. (800) 828-2875. (157)

Jammer's Parts-Only Catalog (250 + pages) & T-shirt, $9.95. 27771 Avenue Hopkins, Valencia, CA 91355. (161)

Mike's, Box 88, Draper, UT 84020. (801) 571-9452. (159)

CYLINDERS

Axtell Sales Cylinders & Pistons, 1424 S.E. Maury, Des Moines, IA 50317. (515) 243-2518. (156)

ENGINES

Truett & Osborn Cycle, 3345 E. 31st Street So., Wichita, KS 67216. (316) 682-4781. (151)

EXHAUST PIPES

Perma-Stainless Steel Pipes, Inc., Box 44081, Cleveland, OH 44144. (216) 459-1692. (155)

FORKS

Forking By Frank (Frank's Maint. & Eng. Inc.), 945 Pitner, Evanston, IL 60202. (312) 475-1003. (161)

FRAMES

Texas Frame Works, frame building & repairing. 8808 Cullen Ln., Austin, TX 78748. (512) 282-2499. (153)

HARLEYS, USED, BOUGHT/SOLD

Barnett H-D, 9505 Montana Ave., El Paso, TX 79925. (915) 592-0666. (153)

HIGH PERFORMANCE

Big Bore Engineering, 16325½ Piuma, Cerritos, CA 90701. (213) 402-0725. (155)

LEATHERS

Brooks Leathers, 14511 W. 11 Mile Road, Oak Park, MI 48237. (800) 662-3615. (161)

S&S Cycle & Supply, Inc., 816 Amarillo Blvd. E., Amarillo, TX 79107. (806) 374-8760. (161)

Custom Leather Works and Supply, 810 Court St., Pekin, IL 61554. (309) 353-7672. (152)

Long Rider Leathers, custom & made-to-measure MC jackets & repair. Box 990, Morro Bay, CA 93442. (805) 772-8364. (153)

Leathers By Impulse, 135 Division St., Amsterdam, NY 12010. (518) 843-4568. (161)

Buzzy's $89 American Leather Jacket Chop Shop, 407 Station St., Bridgeville, PA 15017. (412) 221-SHOP. (155)

MAGNETOS

Morris Magneto Inc. Sales & Service, 103 Washington St., Morristown, NJ 07960. (201) 540-9171. (161)

MC SERVICES

Bison Plating, 600 Sherman Ave., Adell, WI 53001-0230. (414) 994-4013. (161)

Brown's Plating, Route #5 Box 534, Paducah, KY 42001-9040. (502) 554-1146. (153)

S&S Cycle Supply, Inc., 816 Amarillo Blvd. E., Amarillo, TX 79107. (806) 374-8760. (161)

MOTOR REBUILDING

Departure Bike Works, Inc., 3091-3093 Hull St., Richmond, VA 23224. (804) 231-0244. (161)

OBSOLETE PARTS

Departure Bike Works, Inc. 3091-3093 Hull St., Richmond, VA 23224. (804) 231-0244. (161)

Cycle Parts Emporium, Box 281086, Memphis, TN 38128. (901) 353-0601. We ship C.O.D. (153)

PAINT

RMC's Mail Order Custom Painting, 14825 Clark Ave., Hacienda Hts., CA 91748. (818) 336-3822. (161)

Paint By Frank, Lyons, IL 60534. (312) 447-6149. (157)

Olympic Powder Painting, 2320 Vineyard Ave., Escondido, CA 92025. (619) 745-3322. (151)

PARTS & ACCESSORIES

Big John's Cycles, 7841-B N. Main St., Jonesboro, GA 30236. (404) 478-2120. (161)

Andrews Products, 5212 N. Shapland Ave., Rosemont, IL 60018. (312) 992-4014. (153)

Motorcycle Salvage, Inc., 960 S. Cooper, Memphis, TN 38104. (901) 276-6443. (152)

Jammer Cycle, (800) 423-2633 (outside of Calif.); (800) 453-9651 (Calif. only). (161)

SHOCKS

The Shop, 2546 W. 69th Street, Chicago, IL 60629. (312) 476-9155. (161)

T-SHIRTS

Harley-Davidson of Tucson, 5205 E. 22nd St., Tucson, AZ 85711. (602) 747-7304. (Shipped UPS, C.O.D.) (155)

S&S Cycle & Supply, Inc., 816 Amarillo Blvd. E., Amarillo, TX 79107. (806) 374-8760. (161)

Harley-Davidson of Hempstead, Inc., $10 ea. 4 Laurel Ave., Hempstead, NY 11550. (State size: S,M,L, or XL.) (151)

Flagstaff Harley-Davidson, Inc., Box 183, (Old Hwy. 66, I-40 Exit 185) Bellemont, AZ 86015-0183. (602) 774-3896. (Shipped UPS, C.O.D.) (159)

Barnett Harley-Davidson, $8.95, five-color. Shipped UPS, C.O.D. same day. 9505 Montana, El Paso, TX 79925. (915) 592-0666. (155)

Woodstock Harley-Davidson, Inc., $10 each (state size: S, M, L, XL). Mailing address: Rt. 212 Box 7320, Saugerties, NY 12477. (914) 679-7227. (161)

Richie's Rats Nest, free sheet. Box 370, Oceanside, NY 11572. (156)

Tell 'em you saw their name here.

Choppershopper

Classified advertisements are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates are 30¢ per word for private individuals, $2.50 per word for businesses. 10-word minimum. Check or money order must accompany clearly written copy. No charge for zip codes. **Easyriders** box numbers are available, with mail being forwarded unopened to advertiser. There is an additional charge of $5.00 per advertisement for this service, to cover handling and postage. M.O./canceled check is your ad acknowledgment. If further acknowledgment required, send SASE to **Easyriders**, Classified Department, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052.

Note: Closing date for advertisements is the 15th of the 4th month preceding cover date. (There are approximately sixty days between closing date and national on-sale date.)

Notice: Readers are advised to use reasonable caution when dealing with a company or advertiser they do not know. False advertising is fraud and should be reported to the authorities whenever it is encountered.

Tattooing supplies: World's Finest Tattoo Equipment* This is our 26th year in the tattoo supply business. If you're looking for the best, look no further. Our gear is like a chopper — it's first class. Designs, inks, needles, machines, tattoo books, T-shirts, belt buckles, body paint, photos, body jewelry, everything for the tattoo artist or fan. We stock the largest selection of tattoo-related books found anywhere. Our new, 132-page color catalog is jammed full of new equipment and products never offered to the tattoo trade before. Sorry, we can no longer send catalogs to prisons; you must have an outside mailing address. If you're dissatisfied with your present supplier, why not buy where the bros, pros and good ol' boys buy? Join the #1 supplier in the tattoo world. We value your friendship and your business. We offer a free consulting service to all our customers. We can, and will, give you an honest answer to any of your tattoo problems. Catalog — U.S.A., $3; foreign, $5. Spaulding & Rogers Mfg., Inc., Rt. 85, New Scotland Rd., Dept. ER, Voorheesville, N.Y. 12186.

"Tattooing A-Z." Illustrated manual. Tips for experts and beginners by internationally known tattooist Token Tom. Money-back guarantee! $12.95, plus $2 postage. Token Tom, 41315, Phoenix, AZ 85080. (151)

Canadians or anyone knowing the whereabouts of a damn good scooter tramp named Robert "Bandit" Imerson, who was just released from Canada's finest: Please tell him "Free Bird" is waiting for him at 2205 E. 2nd St. Apt. 15, Newberg, OR 97132. (503) 538-1194, Michelle. (151G)

Panhead Don: Happy birthday, 12/12/55. Finally hit the big time — 30! Proved 'em all wrong! Love you big, big bunches. Always will. Your ol' lady, Sidehack Sue. (151)

Lip: Thank you for the good time together. I miss you. Love always. Happy 12/6/85 birthday. Buns. (151)

If anyone out there knows the whereabouts of Kimberly Hickey Brewer, tell her to get in touch with Phil "Wolfman" Lance at Box 254, Union, MI 49130. I lost touch with her in '84. (151G)

Tattoo machines, $75 and up. Chromed quality. Send $2 for brochures. Tattoo Equipment Mfg., Rt. 3 Box 157A, Dallas, NC 28034. (156)

Japanese girls make wonderful wives. Let us introduce you to an unspoiled Oriental beauty. $3 brings photos, descriptions, application. Japan International, Box 1027-EAS, Orangevale, CA 95662. (151)

Tattoo power controls from $50. Send $2 for particulars to Tattoo Techniques, Box 396, High Shoals, NC 28077. (162)

'59 Indian, totally original, low mileage, excellent condition, runs great, and has had only one owner! Linda Welcher, 146 Gay St., Staunton, VA 24401. (151)

Roxie (Monkey Feet): I love you! Happy anniversary, January 21. Fifteen years going for twenty — you are the greatest! Luv ya — Snookie. (151)

Swap meets — November 24, K.C. Trade Mart, K.C., Mo., and December 15, Okla. Fairgrounds, Okla. City, Oklahoma. (151)

Mickey "Gypse" Berry: Please contact me, girl, I'm out of the joint and need to speak with you! Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Mickey Berry from Sacramento, please tell her to get ahold of me or write me yourself if you can help. Also looking for Donna Perkins, her partner from Vegas. Jeff (N.Y.C.) Kass, c/o Gary Oaks, 4479 E. Boston, Las Vegas, NV 89104. (151G)

Author J. Baker (Corbin, Ky.): How can I explain what I don't understand? Remember our dolls? Score one for Pennsylvania Witches. Are Kristy and Brandy safe? Can't face me, can you, coward? You screwed up. I stood strong for you. I know about Bebo and all your lies. You put Butch down — why don't you get out of the twilight zone? Get honest. Don't blame Jesus for what you subjected me to. I'm crazy, but I still love you. Merrill's, (717) 436-8010. John Potts (Dallas), 348-7548. "Last Cry Outlaw," Betty and Toma. (151)

Ricky Racer: It's going to be a cold winter alone in Vermont. I love you forever and always. (151)

J.E.E.: It's been three years, darlin'. . . Back in N.Y. Waiting to ride. N.Y.-Calif., 8/84, no Thor in sight. Where the hell are ya? K. (151)

Mail receiving-forwarding services. Zeke, 300 Plume Street, Norfolk, VA 23510. (153)

Gypsy in OKC: Love ya, baby. Hang tuff. Bear. (151)

Riders worldwide: Put your favorite non-hostile biker hangouts, shops, swap meets and annual parties on the map (for free) in our new Biker Travel Guide, 1985-1986. Include addresses, dates, and directions. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope along and we'll send you a coupon good for $5 off the book price. Token Tom, Box 41315, Phoenix, AZ 85080. (151)

To a special lady who wrote me (or forgot to): Please write (soon?)! My "situation" hasn't changed, babe, and I still need you (desperately) in my life. Check Jan. '85-July '85 "Choppershopper" for my current address. "California Ghost Rider" (Richard). (151)

Several months ago Bryan "Red" Pledger ran an ad in "Male Call," but I'm sorry to report that he never had a chance to answer all you fine ladies who wrote him because he was shot and died on our exercise yard in SQ on 5/12/85 — you'll never know what you ladies missed. All the brothers here join in with me on this tribute to a solid man. Joe "Tank" Hamburg, Box C-83476, San Quentin, CA 94974. (151G)

Tired of caring? Join Pha-Kit and receive a T-shirt and membership card stating: Pha Kit — An organization and attitude of members who, having encountered repeated failures in various endeavors such as simple tasks, self-improvement, financial gain, and attempting to get laid, have declared Pha-Kit. Associate Membership: membership card and sticker, $2.50. T-shirt, $13. T-shirts are black with white print; specify size (s,m,l or xl). Also receive a high-quality Pha-Kit bumper sticker with each order. Send $14.95 to Pha-Kit, Box 924, Dept. E, Alta Loma, CA 91701. (151)

Bike Week. A Biker's Guide to Daytona Beach. Detailed maps and information, $5. A Biker's Guide, Box 212 E, North Ridgeville, OH 44039. (153)

Inmates: AM-FM/non-recording stereo cassette players available. Contact The Conaid Company, 2725 Atlanta Dr., Wheaton, MD 20906. (151)

Tattooing equipment: Colors, machines, designs. Everything needed to start you in business. Send $1 for catalog to S&W Tattooing, Inc., Box 263, E. Northport, NY 11731. (151)

Tattoo machines, $75 up. Chromed quality. Send $2 for brochures. Tattoo Equipment Mfg., Rt. 3 Box 157A, Dallas, NC 28034. (159)

Need help, J4931C: Looking to contact Midnight Baron (Repl. Det.), Bad Kreuznach, Ger. Lost mailing address in process of moving. Last time East Coast. No word since. Tell him to call (503) 726-0772. Gypsy Boe B0913K. (151G)

Ula Seat: Mom, I've changed my name. Please write your oldest son, Elli Tomms, at Box 250, Draper, UT 84020. I miss and love you very much. E.M.B. (151G)

Tremendous saving for you! 100% guaranteed. 40-pc. socket set, $24. 40-pc. tap-and-die set, $24. 11-pc. wrench set, $15. Nude playing cards, 3/$5. Nude lighters, 3/$5. Add 10% for shipping. Send ck/m.o. to M.A. McGinnis, Box 4017, Northbrook, IL 60065. (151)

Emergency/survival flashlight, trigger-powered generator — never uses batteries. Not a toy! $8.98, money order only. Kelsey, Box 441, Kennett, MO 63857. An ideal gift. (151)

Attention, all motorcyclists in and around Jacksonville, Florida: You're invited to attend Wolfgang's 6th Annual Toys for Tots Motorcycle Run. We will meet at 12:00 noon on Coastline Drive behind Jacksonville City Hall. The run will start promptly at 1:30 p.m., travel through the westside and end up at Metropolitan Park. Police escort will be provided. Donation of one new toy per rider. Music provided by Southland Express. T-shirts and buttons will be on sale; also hot dogs and Cokes. All profits will go to the Hubbard House Children's Program. Trophies and door prizes will be given away. For more info, call (904) 398-8528 or (904) 778-0941. (151)

Lost: Yogi, Christmas Eve 1984, North Long Beach, we partied down, but lost ya in the shuffle. Get in touch, free agent — and your pool game still ain't shit. R. "Stony" Hall, Box D08644, Represa, CA 95671. (151G)

Streeter: Happy birthday, 2/27/86! I've found my wings, thanks to you, and soon we'll celebrate everything together as one. I'll be here for you; love is alive. Your Georgia Peach. (151)

Little Debbie from Clearwater, Florida: Contact Doug Yerby. Call (813) 527-5504 or write 3710 58th Ave. N., Apt. 2, St. Petersburg, FL 33714. (151)

Bob "Cajun" Hogan: It has been a long time; your parents love you and would like to hear from you or see you. Please call collect any time. We have packages for you. (151)

Tattooing outfit — professional electric machine, voltage reducer, inks, designs, $100. Seventeen different inks, $18.95; 360 popular designs, $21.95; 500 needles $14.50. Steele, Box 242-N, Colorado Springs, CO 80901. (151)

Wild Bill Goodrow: Please come home and get us. I love you, kids love you. Life is dead without you. Anyone knowing his whereabouts, please help us by contacting: Betty Coker, 300 W. 14th Ave., Belton, TX 76513 or call (817) 939-1484. (151)

Wanted: Back issues of early *Easyriders*. Contact Dan Ryan, Box 1745, Union, NJ 07083. (151)

Dan: Riding through the night, holding on tight. A cool breeze on my face, I think of times we've shared that nothing could erase. Here's to our third year together, 11/29/85, and to sharing more — forever! I love you. Karen. (151)

To Steve from LaCrosse, Wisconsin, the best-looking guy I saw at Sturgis '85: The picture turned out great! Please contact me; I'd love to see you again. Robyn Battisto, Box 4053, St. Paul, MN 55104-9998. (151)

Become an ordained minister. Ministerial credentials legalize your right to the title "Reverend." Send $10 and SASE to ULC, Box 785, Kings Beach, CA 95719. (165)

All Clubs: We're forming a new club and want to insure no conflict with use of name "Freedom Seekers MC." Is there another club by this name? If so, contact Dominic Gallese, Box 161, Hornell, NY 14843. (151)

Chief: Your "Lady" is in distress. Please, I need you. Your N. Highlands Rose. Box 701, Wheatland, CA 95692. (916) 633-4240 — leave message. (151)

Professional tattooing handbook — diagrams, trade secrets, valuable tips, removing formulas, expert instruction, illustrated, 72 pages, $22.95. Tattooer, Box 242-N, Colorado Springs, CO 80901. (151)

Earthquake, my loving husband: To the only man I have ever "really" loved, happy b'day, December 1, 1985. May our love grow stronger everyday as we continue to be "one" together. I will always love you and am proud to be your wife. Merry Christmas, too! Your loving little nymph. (151)

Mik: It's been a long, long time; you'll always be my main man. Phone is listed in Portland; would like to hear from you. Good things happening. Beaver. (151)

Richard Weis (Estancia, N.M.) or anyone knowing him: Please contact "Bonita" (from Boston), c/o McBee, Rt. 1 Box 12B, Chapmansboro, TN 37035. Important! (151)

For sale or swap: *Easyriders* back issues: #20-129. Contact Dan Ryan, Box 1745, Union, NJ 07083. (151)

Jeff Worthington, or anyone knowing his whereabouts: Contact Kevin O'Reilly at (206) 486-1265. (151)

Billy "Canadian" Brown: Back in North Calif. and can't find you anywhere. I made a lot of mistakes, but grew up a lot lately, too. I'd like to apologize in person and see you once without the dogs watching, if possible. Write or call and get my number. T.K. (151)

Puff: You're a right-on chick. You stand by your ol' man, not to say how righteous you've been. Love ya always. Your ol' man, Daytona Crazy. (151G)

Swingers, companions, soulmates, friendship-seekers: "Person to Person" newsletter published bi-monthly. Six-month subscription, $20. Personal advertising, 25¢/word. Free issue to each advertiser. Code numbers for confidential correspondence available at additional $7.50 fee with mail forwarded unopen. P.T.P., Box E278, Whitehall, WI 54773-0278. (151)

For sale: Totally American handmade knives. Satisfaction guaranteed. Help a bro make a living. Send five postage stamps for catalog. R.A. Kessler, Box 202, Elgin, SC 29045. (152)

Waterproof fuse, extreme high quality. Sample and wholesale price list, $1. Unlimited, Box 1378-ERI, Hermiston, OR 97838. (153)

Beautiful girls worldwide want correspondence, friendship, marriage. Details, photos free! Rothe, Box 270/E, Berlin 61, West Germany. (151)

Donna Sawyer: SOS! I'm not really sure what or why it happened. All I know is that I miss you like never before! Out of the service and out of my mind with worry. Please send kite with word about yourself. Always forever. Phil Bradley, 503 Adkins, Conroe, TX 77303. (151G)

College sports scholarships available, 50 sports (m/f). Learn how you can qualify. Write Academic Assistance, Box 5008-A72AA, San Ramon, CA 94583. (151)

Do your toes itch from athletes foot? If so, would you be willing to spend a mere $3 to get rid of it? I can show you how. Send $3 and SASE to RTS, Box 1016, Monroe, MI 48161. (151)

Flint arrowheads. Perfect for jewelry, dressing up your leathers or bike. Three for $5 or seven for $10. Cash or m.o. Overseas, add $3. J.L. Gurley, 511 W. 18th, Ada, OK 74820. (154)

Dirty John Aswegan: Where are you? Almost two years since we retired from the Navy. Call me (617) 470-2504 working hours. Breaking in an '85 Wide Glide. Animal.

"Hamy": No matter what you've done or where you are, I will always love you. "Sparrow."

Partnershopper

Classified advertisements are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates are 50¢ per word. 10-word minimum. Check or money order must accompany clearly written copy. Payment must be in U.S. funds only. No charge for zip codes. **Easyriders** box numbers are avilable, with mail being forwarded unopened to the advertiser. There is an additional charge of $5 per ad for this service to cover handling and postage. Send to **Easyriders**, Classified Department, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. Note: Closing date for advertisements is the 15th of the 4th month preceding cover date. There are approximately sixty days between closing date and national on-sale date.

Wanted: girls, 18 —? Custom-motorcycle shop owner wants a new woman. Write and send picture to Kato, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (151)

Ladies with heart: Three bros down in Illinois need letters and flicks. Buzz Walker, N28282; Sloe Joe Varecha, N43805; and Tony Fernandez, N43523. Box 100, Vienna, IL 62995. (151)

Downed white cowboy seeks correspondence, visits, and lots of lovin' from a horse-loving woman! I've been down four years, girls, and will be getting released in a year and a half, so don't be bashful, ya hear! I'm 33, 6' tall and 170 lbs., with reddish-blond hair and blue eyes. I'm into horses and good music and plan on settling down when I get out. So if you're interested, please write me, okay? John F. Mcguire 82A3689, 30-19, Box 338, Napanoch, NY 12458. (151)

Attention: Looking for correspondence and possible relationship. W/m, 20, blond, blue-eyed, 6', 195 lbs. Responsible and down-to-earth. Need sensible, straight-forward woman. All letters answered. It's worth a try. Darrin Partlow 22005, Box 30 K-6, Pendleton, IN 46064. (151)

Lonely w/m prisoner, 34, seeks female, 18-35, in Seattle-Everett, Washington, area for possible relationship and marriage. Write to Raymond McVay 239524, Box 888, Monroe, WA 98272. (151)

Strong-hearted w/m Italian, 30, seeks attractive, sexy, loyal, loving female for lasting relationship and commitment. Should be sincere, caring, open-minded, have high sexual drive and be sexually uninhibited. I'm open, aggressive, understanding, romantic, emotional — a one-woman's man with an extreme need and desire to give and receive love through constant physical contact. Jailed for forgery, but in love I'm for real! Kenny Pignone 82D207, Box 367, Dannemora, NY 12929. (151)

Am down and would like to hear from some righteous ol' ladies to help pass the time. Any and all correspondence would be appreciated! Bill "Animal" Reinecke, P8461, Drawer K, Dallas, PA 18612-0286. (151)

Spears brothers, down for a short while, need correspondence, photos, and open-minded ladies for companionship. Write Greg Spears 22490 and Rick Spears 22035. Box 14, Boise, ID 83707. (151)

Lonely Kraut, 25, 6' 195 lbs., brown hair and blue eyes, fighting time. Blowing this pop stand summer '86. Will be traveling and would like to meet some cool people along the way. Will answer all. Werner Wolfgang Kunkel, Box 5521, Bismarck, ND 58502. (151G)

W/m, 30, real easy to look at, lovable, and getting short. I'm looking for a good-hearted woman to help me get back in touch with the world and love. Looks and age unimportant. Steve Foley, C-27375, Box 500, Chino, CA 91708. (151)

Ladies: W/m, 27, 5'8", 165 lbs., brown and brown, seeks letters from sincere ladies near or far for friendship; possible permanent relationship inside and out. I've had the prison blues for a long time. Need a warm smile and soft words to brighten my day, so please, ladies, drop a line. Charles "Chuck" Monroe 70334, TSP CN861, Trenton, NJ 08625. (151)

"Dirt Water Fox," 28, 6'1", 180 lbs., blond, blue, good-looking, well-built, well-hung, available now! Looking for righteous ol' lady to settle down with. Looks unimportant; class and loyalty are. No head games, please. Real romantic — dig open fireplaces, log cabins and old pickups, but Harley rider to my heart. Coming home real soon. Will answer all; age unimportant if you're the right lady. Photo/phone first letter, please. Sam Guillory 88829, Spruce 4, Angola, LA 70712. (151)

W/m doing life seeks earnest S.F. Bay Area woman for visits, marriage if you're Ms. Right. Write to Guy E. Williams, Box G-35148, Tamal, CA 94974-0001. (151)

W/m, 34, seeks correspondence, visits with females. Class acts only! Buddy Spencer 110654, Box 500, Boydton, VA 23917. (151)

W/m, 27, 6'2½", 210 lbs., brown hair, blue-green eyes, weight lifter, into the body beautiful, indeed a handsome specimen. I'm a down biker who comes from prime stock, a pussy-eating fucker with 8½" cock. I can handle most any punishment that The Man can give out and double, but one thing I haven't learned yet is to stay the fuck out of trouble. I seek letters and photos from any and all foxy ladies. I like big tits and I like 'em small. Write me a million letters and I'll answer them all. James Sanders, A-069594, Fla. State Prison T-3-N-1, Box 747, Starke, FL 32091. (151)

Lonely w/m Italian, with no friends in the U.S., looking for a lady to help me finish up this time and to share good times with when it's gone. Photo appreciated; reciprocated. Jimmy Rode 060632, Fla. State Prison T-1-S-1, Box 747, Starke, FL 32091. (151)

W/m, 31, seeking one special lady to end long search. Age unimportant; sincerity is. Gary Tucker 042147, Florida State Prison U-2-N-10 Box 747, Starke, FL 32091. (151)

Two Italian bros would like to correspond with sensible, open-minded females to help these lonely nights pass. Will answer all; picture gets picture and age don't matter. Irving Furia 83A2117, and John Beuther 78A3159. CCF, Box B, Dannemora, NY 12929. (151)

W/m, 26, 6'4", 250 lbs., blond hair, blue eyes, down, lonely, and depressed. Looking for sincere, caring and loving woman to help me make it through these next two. I will answer all. Jesse Claflin 84C952, Box 500, Elmira, NY 14902-500. (151)

White, single, and free. Looking for that special house mouse, 18-28, to be in the wind and enjoy life with. No slobs or druggers. Bill I. Newlin, Rt. 1 Box 8, Bevier, MO 63532. (151)

Incarcerated w/m, 32, seeking meaningful relationships with women into life, love, realism and one man. All correspondence answered; picture exchange welcome. Douglas H. Hyson, KCF-160271, Kincheloe AFB, MI 49788-1911. (152)

Melbourne, Australia, house mouse wanted. Prefer she be single, shapely, full-figured body, plenty of affection, and no kids. Great opportunity for foxy, uninhibited girl wanting great life. I'm young-looking male, 5'10", 175 lbs., self-employed, with luxury home. Photo essential. Write quickly. "The Box Holder," Box 236, Post Office, KEW 3101; Victoria, Australia. (153)

Three California white boys doing time and looking for serious relationships with California ladies willing to write and visit regularly. Must be over 18. Out in '86. Rory Kephart, C79401 (age 22); Kevin Amerson C13358 (age 28); and Robert Anderson, C69231 (age 23). Box 600, Tracy, CA 95376-0600. (151)

Chained-down convict with three years left looking for a solid, true-to-the-heart, willing-to-please-her-man woman. No games, no bullshit. Must be able to relocate to Calif. to be by my side; must love to fuck and suck and be my hot fox. Skin flicks will be required once you've sworn your loyalty to this man. Looking for a big-busted (tits), big-assed horny woman, 18-late 40s, financially secure, kids okay. I do know how to treat my woman special. I'm 24, 5'8", 155 lbs., brown hair, green eyes, li'l ol' 7½" weenie, but my clit-tickling goatee makes up for it. Flicks and SASE get faster reply, but all will be answered. Oregon girls, don't be shy! Rick Gurule, Box C01957, Represa, CA 95671. (151)

W/m, 5'10", 165 lbs., age 32, seeking correspondence from sincere ladies. Will answer all. Charles Nappi 82A4983, SCF, Box AG, Fallsburg, NY 12733. (151)

Lookin' for someone to put smiles on your face? I'm your man! Been down 6½ years; getting out soon. California Angel, born 2/12/44, 6', 200 lbs., brown eyes and blond hair, 1%er. Write Howard "Jesse" Parker 287445, APO 514, Special Offenders Center A2E, Monroe, WA 98272. Looking for my China doll. Her name is "Tiet" (5', 100 lbs.) and I left her in Vietnam in 1967. Forwarding address: 782 Kern St., Richmond, CA 94805. Phone (415) 232-3426. (151)

W/m inmate, 34, lonely, wishes to find a female pen pal. Melvin Davis, Kincheloe AFB, MI 49788. (151)

Barbarian, surfer, solo rider, blond, blue, 6'2", 190 lbs., seeks serious ladies, any age, any size, all. Make love real for two. Mat Armitage 094209. Fla. State Prison P-3-N-3, Box 747, Starke, FL 32091. (151)

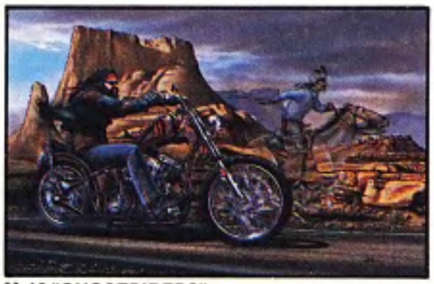
M-18 After The Donkey Show

NEW! There's hardly a guy who's been to Tijuana, Mexico, who hasn't heard of donkey shows. Back in the '40s and '50s there was a wild bar named the Blue Fox where anything went on. At times, bikes went right into the cafe, did a doughnut, and shot out the front door. It's been rumored that part of the floor show was a donkey fuckin' a chick — I guess it musta been true or why would Dave Mann change the name to the Blue Burro! (The rumor persists to this day.)

M-17 "MEMORIAL DAY RUN"

M-14 "SUNSET BLVD."

M-8 "COMIN' AT YA"

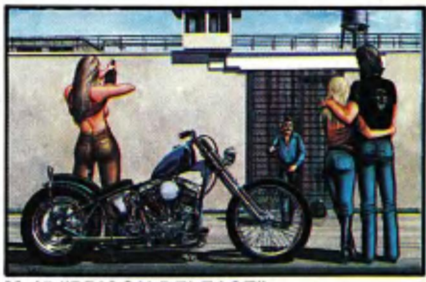


M-16 "GHOSTRIDERS"

M-7 "RUN HEAT"

M-5 "RIDE HARD DIE FAST"

M-2 "FREEDOM OF THE ROAD"



M-15 "PRISON RELEASE"

DAVE MANN POSTERS

In Beautiful Color On Heavy Art Stock

Printing quality will be even better than paintings as they originally appeared in *Easyriders,* because posters are custom-printed specifically for much finer quality than a mass-produced magazine and printed on much heavier paper.

Posters are a big 1½' x 2½'

Easyriders Posters
Box 1025, Agoura Hills, CA 91301

$5 each or Four for $16

Please indicate poster(s) ordered below:

☐ M-2 ☐ M-5 ☐ M-7 ☐ M-8 ☐ M-14
☐ M-15 ☐ M-16 ☐ M-17 ☐ M-18

Name ______________________
Address ______________________
City ______________________
State ______________ Zip______

Postage & Handling: *On U.S. orders less than $8, please add $1 for postage and mailing tube; over $8, postage paid. Canada, add $1.50 for orders less than $8; over $8, add 75¢ per poster. Other foreign, add $3.50 per poster. Payment on all foreign orders must be in the form of an International Money Order or money order payable in U.S. funds. California residents, add 6% sales tax. Please* ***PRINT*** *your name and address to avoid errors. Posters shipped in wrinkle-free, heavy mailing tube.*

Bust of the Year

Continued from page 104

dropped him in the pool of vomit Rod had coughed up. Bo then sat down on the couch and began picking through the display on the coffee table as three eyes watched him closely. The doorman's left eye, bulging grotesquely, was staring at the ceiling.

After smelling and tasting the contents of several baggies, Bo selected one, commenting, "Mmm, not stepped on too bad." He took the papers from his pocket, and glueing two together, began rolling a fat joint of the white crystal.

"Damn, I just can't roll 'em skinny," he remarked, holding up a huge digit. "I'm all thumbs." Bo chuckled at his own joke, then began explaining the situation to his unwilling audience. "Boys, we're going to play a game I'll call hardball." He held up the joint of angel dust. "This here's the prize."

Eyeing the joint nervously, Rod said, "Look, man, this is just a business. We don't smoke that stuff."

Bo smiled blandly. "You're gonna."

"Who are you? Did we move in on your area? If we did, we'll leave. You want our stash? Money?" The inquiries all came from the half-blind alligator.

"Nah, I just want your connection."

Rod got the point immediately. "I'll take you."

"Hey, you've spoiled the game!" Bo laughed. Turning toward the alligator shirt, he said, "Oh, well, since you're the brave one, you get first prize." He held out the joint.

"Please — that stuff can kill ya!" the dude begged in a panicky voice.

"It's a possibility," Bo agreed amiably. "But I've always believed a guy should sample his own product." He stepped over the coffee table. Holding the doubled chain menacingly in one hand, he popped the joint into alligator shirt's mouth with the other. Lighting it, he snarled, "Inhale, fuckface!"

The joint began to burn like a highway flare, emitting billows of white smoke. Alligator shirt took a tentative hit and began choking.

Bo shook the chain in his face and growled, "C'mon, Alice, big boy hits!" The preppie managed four good tokes, coughing violently after each one.

Easyriders

"I think you should get faster poodles."

CHRISTMAS GIFT IDEAS

SKULL MUGS: Beer Mug holds one full quart; only $13.95 each. Coffee Mug is smaller; get 2 for $16 or 4 for $30.

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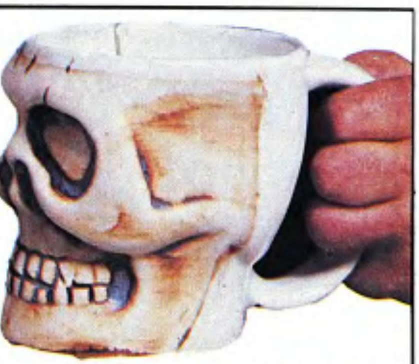

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A. 29" x 24¾"

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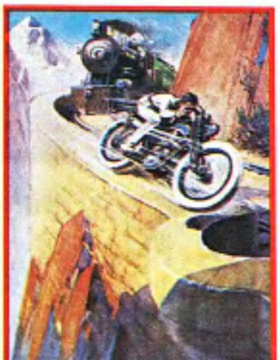

1927 Bike Art

This 16"x20" reproduction of motorcycle art was published in England in 1927. It is in full color and printed on heavy stock suitable for framing.

Send only $3.95 for each poster, plus $1 for postage and handling.

Send orders to: I.R.S. Limited, Dept. E, Box 4631, Thousand Oaks, CA 91359. California residents, add 6½% for the state. APO, FPO, and overseas orders, add $4 for additional postage. T-shirt $10, plus $1.50 postage and handling (indicate size).

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Narrow Width (A-B)			9	9½	10	10½	11		12
Medium Width (D)	8	8½	9	9½	10	10½	11	11½	12
Wide Width (E-EE)			9	9½	10	10½	11		12

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Add $10 per pair for APO/FPO, Canada, Alaska, Hawaii.
International orders shipped airmail insured; add $40 per pair.
Allow 4 weeks for personal checks to clear. Calif. residents, add 6%.

After the last hit he looked around curiously for a moment, then toppled over and began twitching. Another moment and even that stopped. He lay on his side, teeth bared, his one good eye glazed and staring, the other still bulging and turned sideways.

Rod stared at his ex-partner in open-mouthed horror.

"Nice stuff ya sell," Bo remarked. He reached out and locked the chain around Rod's neck. "Biker handcuffs," he explained tersely as he hauled Rod to his feet. Rod groaned and doubled over. "I can't walk," he moaned.

Bo smiled genially. "No problem. I'll just punt you along. But first give me the keys to the van."

Outside Bo opened the driver's door and roughly shoved the dealer over the engine cover and into the passenger seat. "You busted my nuts!" Rod whimpered in agony.

"That's right. Didn't want ya to breed, anyway," Bo replied cheerfully. He started the van, then turned to his captive. "Well, Rodney, my boy, ya done stepped in the septic tank. If ya want to keep livin', keep me smilin'." The gray-bearded face split open in a nearly toothless grin, and Rod lurched against the door in fear. "Ya see, I ain't mad yet," Bo continued.

Rod seemed to shrink. "Oh, God" he whispered.

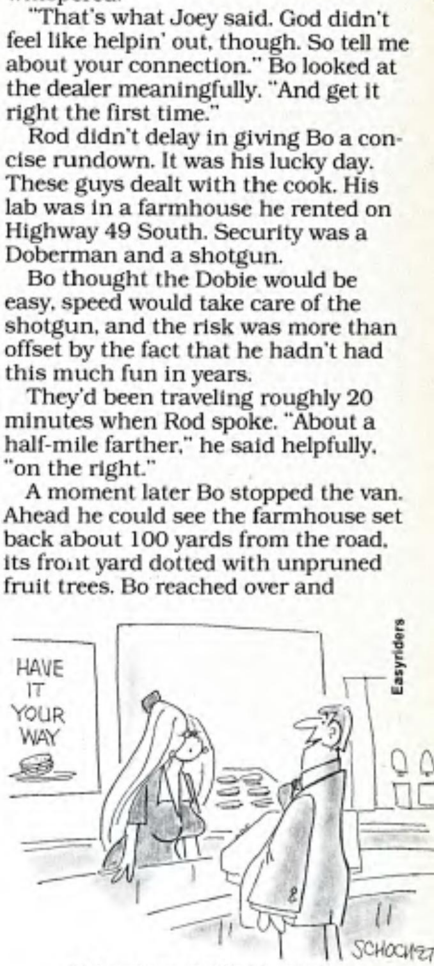
"That's what Joey said. God didn't feel like helpin' out, though. So tell me about your connection." Bo looked at the dealer meaningfully. "And get it right the first time."

Rod didn't delay in giving Bo a concise rundown. It was his lucky day. These guys dealt with the cook. His lab was in a farmhouse he rented on Highway 49 South. Security was a Doberman and a shotgun.

Bo thought the Dobie would be easy, speed would take care of the shotgun, and the risk was more than offset by the fact that he hadn't had this much fun in years.

They'd been traveling roughly 20 minutes when Rod spoke. "About a half-mile farther," he said helpfully, "on the right."

A moment later Bo stopped the van. Ahead he could see the farmhouse set back about 100 yards from the road, its front yard dotted with unpruned fruit trees. Bo reached over and



"A hamburger with mustard, mayo, onions, extra pickle, and how about dragging it over your clit?"

unlocked the chain Rod was wearing.

Rod couldn't believe he was about to be released. He was right.

In one smooth motion Bo pulled the heavy chain away and swung it in a short arc, thumping Rod in the nuts. "Uh!" Rod gasped and passed out.

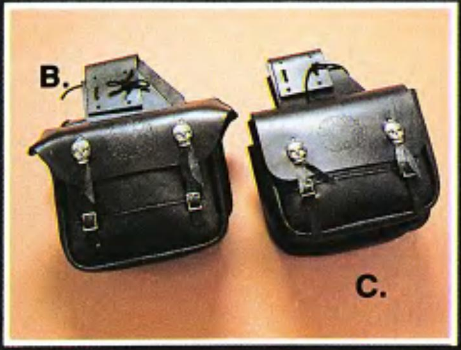
Bo smiled. "Oops, clumsy me," he said. Laying the chain across his lap, he drove on.

When the van neared the house, Bo set the emergency and leapt out the door, hitting the ground running. A second later a Doberman tore around a corner of the house, only to freeze at the sight of the chain-swinging, snarling monster confronting him. The normally aggressive dog had a sudden change of heart. Scrabbling for traction, it turned and shot off toward safety in the adjacent overgrown pasture.

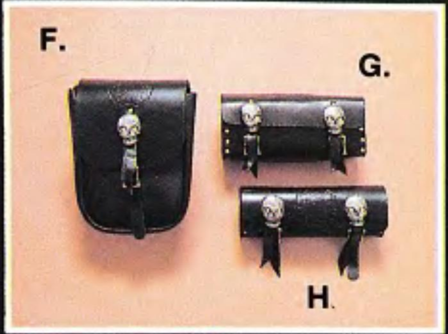
The big biker veered toward the front door 20 feet away. His solid 250-odd pounds hit it on the dead run. The door tore from its hinges, bursting straight inward. Bo felt a second impact and at the same instant heard an explosive grunt of expelled air, then the door with Bo on top crashed to the floor. Well, almost to the floor. About six inches below him and the door Bo could feel faint movement. To his left, a hand holding a sawed-off Browning pump extended from beneath the door. Ignoring the shotgun, Bo pulled himself to the top of the door and peered beneath it. Whoever was down there was gulping breathlessly for air.

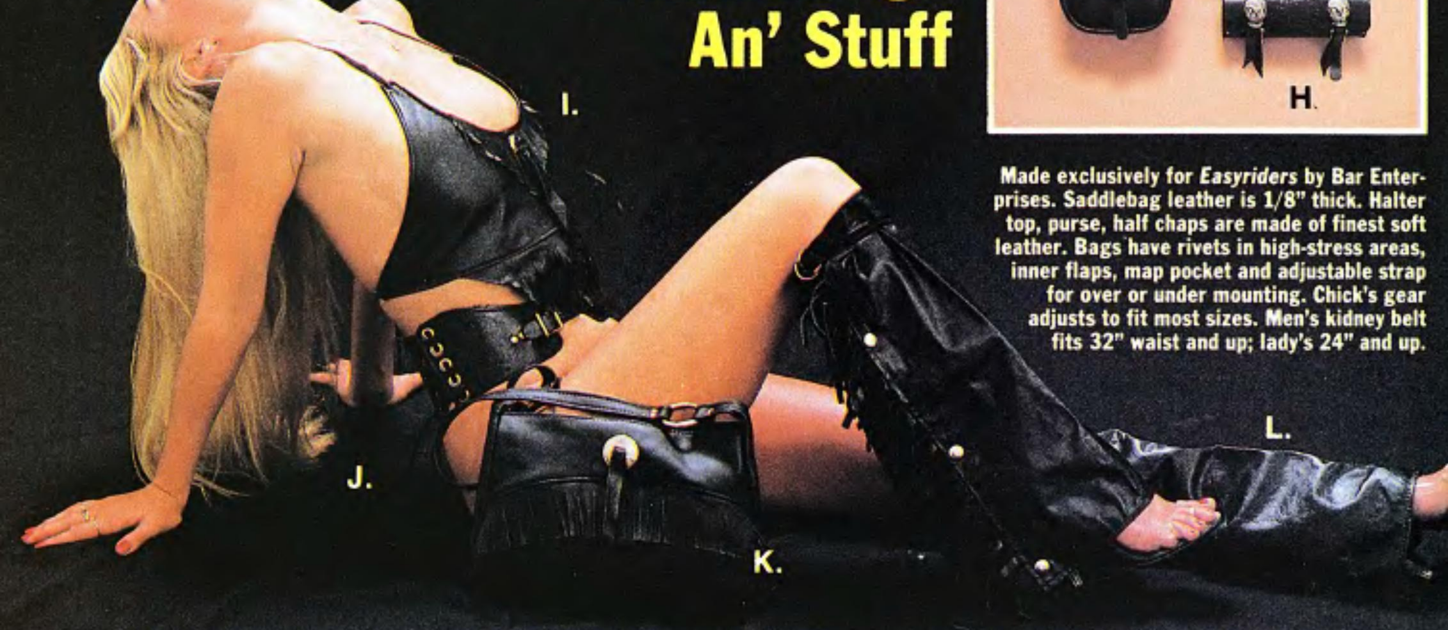
"Gotcha," Bo said in satisfaction. He pushed himself to his knees and rapped on the door right above where he figured the guy's ear was. "Anybody home?" He heard a muffled grunt. "Good. Ya know, if you were to let go of that shotgun, I might get offa here." Without hesitation the hand unclenched its grip on the gun. Bo stood up and nudged the weapon a safe distance away with the toe of his boot. "Then again," he continued, "I might not. I might just do a little dance instead. Us Yugoslavs dance like fools when we're happy." So saying, he began bounding around on top of the door in a necessarily modified Cossack routine until the grunts and groans below him ceased and the hand sticking out from under the door stopped its weakly fluttering protest. Bo stepped down and lifted the door away from his victim. The "cook" was limp and somewhat flattened — like Wile E. Coyote, he thought. Bo grabbed him by his sweatshirt and peeled him off the floor. "C'mon," he said. "Ol' Rod's probably gettin' lonesome."

He dragged the unconscious chemist outside and left him by a fruit tree. Then he rousted Rod from the van and shoved him, limping and sniveling, over to the tree, too. Ordering him to take a seat against the trunk, he propped the chemist up against the tree on the other side, wrapped the chain around them twice, pulled it tight, and secured the padlock.



Easyriders' Saddlebags An' Stuff





Made exclusively for *Easyriders* by Bar Enterprises. Saddlebag leather is 1/8" thick. Halter top, purse, half chaps are made of finest soft leather. Bags have rivets in high-stress areas, inner flaps, map pocket and adjustable strap for over or under mounting. Chick's gear adjusts to fit most sizes. Men's kidney belt fits 32" waist and up; lady's 24" and up.

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Postage is paid on orders in the U.S. Canadian orders, add $5 for items under $100 and $10 for items over $100. Other foreign, add $15 for orders under $100 and $45 for orders over $100. All payments must be in U.S. funds. Personal-check orders over $100 will be held for four weeks.

QTY.	ITEM		TOTAL
___	(A) Slant Saddlebags (5" x 12" x 13")	$189.00	___
___	(B) Pony Express Bags (5"x13"x12")	$175.00	___
___	(C) Large Cross-Country Bag (5"x13"x12")	$169.00	___
___	(D) Oval Saddlebags (5"x12"x9")	$107.00	___
___	(E) Super Oval Saddlebags (6"x14"x11")	$169.00	___
___	(F) Sissybar Bag with Skull (4"x6"x9")	$ 37.00	___
___	(G) Large Cycle Pouch w/ Skull (4"x11"x5")	$ 37.00	___
___	(H) Cycle Pouch with Skull (3"x9"x3")	$ 24.00	___
___	(I) Leather Halter Top	$ 39.00	___
___	(J) Ladies' Kidney Belt	$ 39.00	___
___	(J1) Men's Kidney Belt (not shown)	$ 45.00	___
___	(K) Leather Purse	$ 49.00	___
___	(L) Ladies Half-Chaps	$ 45.00	___
___	(L1) Mens Half-Chaps (not shown)	$ 45.00	___
		Subtotal	___
		Calif. res. add 6%	___
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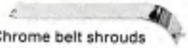

Chrome belt shrouds
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PN 100-90 $24.95
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"Boy, you guys are really all fucked up, aren't ya?" Bo said, gazing down at the pair with mock sympathy. "Lemme see if I can't find ya some pain-killers." He returned to the house and went into the kitchen, which had been converted into a lab. There were two open attache cases on the counter, filled with zip-lock baggies of PCP crystal. In the pantry he discovered a large stoppered beaker of ether. "Hot damn," he said, setting it on the gas stove. He picked up the attache cases and the shotgun and went back outside. Not surprisingly, the chained badasses hadn't moved, although the chemist was now conscious.

Bo sat down in front of them and extracted a baggie from one of the cases. He wet his finger and tasted a few grains of the drug. "Hey, pure uncut shit!" Producing the papers, he rolled two fat joints and grinned evilly at Rod. "Too bad your ex-partner ain't here to try this!"

In reply, Rod began jabbering incoherently.

The chemist wore an expression of deep concern on his battered face. "Listen," he said now, "I've got lots of money stashed around the house. You can have it all. I'll give you everything and you'll never see me again. Please! Haven't you done enough?"

Bo smiled. "Nope."

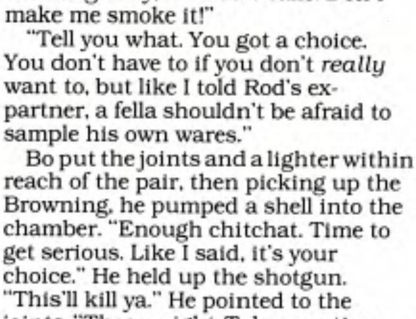
"Too much of that stuff could kill a fuckin' grizzly, for God's sake. Don't make me smoke it!"

"Tell you what. You got a choice. You don't have to if you don't *really* want to, but like I told Rod's ex-partner, a fella shouldn't be afraid to sample his own wares."

Bo put the joints and a lighter within reach of the pair, then picking up the Browning, he pumped a shell into the chamber. "Enough chitchat. Time to get serious. Like I said, it's your choice." He held up the shotgun. "This'll kill ya." He pointed to the joints. "Those might. Take your time — say, three seconds."

Rod and the chemist grabbed for the joints and shared the lighter. Bo had to step back. It was as if a smoke bomb had gone off. All he could see were their feet, twitching spasmodically to the accompaniment of coughing and choking. Soon all noise and motion ceased and the thick pall of smoke dissipated. Both men were

Easyriders



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slumped against the chain, staring glassily at the ground. Bo unlocked the chain and took it and the shotgun to the van. Returning to the unconscious pair, he opened several of the baggies and began filling their pockets with angel dust, noticing that Rod had shit his tennis shorts. "Lightweight," he muttered.

Briefly, he returned to the house, then after carefully standing the door back in its frame, he got in the van and left. As he pulled onto the highway, Bo replaced his front teeth and glanced at his watch. 3:08 p.m.

The next morning at seven Bo parked his Harley in his space next to the job trailer. He looked across the foundation pit and noted that the south retainer had gotten poured without a blowup, then he clomped up the stairs and into the job shack. Sam looked up from the morning paper. "Mornin', boss. Hope ya noticed that we survived the afternoon without ya."

"Oh, yeah?" Bo said, grinning as he headed for the coffee machine. "Well, don't be showin' everybody how useless I am around here. What's new?"

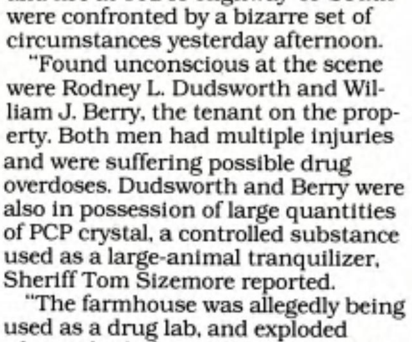
"Cops were real busy yesterday," Sam declared. "Get a load of this." He began reading from the front page. "Firefighters and sheriff's deputies responding to a reported explosion and fire at 10249 Highway 49 South were confronted by a bizarre set of circumstances yesterday afternoon.

"Found unconscious at the scene were Rodney L. Dudsworth and William J. Berry, the tenant on the property. Both men had multiple injuries and were suffering possible drug overdoses. Dudsworth and Berry were also in possession of large quantities of PCP crystal, a controlled substance used as a large-animal tranquilizer, Sheriff Tom Sizemore reported.

"The farmhouse was allegedly being used as a drug lab, and exploded when volatile fumes from an opened beaker were ignited by a stove pilot light, according to Fire Marshall Fred Lewis.

"Seized at the site were 38 pounds of PCP with an estimated street value of $9,000,000."

Taking a sip of coffee from his mug, Bo appeared to be astonished. "Them fuckin' dope dealers sure do play hardball, don't they?" he remarked. ■



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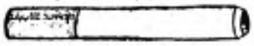

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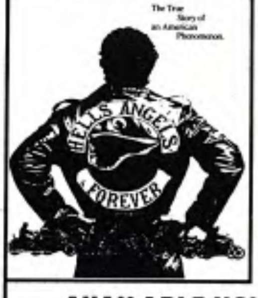

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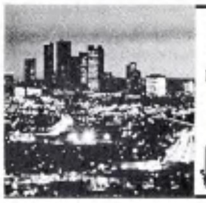

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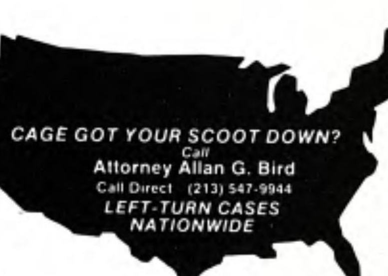

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The Willie G™ JACKET
When you talk custom you're speaking Willie G Davidson's language. Just because he designs every new Harley that rolls out of Milwaukee doesn't mean he has a cookie cutter mind. That's why, when he designed a leather jacket, he set out to make a personal statement about motorcycles and the people who ride them. Willie G wanted his jacket to be unique, one of a kind, with tassels, fringe and yards of hand-braided leather accenting the black and contrasting brown top grain U.S. cowhide. But it had to be functional as well as good looking with a removable lining, action back, flow-through venting system and concealed front pockets. For that extra custom touch he added a brass concho and embossed wings on the back and his own signature on the collar. And Nancy Davidson appreciated the women's version, styled like the mens but cut and sewn exclusively for the ladies.
It's the kind of jacket you would expect Willie G and Nancy to wear.
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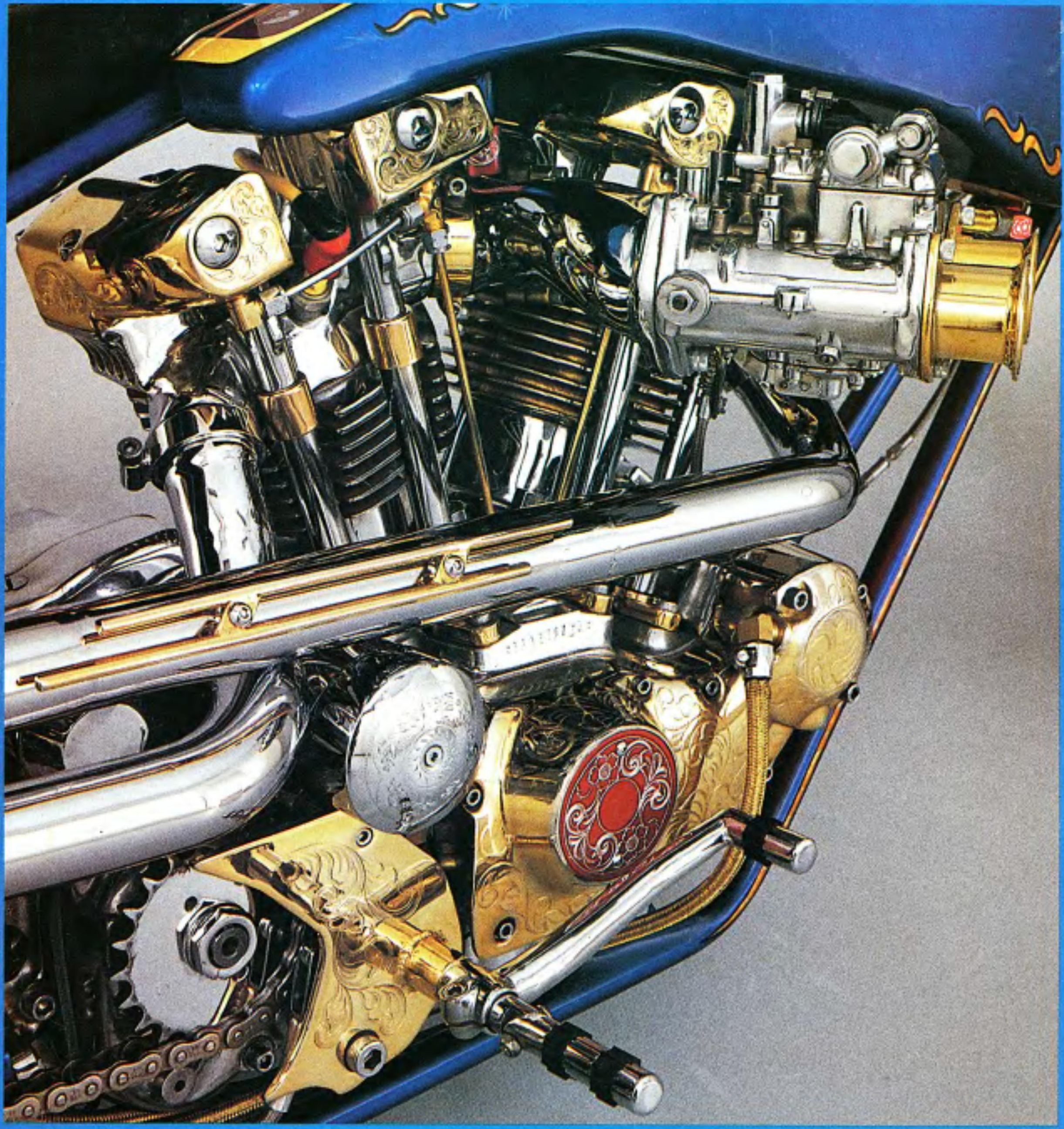

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